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THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

NO. 1. NOVEMBER, 1854. VOL. I.

"Mirror — A looking-glass or speculum; any glass or polished substance that forms images by the reflection of rays of light; that which gives a true representation, or in which a true image may be seen." — *Webster.*

Such a purpose serves this "Mirror" in its sphere. Our estimation of the ideas and thoughts of a man must be formed from the reflection of his mind in his words. Although the reflection may not be every way true to life, yet it is our only means of judging of the object itself; we can measure matter, but mind is less tangible and eludes, and baffles, and deceives us.

To our readers, then, who would know something of the Society here represented, we offer this Mirror. We have no apology to make for the images it presents. It has been our part not to make the objects reflected, but only so to arrange them before the polished plate that they might be honestly seen. Our work is completed when we enable you to see the mind of the Philomathean Society as it is.

* * *

IMAGINATION.

Among the many intellectual faculties with which the Creator has blessed the human race, nothing is more pleasing, nothing more attractive than the sway of Imagination. A man with no originality, with no fertility or liveliness of fancy, seems to be deprived of one of the brightest adornments of Intellect. Alas for him who,

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as he reads of the ruins of a degenerate Athens, cannot picture to his mind the scene of its fallen grandeur, the mouldering arch, the crumbling pillar and the mossy stone. Alas for him who cannot rebuild the lofty edifices, populate the eternal city with the throng of its former inhabitants, reanimate the brilliant minds that once trod its broad avenues, rebuild its forum, its capitol, its amphitheatre from the decaying ruins that now

> "——— stand, as stands a lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
> All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
> Or holding dark communion with the cloud."

Alas for him who cannot almost hear the eloquence of the Roman Cicero, as he views the tottering forum, or catch the groans of the dying gladiator as he gazes upon the crumbling Coliseum.

The fields of imagination are so wide, so boundless that no man can ever gather every fruit. However much we give sway to our idealism, there is still room for more. How delightful is this power to the student, while he roams over the broad fields of literature, and is entranced by tales of men who have figured conspicuously on the stage of life, while he reads the account of wars that have perhaps changed the entire future of the world, of nations that once ruled and flourished in proud might, of kings and princes, of statesmen and heroes, he can picture to his mind the bloody field of Thermopylæ, he can almost hear the din of Cannæ, and fancy the very dart by which the great Cyrus fell. The stern and bronzed features of the famed Alexander, the calm visage of the illustrious Cæsar, the accomplished Xenophon tempering his love for war with his pure and pleasant writings, and Virgil too, modest, gentle and retiring, whom no poet of the Latin tongue even before or since has equalled, all are easily summoned from the stygian realms by this delightful ability. How much owes the lawyer to a powerful imagination; how many pictures of weeping mothers, of tearful children, of grieving brothers and despairing husbands has he painted to his jury. How are his earnest appeals, his conceptions of the awful majesty of the law adorned and rendered efficacious by his control of these productive fields. How much owes the orator for his brilliant wit, his lofty flights, his happy similies, his sublime metaphors, his graceful conceptions to his ready fertility; and how much must ardent imagination console and enlighten the divine, as he meditates on the beauties of the bible, — as his mind dwells on the pleasing theme of ministering angels, or when he contemplates the sublimity of the cross! And *we*, now in the spring time of life, if we shall cultivate this ennobling gift, we will continually reap its rich and varied rewards. Now, while all around us is sunshine and smiles, before the care and solicitude that manhood brings has encompassed us, now may we sip the rich joys that it brings us, and now we can revel in its enjoyment. The real poetry of man consists in his imagination, as much as the real prose consists in his reason. Never would we wish to yield at all times to unbounded idealism. We would not wish always to revel among its pleasing vales. Like all other things it should at times be restrained.

> "Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
> Winning from reason's hand the reins."

But to pass away many an otherwise unoccupied hour, perhaps nothing is more beneficial to the mind than to give loose rein to our imagination, to live for the time in our dreams in that fairy land

> "——— where sports the warbling muse,
> And fancy soars sublime."

and so sure as imagination is the parent of thought, — nay, is thought itself — so sure are we to profit by these happy musings.

◆

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Where, and what is true happiness? Do we find it in the man of toil, whose life is spent from week to week, year in year out, in one unbroken struggle for that wealth which, plain experience shows, can only make him miserable? No. True happiness is something nobler, something purer, something higher — and though we may look, yet we will look in vain to find it in that man, who, for an extra thousand sacrifices not only days, but also nights — yea even life, at the shrine of mammon. Yes, he lives an unhappy life — dies an unhappy death; perhaps deprives a lovely wife of a partner, children of a father and counsellor, and leaves in return a pile of gold, a heap of earthly trash.

Do we find it in the farmer? Let us take the healthy, hardy, honest farmer of New England — is he happy, surrounded by the true affection of a dear family, dwelling in the very heart of nature itself — with scenery the most magnificent, no huge piles of brick and stone to meet his gaze; but everywhere he turns, viewing either some grand mount, whose sides are decked in a mantle of sweetest green, rearing almost to heaven its proud head, as if to thank its maker for existence; or a beautiful plain strewed with food by the hand of God, for those fine cattle now feeding upon it, and which he may call his own; or some silver streamlet, filled with golden spotted trout, tripping merrily o'er its pebbled bottom, bearing fresh, cool water, to feed his fountain and his springs; or in the distance, the giant forest, with its sturdy oaks, whose foliage shelter from the occasional storms, an innumerable army of songsters ever ready to welcome his approach, make happy his presence, and cheer his departure, with sweetest strains of heavenly melody; or a neat garden, filled with the choicest fruit of the season, and flowers of every possible hue, filling the very atmosphere around him with delightful and refreshing odors? No. The cares and vicissitudes of life have also space of abode in his mind and thoughts.

Do we find it in the sailor, as he beholds his noble bark, just parted from the shore, ploughing deep the calm water, its canvas thrown wide to the brisk breeze, as he beholds her about parting from the sight of land — the deep blue ocean before, the bright heavens above, and the loved home of *parents*, *dear friends*, and childhood behind him? Or has he true happiness when his only foundation is the bark in which he rides, nothing in sight save sea and heaven, while the tempest rolls the huge billows like mountains of water round him, as they dash to and fro with unrelenting fury his frail bark, continually breaking and splashing across its deck, the sharp, fierce lightning springing from shroud to shroud, seemingly undetermined whether to tear the rigging asunder, or spare until another favorable opportunity, while, at the same time, the vast artillery of heaven belches forth in undiminished fury? Or has he true happiness, when his bark, free from further danger of the deep, after a long yet successful voyage is almost home, while he thinks of the joyous meeting with a dear father and mother, or with other members of his father's family, and of the sweet kiss of affection from that one dearer by far to him than life, and yet wonders how many of those left in the enjoyment of health may now be numbered with the dead? No. The sailor has not true happiness.

Has the student true happiness? Ask that young man, whose pallid countenance betokens trouble, care, and pain. No doubt that there are *moments* of pleasure in *his* life, yet *he* knows not true happiness. Night after night he digs and toils, and toils and digs, sacrificing that precious boon of heaven, his health, to store and load a mind with what the world calls learning. Nor can he call the days his own, even the sun, though it may have enjoyed more hours of rest, throws not her morning rays from the eastern horizon, to rouse from the couch the student; for after endeavoring a few hours in vain, to hurl from his thoughts the *Greek serpent* and the *Latin bore*, begging the assistance of the *immortal Gods* in general, and of Jupiter Stator in particular, again he digs and digs for Grecian roots. Thus works the student, till at length, being robbed of flesh, sight, and every activity, he comes to the true sense of his condition, acknowledges a committal of suicide, lives a few sickly years, and dies an unhappy death. The student knows not true happiness. Does any one ever enjoy true happiness? We admit that all beings may have a few moments of enjoyment, yet they also have moments of care, anxiety, and trouble; thus we know that *mortals* cannot have true, continued happiness. There is no true happiness short of Heaven. Heaven is love — Heaven is true happiness.

THE SAFEGUARDS OF THE REPUBLIC!

THE growth and destiny of the United States is a source of wonder and speculation to all nations. On the 20th of December, 1620, a few houseless, homeless wanderers disembarked from their frail conveyance on an inhospitable shore. Hither they come to seek a refuge from that persecution which denied them even the mountain cave and the retired grove whither they might resort to worship the God of their consciences. But little did they deem theirs was the mission to lay the foundations of a republic which is to last for ages. But such was even the case. The little one has become a thousand. The feeble, sickly child of liberty, driven forth among rude and savage men, has grown to a stalwart giant, whose sway extends from east or west to either ocean, and whose voice causes to tremble the crowned heads of Europe. Yes! the thirteen colonies, the feeble dependants of Great Britain, have become thirty-one noble and free States, affording to-day an appearance of prosperity hitherto unequalled in the annals of history. North, south, east, and west, all present one unbroken scene of activity and life. The mechanic on the rock-bound eastern coast calls out to the tiller of the fertile soil in the Mississippi Valley, and he in turn to the dweller on the far coast of the Pacific, and each send back the voice of freedom and content. The produce of our land more than meets the demand of our wants, and the surplus conveyed by steam to the Atlantic is shipped to the markets of the old world. Our manufacturers already compete with the best, in some staple articles of commerce. England no longer bears rule on the ocean, for the clipper ships of Young America, with their sharp bows and bending masts challenge the world for equal speed. Moreover, our government is firmly established, and is gaining strength daily. I know that politicians warn us that the ship of state is leaky, that her bolts are starting, and her planks falling asunder. But such talk has become too common. She is a noble craft, and supported on the patriot's heart, can breast the dangers of a hundred storms. But it is a law of nature that prosperity, without counteracting influences, engenders ambition, excess, venality, and licentiousness. Babylon and Nineveh once ruled the world ; but now vast heaps of ruins, emblems of the vice begotten by unchecked prosperity, mark the place where once their proud walls stood. So we as a people, fearless of all external foes, and prosperous beyond all precedent, are liable to the dangers which this very prosperity begets. But we leave all these and pass to consider

The Safeguards of the Republic.

And in the first place, Our Religion. Every government is founded on some moral basis, and the wider and stronger the foundation, the firmer the superstructure. History tells us of republics and empires which embraced the civilized world. But the most powerful of them endured but for a few centuries. Egypt, fruitful in her resources and skilled in the fine arts ; the Persian empire, proud in great armies and splendid in riches ; the Grecian monarchy, powerful so long as Alexander's short life lasted ; Rome, the pale mother of dead empires, holding law and severity everywhere dominant, followed each other in quick succession, and today, from among their ruins and monumental piles, they tell us that, take man as he is, and as he makes the state to be, and give him unlimited prosperity, separated from pure moral influences, and he will dig the grave of any nation. It is true the empires referred to, entertained a belief in the gods ; that they reared costly temples and supported an extensive priesthood. But these, so far from pointing out their duties to their country and to one another, tended rather to degrade the people and render them superstitious. But with us the case is different. Whatever may be said of a few, as a people we believe in no God but the eternal three in one — recieve no religion but that revealed in the Holy Bible. And such a belief, while it tends to purify every emotion that thrills the human heart and to elevate the whole nature of man, teaches us that we live not to ourselves alone, but to our country and mankind. Our religion ! she stands on the watch-towers of our land from Maine to California, from the rocky shores of the Atlantic to the smooth billows of the Pacific, and waves the white flag of peace, beneath whose ample folds our commerce thrives, our resources are developed and the useful arts are cultivated. Our religion ! she builds our churches, founds our institutions of learning, imparts liberty to the rich and poor, the high and low alike. Yes! and she has impressed her spirit on the constitution under which we live, therefore we are to-day the freest people that the sun shines upon. Our religion! can we spare the offices or her ordinances? France thought so. She burned her Bible and abolished the Sabbath, and ever since her heart has been rent by civil discord and her soil moistened with the blood of her noblest children. No! we can spare our ships of war and our men at arms; but our religion let us cherish as our strongest protector against internal corruption, and our most faithful adviser in our external relations. But there is many a dark stream of infidelity setting towards us from the turbid waters of the old world. Will not these in time discolor the pure fountains of Christianity? If left to themselves, they might; but there are other influences at work upon the moral heart of our foreign communities which transform many of the first two and all of the third generation into Americans in language, politics and principle. These influences we have not time now to consider; so we will view, in the second place, our system of education as a national safeguard. Morality and intelligence are twin sisters of a noble birth. Where the former exists, the latter is ever by her side, opening to her wide fields of usefulness and influence.

They embarked with the pilgrims at Southampton, and we are now reaping the benefits of their presence. But to the question. No nation enjoys so extensive a system of education as our own. The college, academy and common school, shed their enlightening influence over the minds of our people, opening to all men of every class, a field of intellectual activity. The republics which have foundered in bygone days, rested on no intellectual basis. A few favored ones held the power and controlled the state. An eloquent oration swayed or completely changed public opinion. The votes of free men and citizens were bought with a sumptuous feast. Is it strange that anarchy, confusion and destruction should spring from such a state of society? The citizens of the United States, taught to think for themselves, can be influenced by no display of oratory, except it be used to force home truths upon the intellect, and not in appealing to the dear passions of man. Our freemen regard the right of suffrage as the gift of Heaven, and sooner than part with it, they would part with even life itself. What makes the difference? Our system of education in an eminent degree. What part of man does it seek to improve? The mind. Is this something bestowed upon us of all the republics which have lived and died? God forbid. It is bestowed alike upon all the children of the great family of man. Is it bestowed only upon the wealthy and the noble? It is the boon of the rich and poor, the high and low alike. Speaking of his intellectual powers, a renowned heathen philosopher of antiquity, has beautifully remarked, "I call them not *mine* but *me*." It is these powers which our educational system develops. And this is why we are accustomed to regard a free school system as the chief corner stone of the republic, and popular education as the only safe and stable basis for liberty. So thought our fathers before us; and the principle may be found interwoven in a thousand forms into the very thread and texture of our political institutions. We do not claim, as a people, to have advanced higher on the hill of science than any other, nor yet to have produced the most valuable literary works. But we do claim, as a community, to be more intelligent than any which has existed or now exists. And so, while the experiment of self-government has proved fatal to some, we have but little fear in regard to ourselves; indeed, we may say, that this is the only government which would be secure in a land like ours. We pass to consider, in the third place, the Press, as a national safeguard. The Press has proved, in the history of nations, the most powerful reformer of modern times. Tyrants have dreaded its powers, and have sought, by every means, to extinguish its purifying light; but it has still shone on, exposing the dark deeds of oppression, and pointing to liberty until it has become a radiating centre of influence as inextinguishable as the sun itself. Let tyrants only fear the voice of the untrammelled press. We welcome her to our land of liberty; we unbind the fetters which, in other lands, crush her manly vigor. She is to us a wall of triple strength, descrying the dark clouds which threaten the political horizon, barring our coasts against superstition, by emitting the bright rays of intelligence, and securing us against internal corruption by scattering the leaves which are for the healing of the nations. The popular press has been, and is, a most powerful organ in the hands of politicians in furthering their designs. But in spite of its radical tendencies, it affords our citizens a knowledge of governmental affairs, which could be obtained in no other way. It keeps the leading men of the day prominently before the public. It exposes the vices and commends the virtues of the community. It proclaims liberty of conscience and freedom of discussion. It is, itself, the child of freedom which, rocked in the cradle of liberty, now twines its arms around its noble parent to protect it from assaulting foes. We might here speak of the moral and intellectual influence of the press, and of the talent employed in sustaining it, but we pass to consider, lastly, as a national safeguard, our means of giving employment to thousands of our citizens. As we remarked in the outset, every government must rest on the virtue of the people. Now, no class of individuals can be virtuous, if destitute of the means of a livelihood; and, in any nation, as these means are multiplied, other things being equal, public virtue will be increased. Especially is this true in a land like ours, and among the working classes. Contrast the condition and morals of the poorer classes of monarchical Europe with those of our own land. In the former, they are sunk in poverty, ignorance and crime. In the latter, they constitute the bone and sinew of the nation. The difference, in part, arises from the fact, that labor in Europe is poorly rewarded, consequently there is a continual state of ill feeling between the higher and the lower classes, which, in times of trouble, ever array them on opposite sides. But in America, labor meets with a fair recompense, and the poor are taught to revere the government whose tendency it is to place all men on an equality, without respect to wealth; and so long as men respect their government, its foundations will remain unshaken. Then let our commerce spread her white sails on every sea, and the stars and stripes wave in every port. Let our mountain streams move the vast machinery of our prospering factories, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive wake the echoes of the silent hills, and rouse the slumbering energies of our distant villages. For these all increase the demands and reward of labor, which tends to make the lower classes virtuous, and gives to them the means of self-improvement, without which they would become dissolute, immoral, and disaffected, and in time pests, and dangerous to the republic. These, then, are the defenders of our liberty, and the promoters of our happiness, viz:—a pure religion, an extensive system of education, a free press, and the means of employing the poor. While these shall continue to exert their legitimate influence, "though humanity, with all its fears, with all the hope of future years, is hanging breathless on our fate," we will exclaim in the words of one of our poets: —

> "Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state;
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

THE GARDEN OF COSMOS.

AN ALLEGORY.

In my wanderings through the universe, I happened upon the garden of Cosmos. At my foot the little rivulets ran struggling by in their wandering course, across the marble pebbles that were lying in their beds. Around me were trees of every description, forming a grove which I have never seen surpassed in the variety of its kinds, or in the multitude of its productions. Upon every tree I saw an animal, which, as it was told me, was called *man*. They were climbing from limb to limb for the purpose of plucking the fruit growing upon them. Some were at the foot, others half way up, and some had reached the top. Each was eating some one of the fruits.

On one side was the tree of Intemperance, whose fruit was poverty, insanity, negligence, ignorance, vice, idleness, dishonesty, delirium-tremens and innumerable other evil kinds, too numerous in fact for me to relate. I noticed that those who had plucked the apple of poverty, were clothed in rags, and looked care-worn and emaciated, and despair sat upon their countenances. Those who had obtained the fruit of ignorance, spoke louder than others, and seemed to think that all they said was worthy of particular notice.

Some that were eating dishonesty, I saw endeavoring to cheat others in all transactions with them, and I even observed one of them putting his hands into another's pocket stealthily, and taking out his purse. But of all I saw upon this tree, which was the noisiest in the grove, none appeared to be in so much agony, or made so much noise as those who were eating the apple of delirium-tremens. And although this fruit produced the greatest pain imaginable, yet the poor wretches would continue to gnaw upon it, and would utter the most horrible curses when it was taken from them. But what astonished me most, was that although those approaching the tree saw what pains and evils accompanied the eating of these apples, yet they hurried on to climb and take the place of those who had fallen, poisoned by this fatal fruit.

Sickened by these dreadful sights, you may imagine with what pleasure I turned in another direction, and beheld the tree of knowledge, with its noble branches hanging protectingly over some who had climbed and plucked the apples and were now stretching themselves beneath the shade to enjoy it. I remarked that the number of men on this tree was much smaller than that of those who were climbing the tree of intemperance. These were equally as eager as those upon the other tree to obtain the apples, but then there was some reason in this. The apples of knowledge, among which I observed wisdom, remunerated the possessor for his trouble. And although the man yawned more and more every mouthful, yet it was a pleasing and bewitching yawning, and did not cause death, as did the fruit of the other tree.

Hearing a noise at my back, I turned and saw upon the tree of pleasure a larger number of men than upon either of the others. They were laughing and talking and dancing about, and making the most grotesque figures I ever saw. To any one at a distance they would appear to be the happiest beings alive, but then I could see that this appearance extended no farther than the exterior. These apples, differing from that of knowledge, had an exterior unequalled in beauty, and possessed a most attractive influence, but within they were nothing but dust. So they afforded no recompense to him who obtained them, as the apples of knowledge did.

But time would not allow me to describe all the various, heterogeneous kinds of trees I saw in this truly beauteous garden ; nor did I see them all. One though, I cannot pass by unnoticed or unpraised. The tree of love was not only the largest that I saw, but was also frequented by the greatest number of men. It appeared to me that every man approached this tree some time or other. And there was not one that came and tasted, who did not go away with a pleasing countenance, a softened heart, a better disposition; who did not feel better to his fellows and have kind feelings to all mankind. So good was the effect this tree produced, that no evil tree grew near it; the soil seemed to be impregnated with its happy nature. This tree, with those around, many of which sprung from it, formed the happiest, the most beautiful and symmetrical, and altogether the most pleasant grove in the garden.

YOUNG RASCALITY.

Yonder goes a ragged boy — a keen-eyed, dirty, leering son of sin — looking carelessly about, yet seeing everything. His brain is at work, too, hatching the queerest, sharpest, hatefulest thoughts; he thinks everything that he should not think; evil is attached, and clings to him like filings to a magnet. He is a seedsman's sieve, all the grain slips through and leaves only the chaff.

Where he came from you do not know; where he is going he does not care. The world is his home, and a spacious home it is — larger than any rich man's house. But he has an indefinite idea that he is not wanted in it; that it pretends to be crowded, and not to have room for him. He answers the idea with a knowing grin; he will see about that. He did not *get* the idea; it *grew in him.*

Policemen order him away, bar-keepers kick him out, omnibus drivers whip him off; but all this does not convince him of the very obvious fact that he has no right to live. The staff, the boot, the lash, are conclusive arguments against him; he does not belong anywhere. Yet he has the advantage, for it is difficult to get over the stubborn fact that he *is somewhere.*

What right has he to corrupt the air with his vile breath? asks the gentleman. What right has he to mar the harmony of this beautiful world with his unsightly form? inquires the poet. What right has he to shake off evil, like a cloud of dust, to settle upon and tarnish pure spirits? chimes in the moralist. None, answer all in a breath, and wish him out of sight.

Yet, Mr. Gentleman, that cigar and last glass of brandy of yours are quite apparent as I pass you, and continue so for some distance. Perhaps they are *odors of gentility*. The boy has an idea of gentility, too, and will follow your example, though in his own way — which looks in the direction of the gutter. You will find your promising pupil there some morning.

And, Mr. Poet, turn to that account, in your last volume, of your adventures in a dark, mountain glen. You slid over rotten trunks and moss-grown, slimy rocks, and through rank, loathsome weeds, down to the bottom of the glen, where you found a little spring welling up through the rubbish and moss. A few flowers were growing there almost choked by the poisonous exhalations. You pulled up the noxious weeds, cleared away the stones, and the clear spring bubbled forth freely, sending a silver rill far off into the valley. You returned afterward, and found bright flowers growing beside the spring, and along the rill, for miles.

This passage was a good one, making your book look well in the critic's eye, and procuring a favorable judgment. Now, suppose you leave off rhyming for a time, and try your hand at earnest work; for very like that glen in your brain is yonder boy, only a little more real. Approach him, and get to his heart — for he has one. You will find it slippery business, at first, and none of the cleanest, but, my word for it, you will find the clear spring, and the half-choked flowers. Clear away the rubbish, and let the good come forth and live, and the act will make your book of life look better in the great critic's eye, and, perhaps, procure a favorable judgment.

And you, Mr. Moralist, who would have a portion of the world set apart for evil spirits and their dust. Think a moment who put that young rascal here. A wiser moralist than you, surely. And for what? That you may become a wiser moralist than you now are. Dust, forsooth! and clouds of it. But did you ever measure the sunshine, ascertain its volume, and compare it with earth's dust-clouds, a flood of light to a drop of darkness.

And you would withdraw it all from yonder wretch. He is dark enough already, yet he might have been worse; he can be made better; then go and speak to him kindly, — for neglect has parched and withered him, — and your words will fall as gently as dew-drops. Something can be made of him; something *will* be made of him. If you do not teach him, he will teach himself, and the pupil will be much like the instructor. You are not so fortunate as Mr. Gentleman, whose example is followed without any exertion on his part. It is very natural for a wheel to roll down hill; but if you would have it roll up, you must put your shoulder to it.

Well, he is out of sight; dirt, rags, impudence and evil; all hidden behind the building on the corner, and the world is better, just as an ostrich with its head under the bushes, is safer.

APOLOGIES.

An apology is an excuse, or it is a reason or reasons assigned for what is wrong or may appear to be wrong, offered in extenuation of what is done or omitted.

It is evident that where so many mistakes are made, where judgment so often misleads, where our best actions are liable to false imputations, apologies must hold not an unimportant place; the least privilege we can allow one who seems to have wronged us, or in any way wandered from the path of duty, if he is at all responsible to us, is to offer what extenuating circumstances there may be in his defence.

But this general principle has come to be much abused and perverted; now it has come to pass that an apology, so far from excusing any action, is intended to express satisfaction with it, on the part of him who offers it; it is not so much a defence as a polite way of saying we do not need any; not so much to excite compassion as to win praise; to take off the garb of reproach, as to deck with the garments of honor. We intend our remarks to apply to the popular use of apologies, and we pronounce them to a great extent wholly uncalled for and out of place. When we voluntarily do an action no apology is needed for doing it; possibly, some explanation may be advisable to show why we do it, but the fact that we have a right to it or leave it undone, as we please, makes it justly required of us that we do nothing without judgment enough to avoid all necessity for excusing our conduct afterwards; if we do not exercise this judgment, no apology can be valid; we are guilty of carelessness, or negligence, or ignorance, and should pay the penalty therefor. And the same principle holds good in those actions we are called upon to perform by others. We are simply required to do our duty, to use to the best advantage the means we have, not to do anything impossible. If we neglect to do this, we are guilty, and it is more noble to bear the consequences, acknowledging our remissness and to make what atonement may be in our power, than to shield ourselves under an array of excuses; there is no excuse for a man's not doing his duty; the fact that it is his duty shows it to be something to be performed, not neglected, or atoned for by apologies.

It is a bad practice many have of sending forth their actions under cover of an ápology, as if the pill could be taken any easier because we are told beforehand it is bitter, or as if a book would the more delight us because its preface tells us there is nothing in it worth the reading, or as if we could any better bear a dull speech, or any better appreciate a good one, because the author told us 'twas a poor one, to commence with!

No! do what devolves upon you to the best of your ability; if this is humble, an excuse will not hide the fact, or make your service the more acceptable.

At all events, have charity enough not to send your children half-clad into the world, to tell every body their miseries and misfortunes, their errors and faults by the brand upon their foreheads,

"This is an Apology."

GOOD NIGHT.

The cares of the day are over, its toils are ended. One more day has been added to an earthly pilgrimage and carried us nearer to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. We have had sorrows and joys, sunshine and clouds. There have been moments when our hearts were peaceful and happy; and (sad contrast) there have been moments when the dark frown, the angry tone, told of an inward spirit all ruffled and disturbed. But how like the gentle dew which falls upon and refreshes the dry and parched earth falls upon our spirits as we retire from the checkered scenes of time, to lose ourselves in sleep, that sweet, heart-cheering word, good-night.

We lay upon a rich bed, tossing to and fro from our illness, racked with pain and anguish, we almost forgot the trials of those around us, and murmured at our lot. Though the pillow was gently smoothed and temples kindly bathed by a mother's unceasing care; though every luxury possible was obtained for us, which could be safely enjoyed, yet we still forgot the labors of those around us, and added to their toil, that unreasonable burden of knowing that they were laboring for one who cared not for their efforts. But when the shades of evening drew around us, and when the soft tread of a father, of brothers and sisters came by, and fell upon our ear — when they approached us gently, and bade us good-night, we did look back, we could not help it, we did look back, and feel that we had been ungrateful; and when the morning sun rose upon us, it rose upon us from the influence of that simple word, good-night, endeavoring to appreciate and return the depth of a mother's love.

Did you never, when you have acquitted yourself nobly of some great duty, and it was known in your father's house, as your mother bade you good-night, and as your father, in accents of purest love, said "Good-night, *my son*, Good-night;" when your sister's regard, too, burst forth in that word, Good-night — when your brother's hand grasped yours with an unusual warmth, as he, too, said good-night — oh, say, did you not feel amply rewarded for all your efforts?

Men there are who have, in their vocabularies, no such precious word. Would you be one of them for all the gold of Ophir? If so, there is a void in your heart, which never will be filled until you have learned the depth and height of significance there is in that enchanting word. May your sleep be sweet, may your dreams be pleasant, may you arise invigorated and refreshed, to resume the duties of another day — all is comprehended, and much more, of that inexpressible beauty which exists in friendship, in the simple word, good-night.

Hast thou an enemy, ever bid him good night, if thou canst, for thus he may become reconciled to thee ; and hast thou a friend, ever bid him good-night, if thou canst, for thus wilt thou rivet the bands of friendship. Wouldst thou make one thy friend, bid him good-night, so shall he know thou wouldst have him for a friend, and so shall he become to thee like a brother.

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THE OLD SCHOOL BELL.

Oh ! the old school bell, the old school bell,
  That hath hung in the steeple long,
And called us to lessons day after day
  With its clanging voice so strong.
Here's hate to the bell, the snarling bell ;
  We are tied to its " tarnal " ring
With a stronger cord than we broke long since —
  Our fond mother's apron string.

Of slaves to women, the poets all,
  Forever have said and sung,
And cautioned us all, both great and small,
  To beware of a clattering tongue ;
But if that is slavery, what is this,
  When a tongue in a brazen throat
Keeps wagging, and wagging, and we must dance
  Attendance to all its notes.

Oh ! the old school bell, the old school bell,
  In many a quiet room,
Where a fellow sits with his slippers on,
  It sounds like the crack of doom ;
The " yellow cover " goes down with a sigh,
  And down drops the fellow's chin ;
And he lays hold of Kühner all unsoiled —
  Oh ! where does the lesson begin ?

Oh! Kühner, and Balbus, and Cicero too,
Are slow as the crawling snail,
And down comes the bell, with its clang, clang, clang,
As swift as the merciless hail;
And the fellow must go, though he feels full well
A hole inside of his pate,
Where the lesson should be, but is not, — for why?
The crusty old bell will not wait.

Oh! many a flunk has the old school bell
To answer for, by and by,
For all of the flunks will be charged to him,
Instead of to you and I;
And sixes, and fives, and fours, and threes,
Marked down on the foolscap clean,
Will tell a tale that his brazen ears
Will tingle to hear, I ween.

But joy, freed slaves of the old school bell,
For though Little pulls the string,
On a Monday morning bright and clear,
The bell gives never a ring;
For struck with remorse at its evil life,
It has cut its old rope in twain,
And plugged up the key hole tight and sure;
And never will clatter again.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

There is an old tradition, that one Thomas Mayhew, the first Governor of several islands neighboring to the Massachusetts Colony, had four daughters, to one of whom he gave this island, then clad with vines, naming it for her, Martha's Vineyard; to another the Elizabeth Island; to a third, Naomi, Naomi's land or Nomansland; and Nancy or Nan took the remaining one, called in consequence Nan-took-it, now Nantucket. How much truth there is in this old story, we cannot tell; but fortune having thrown us upon the first named island to spend the last vacation, we have thought a few words concerning it may not be out of place in the Mirror. Our subject divides itself into three parts, the island, the people, the employments of visitors. The twin sister to Nantucket, and lying a little off the south-east corner of the State, with a soil dry, and in many places sandy, with few trees and none of very large growth, commanding from almost every part a view of the ocean's wide domain, abounding in rich treasures for the naturalist, and fanned ever by cool, invigorating breezes, it is a rare resort for those seeking rest and freedom from the din and turmoil of city life. Sundered to a great extent from the outer world, its people partake of a character peculiarly their own. The original families were few, and by descent and intermarriage almost all seem now connected, and a stranger is not a little puzzled to keep the family lines distinct. The attentions bestowed upon strangers are untiring; one feels when in the company of the fair daughters of the island, an absence of restraint, a freedom from formalities and conventionalities greater than is experienced in most places else. One has not to go through a formidable process and long preface to gain the ear of a lady and have a pleasant chat with her; everybody is ready to listen to everybody else, and all unite to help one another. A stranger is invited everywhere; parties of pleasure are got up for his entertainment; no one but knows his arrival, his name and lineage, before he has been many hours in town. There is one feature which probably accounts for this to some extent, and will be at once noticed by a visitor, viz., the absence of gentlemen; of a party of young people there will be perhaps four or five ladies to one gentleman, so that full employment is offered all the sterner sex who may be present.

And now a single word of the employments of visitors. On an island of course the attention of the people will be directed to the water; and sailing parties, and fishing parties are every day occurring; and few parties can be more pleasant than on a charming moonlight evening, to sail up and down the spacious harbor of Edgartown, almost land-locked, while the sweet strains of music float over the waters, and lively converse gladdens the hour; or again upon the broad Atlantic a few miles from the shore, to chase the huge sword-fish, or work briskly at ‘ hauling in ’ mackerel and the like, or to land and serve up a real island chowder, or an old fashioned clam-bake. Oh, how memory goes back as we write, to those happy, so happy days, when, care forgot, we thus whiled away the time ! Yes, Martha, fair lass, now at rest from all thy toils, we, revelling in thy heritage, delight to remember thee ; thou hast a noble monument ; the vines have been swept from thy hills, but there remains yet a charming vineyard, where lasting grapes are plucked, and in whose shade the world-wearied love to rest ; long live thy namesake, “ Martha’s Vineyard.”

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THOUGHTS ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF GRANDPARENTS.

I sought the churchyard’s silent home,
  I turned the rusty key,
On holy errand had I come,
  The lowly graves to see.

I stood alone with all the dead ;
  No living friend was nigh ;
I passed with slow and gentle tread
  The peaceful sleepers by.

I sought for those who, back in time,
  To those I loved were dear ;
Some of my own ancestral line
  Were sweetly resting here.

I found them where they’d slept for years,
  And kneeling down I read,
With eyes bedimmed, with joyous tears
  That, “ Blessed are the dead.”

They died in hope — earth’s finest gold
  No legacy like this can buy ;
Their crowns are set with gems untold,
  And stamped with immortality.

They died in hope — to us behind
Their glorious words in faith were given,
Follow their footsteps, ye shall find
Inheritance in Heaven.

Homeward, at length, my steps I turned,
I locked the iron gate;
T'was good — the lesson I had learned,
And following on, I wait.

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MOHAMMEDANISM.

Whatever may be said of the general tendency of the Koran to demoralize and debase, all who will give it a perusal will admit that there are pure precepts, nay more, high moral instructions contained therein, so that no philosopher can be surprised at the rapid growth of the Mohammedan religion, or the strong grasp that it retains even now over a fair and luxuriant quarter of the globe. There are so many spiritual doctrines inculcated, so many religious exhortations interwoven and intermingled with the glowing, the voluptuous, and the beautiful, that a certain moral tone is preserved throughout the system, which at once interests and fascinates the peruser. Every doctrine, too, carried out with such exact fitness for the race to whom it is adapted; each command set off with such a brilliant display of rewards, and each reward the most enticing, the most alluring and inviting that the Turk in his voluptuous dreams of "black-eyed houris" could ever realize, so work upon the imagination and the sense, that we little wonder when we see the mussulman at the present day rush on to battle to defend the faith of his fathers and his own belief against the attacks of the ruthless Cossack, firmly resolved to die if need be, anticipating his blessed reward. Skilfully, indeed, did Mohammed inculcate the belief of *predestination* in the breasts of his followers. Well had he studied the characteristics of his countrymen, well did he foresee the master passion of coming generations, when he proscribed implicit faith in the great Allah! But more than this, how sagaciously did he paint the joys of their hereafter! We can easily divine the fascination by which catholicism holds such a wide and extensive sway over the present age. We see it in the flowing gown, with its rich embroidery; in the scarlet tunics, heavy with gems and rich brocade; in the magnificent cross, and the consecrated wafer. We can easily find soft allurements in the delicious vapor of the savory incense, in the low tinklings of the bells, in the gentle and harmonious music of the choir. We do not wonder the mind is captivated with the warm paintings. We cannot think it strange, the heart is melted at the truthful too picture of the suffering Saviour. We dispute not the solemnity that pervades the church, as all on their bended knee listen devoutly to the murmured intercession, repeat the reverent amen, and hear it borne aloft by the choir, till it seems to echo, to linger, then gently to die away; in its varied symbols and alluring emblems, surely there is a wonderful enchantment, and we are *not* amazed, when the devout catholic declares his to be the true, the lasting, the *only* religion. How much more must the mussulman be enchanted by the rich variety of his worship, by the ease and pleasure of the life he may lead? but more than all, by the bewitching promises of his eternal life, when this shall have ended. All his ambition, all his warmest desires, will be consummated then; then, forever, will he revel in the delights of Al Jannat, there will he be permitted to drink of the pool of the prophet, after which he shall never more thirst; there will he refresh himself in streams of crystal purity; there reclining upon the green banks, enamelled with beautiful flowers, he may rest beneath the shade of the wonderful tree of life, from whose laden boughs he may pluck the ripest fruits that bend down to his outstretched hand; there will he luxuriate in, and breathe atmosphere scented with flowers of exquisite fragrance, and perfumes sweeter than the spicy gales of Zaba; there, in the rich language of the Koran itself, "There are rivers of incorruptible water, and rivers, whereof the taste changeth not, and rivers of wine, pleasant unto those who drink, and rivers of clarified honey, and therein the blessed shall have all kinds of fruit. A cup shall be carried round for them, filled from a limpid fountain, for the delight of those who drink; it shall not oppress their senses, neither shall they be inebriated therewith. Therein shall be beauteous damsels, having large black eyes, and kept in pavilions from public view. Therein shall they delight themselves, lying on green cushions and beautiful carpets; and therein shall they enjoy whatever their souls shall desire, and whatever their eyes shall delight in, and there shall they remain forever. This is the paradise which ye have inherited, as a reward for that which ye have wrought."

It was with such gorgeous language as this, that Mohammed induced at first a few of his intimate friends, and soon after mighty nations to embrace the Islam faith. The imagination of the credulous Turk was easily captivated by this enticing picture. Well has the prophet appealed to their senses to gain that devotion he could scarce expect to receive by appealing to their intellects; well did he paint that scene so that ever they might have before them the soothing hope, that by believing in Allah and his prophet they would be blessed with eternal ease and pleasure, but more than all in the language of a distinguished writer, "that they might ever revel in female society to the full extent of their Oriental longings!" The picture we have quoted is the heaven of the meanest believer. Twelve of those entrancing houris, free from every defect, perfect in all of woman's loveliness, were to be given each as wives. And there were far higher grades than these, the glory of which Mohammed was at a loss for words to express; description was exhausted! But while we are captivated by the gorgeous imagery, and flowing language with which he pictures this elysium, we feel that its realization can only be in the imagination of the deluded Turk. Yet do we see traces here and there like guide-boards on a pleasing road, of the spirit and beauty of the description of the Christian's heaven, and if we might adopt the hypothesis of some, and receive all his impassioned descriptions of Paradise in a figurative sense, as referring to high, moral, and intellectual enjoyment, then we might feel that it approaches nearer to the sublimity of the inspired writings than any other creed that has ever existed; for it claims but one Allah, it teaches love to one another, it inculcates neighborly feelings, it demands implicit obedience to divine authority, it promises a rich future to true believers, while it threatens unbelievers and those who know no God, with Jenhannan, or the bottomless pit; it cherishes the pleasing

Jehennam

idea of ministering and guardian angels, who weep for man's afflictions and rejoice with him in his happiness, it arrays its God with all the attributes of divine wisdom, and power, and glory. Soon may its gross deceptions, that like poisonous weeds grow interspersed with these blooming, radiant flowers, be blighted. Soon may the gentle dews of Christianity eradicate the evil they have caused; soon may the delusions of Mohammedanism yield to its influence, till where now the mussulman erects a temple to his Allah and his prophet, he may dedicate one to the true God, and where now thrice he boweth down to the rising and the setting sun, thrice and three times thrice may he bow only to the living Jehovah!

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night? As the weary sun retires to his leafy couch upon the mountain top, and draws around him vapory sheets of golden hue, a grand entertainment is spread out for the lover of beauty. In such a scene he beholds indescribable grandeur, and reads impressive lessons. A splendid sunset, with its orange sky, and the sinking sun o'erhung with crimson clouds, fringed with gold, is but the preface to that much neglected volume, *night*. Nor does the preface too brightly foreshadow the pages that follow. The fading sunset is not less beautiful than when in rosy bloom. As its splendor gradually fades, the azure curtain is silently drawn, and ere the beholder is aware, a moving panorama appears, boundless in extent, unequalled in grandeur, unsurpassed in beauty, and inimitable by art.

Venus, night's chosen lamplighter, comes with golden torch, and after lighting the evening lamps that so densely overhang the dome of this airy temple, extinguishes it in the western wave. Now Orion, the Pleiades, and their numberless neighbors, smile upon you, and sow the earth with their twinkling light. But what is more lovely than a scene by moonlight? The tranquil hour of an evening in June, when all nature is smiling in her fairest robes, and neither a cloud mars the sky above, nor a ripple the lake below, is lovely beyond description. But when the full-orbed moon comes peeping through the trees, diffusing her silvery light, and pencilling her picturesque shadows, then the most rural spot is transformed to a paradise.

But not to enlarge upon its beauty, look, for a moment, at its utility — the latter is the body, the former the mere trappings, its real worth could only be appreciated by its loss.

What a balmy hour is the twilight to the man who has seen nothing but toil and care through the day! How sweet to return from the din of business to the cheerful fireside, glowing with sympathy and love; or, in summer's sunset-hour, to sit beneath one's own garden-bower, and, as he turns the delicate vines upon the trellis, at the same time gladdens and cherishes the social and moral feelings in the loving hearts around him.

A summer's eve refreshes and enlivens all. At the close of the sultry hours, which the oppressive reign of the sun has laid upon the earth, the moon, and all her courtier train, resume their peaceful sway. The scholar lays aside his books, the laborer leaves his toil, the counting-room and the court-house are closed, the feathered warblers sound their sweetest notes, the insect tribes tune *their* harps, and all nature, animate and inanimate, join in the corronation of this starry queen.

But night is the time for rest. Eternal day without a night, in this world of toil, would be the scholar's life without vacation, the boundless prairie to the traveller, without an intervening grove, or social life without the inspiriting presence of woman. It comes, like an angel of mercy, to bind up and alleviate the wounds of the day, and pour on that invaluable ointment — sleep. Hail, then, kind messenger! friend, companion of day! Thou keepest constant vigil when darkness hovers around. Thou twinest the silken bands of sleep, and paintest fair dreams on the slumberer's eye. Thou bedewest the earth with thy tears, that glisten most brightly in the morning sun. For each returning day, thou createst men anew, and addest fresh ornaments to his earthly home. Heavenly messenger, gift of a kind Father, we ever bid thee welcome.

SCRAPS FROM LEISURE.

Time is hard at work shaking his sieve industriously, and the sands are pouring through with frightful precipitancy. If we are justified in exercising a miserly spirit in any thing, it is in hoarding time; for every moment contains full many a century of unborn ages.

A moment is the acorn, which, if properly developed, will produce the majestic tree of a thousand branches. With perseverance for the fulchrum, and labor for lever, you can raise a world.

The world is but a leaf from God's Book of Nature. Upon it He has inscribed all that can delight the eye of man; on every part He has painted, with beautifying touch, His landscapes. And upon every thing we behold the remains of His brush, even in the microscopic world. The ocean is a drop from the fountain of His love, and the stars are scintillations from the sun of His glory.

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UMBRELLAS.

Members of the Academy are respectfully informed that the habit of exchanging old umbrellas for new ones, on rainy days, is entirely contrary to the regulations of the Institution. The eighth commandment applies as much to umbrellas as to bread and butter, and it is a very mistaken idea that some people entertain, that an umbrella, like physic, is only made to *take!* In this connection we would mention a short dialogue we heard the other day between an Englishman and a Middler, who were brothers, which plainly shows the downward tendency of this branch of equity.

"Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No, I didn't, Tom; haven't you often told me to lay up something for a rainy day? and as I thought it would rain before long, I laid *that umbrella up!*"

DEWY MORN.

All nature is awaking
From the slumbers of the night;
From her leafy locks is shaking
Pearly dew so sparkling bright.

The sun from o'er the mountains
Shows his brightly shining face;
While the deer beside the fountains,
Nimbly skip in sportive chase.

The joyful buds are opening
'Neath the sun's enlivening rays;
And the bee its task resuming
Hums along the flowery maze.

The dewy morn is vocal
With the singing of the birds;
And the hills around re-echo
With the lowing of the herds.

The mock-bird sweetly singing,
Chirps the rising song of day;
While the swallow, straws collecting,
Builds his little nest of hay.

The morning star is fading
In the light of coming day,
Ever fading! ever twinkling!
Now it brightens! then away!

Now behold the beauteous morning
Bursting forth in all its pride;
Mountains, hills, and vales adorning!
Smiling nature's sunny side!

THE MIRROR

OF THE

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> "MIRROR.—A pattern; an exemplar; that on which men ought to fix their eyes; that which gives a true representation, or in which a true image may be seen."—*Webster.*

AGAIN have the revolving cycles of time, in their untiring movement, brought our reflections before our readers; and, encouraged by the favor with which they viewed our first issue, we present our second with renewed pleasure.

We would inform our readers, as in our first number, that "it has not been our part to make the objects reflected, but only so to arrange them before the polished plate that they might be honestly seen." We, therefore, employing the medium of the press, present the reflections of the PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY before you, desiring that you may be agreeably impressed, and modestly hoping for a favorable judgment.

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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CHILDHOOD'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

> "The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own, blessed, motherly eyes,
> Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies."

IT is a favorite notion with many who have grown sour and morose as they have grown old, who have been shipwrecked and disappointed in the voyage of life, that childhood is free from care and trouble, and childhood only.

Now it is a misfortune, in the long run, to be estimated either better or worse than one really is, stronger or weaker, more or less happy: and believing that children are thus wrongly estimated, as they are denied the privilege of speaking for themselves, we ask to be heard in their behalf.

We believe that the joys and sorrows of one's life are pretty evenly divided between its various stages. Childhood is not a time of insensibility to pain and pleasure; nor is it a time always filled with sunshine; it has its full share of clouds and storms. Passing over the theological and metaphysical arguments on the subject, we come to the practical and experimental.

Turn back with us, skeptical reader, to your own early days; call up some of its stirring scenes; the items which made up your child-life.

You remember—no, you do not remember it; — but there was a time, among your first moments of conscious existence, when hands, meaning it kindly, tossed you high in air, and knees, which should have been a soft cradle for your littleness, bounced you up and down, to and fro, much to your discomfiture, but to which your infant tongue was powerless to object. It was well, certainly, to be cared for, but not free from trouble to be *so* cared for. Then, months, and hair came to gather on your head, and you was suffered to crawl over the floor, and then to essay a pedestrian excursion across it, which, with the aid of chairs and crickets, and after falls not a few, you accomplished. Did not big grief fill your heart at each failure, and did it not throb with joy at your final triumph? You have had heavier trials, greater triumphs since, but were not those real?

Then came years, and more hair and strength along with them; and you doffed your tiny clothes and donned the red jacket with the brass buttons in front; (how often you tried to count them!) and the juvenile trousers linked to it, and—for surely you remember this—then you started for the school, equipped with a new primer, your young ideas all untutored;—your mother went with you the first day, and told the teacher who you was;—did you flee care then? How hard it was to master A B C! What a tangled labyrinth was X Y Z! Have you learned a harder lesson since? Nor were lessons all your care; what stratagems you devised to amuse yourself and yet elude the teacher's eye, and worse still, the teacher's rod! What successes you met with and what defeats!

"But I had all Saturday to play in," you reply. Yes, those golden Saturdays, they were yours. All the morning you rode the broomstick, or your neighbor with the flaxen curls and you, rode one another; and you made oceans in tubs and sailed your shingle boats with paper sails, (you teased your big brother to make them for you); and then came dinner time, and the flaxen locks went home, and you went home too, and you don't remember about the dinner, but you have not forgotten the whipping for wetting your jacket; (how short a step from the sublime to the ridiculous — the admiral of a fleet subjected to the switch!) — and there was no more boat-sailing that day, but the admiral sank into a baker, and the curls and you made sand-pies in oyster shells and baked them on the cross-beams of the fence; and at last the sun went down, and down went your holiday; and then they rubbed your face to get the Saturday look off and the Sunday on; and then your next thought as you rubbed your heavy eyes was, well, here it is Sunday again! Sunday, neither school-day nor play day; Sunday, so solemnly still; with its best clothes, even to the squeaking shoes. Sunday, with its great Westminster trouble for little folks, and its weary hours in the high backed pews, and its catechizing in the Sabbath school — and then the family gathering at home, and your father's story — not the man of dollars and cents, not he who sends you to school, even against your will, not he who sometimes corrects your waywardness, but your own father, your Sunday father, who takes you on his knee and calls you "*my boy!*" and then, to close all, your mother's good-night kiss; and then dreams of Monday, and school again, and so on, and on!

Tell us, was there not in all this, joy and sorrow, real and strong, even though you was a child? And yet looking back you wonder that such things could please you, and such pain; but admit as you recall them that they were as great in proportion to your strength and your circumstances as you have known since. It takes different things now, as well as greater to move you; they might have told you of ships lost to which you was the apparent heir, and you would have cared little if your shingle boats were safe ; now you delight in societies, and clubs, and popular applause ; then, they could not have wooed you from the flaxen headed boy that shared your sports ; now, you are worried about stocks and exchange, then, primers and catechisms troubled you. And so every age has its peculiar joys and sorrows, suited to the condition of the subject ; every one seems most full in its time, and yields place to its successors ; and childhood is a mingled scene of hours bright and dark.

CLAY, CALHOUN AND WEBSTER.

SIXTY years ago there might have been seen, widely separated from each other, three American boys. The oldest, fast verging towards manhood, was slightly formed and graceful, with delicate features, a gentle, expressive eye, and a generous spirit. He listened to the deep murmur of the forest around his home, and saw that the sound was but the whispering of a multitude of leaves. He stood beside the mighty river, and knew that it flowed from countless little springs. He saw all things clothed with beauty, and breathing eloquence. So his mind grew.

The next was a thoughtful boy, silent and earnest. What he felt, he uttered—and nothing more. He did not seek the company of others, for he was able to be alone. He looked with wonder on the trifler—not understanding him—and went whither his thoughts led him, not caring that others took a different direction. He was full of truth and gentleness; yet decided and firm. He loved his friends and his home.

The last was but a child—a dark-haired, dark-eyed child, with a firm frame, and sun-burnt face. In the Winter he went stoutly through the snow to school. In the Summer he toiled in the hay or harvest field, by his father's side. When at leisure, while his companions played, he would sit under a tree, reading; and when weary, closing the book, would fix his eyes on the distant mountain-tops, gazing long and earnestly, till their bright, high summits revealed thoughts more distinctly than the printed page.

Such were the three boys who were gathering up, through the still years of childhood and youth, the thoughts and principles which were to be the foundation of their future greatness. To the common eye, they seemed like other boys; not differing from the multitude who live, die, and are forgotten. Who saw that their spirits gave them strength of wing to rise above their fellows? None, except, perhaps, some gray-haired old man, whose nearness to the awful light beyond the shadow, gave him a prophetic eye. Such a one might have said, "The world shall not forget them."

Sixty years have passed away, with all their multitude of events and changes. In them have been triumphs and defeats; prizes won, and hopes blasted; struggles for power, and struggles for life; great deeds, and greater thoughts; joys and sorrows; births, bridals, deaths, and forgetfulness. In them, these three boys arrived at manhood, entered and encountered the storms and sunshine of public life; won their way among men's hearts, and left enduring footprints there; in turn, led the Nation by the hand as a child; received its favors, and bore its ingratitude; gained imperishable names, and died. Their work has been finished, and placed before us. It is not perfect, for they were not perfect men. And who are? Either they had fewer faults than other men, or their faults were overshadowed by their greatness. They were great, though not alike; each bearing the impress of that part of the country in which he lived.

Clay was emphatically of the West. He caught the spirit of its scenery, its great lakes and rivers; its wide prairies, and boundless forests; and he felt throbbing within him its child-like heart. His mind was voluminous, expanded, like the West. It contained, as it were, broad tracts untouched by foot of man, and mighty waters unspotted by a sail; but when he rolled it together, and brought all its energies to bear upon one object, its greatness was seen; it was felt to be irresistible. He grew with the West, yet in advance of it, like an older brother; and his death drew many tears—shed in bitterness, though not in weakness. The West wept for him with the strong mind of a man; yet with the uncontrolled heart of a child.

Calhoun was of the South. Earnest and thoughtful, the principles early taught him became his character, and the foundation of his fame. He possessed what a great man of the South must possess — a keen, clear mind, fitted to encounter obstacles, and for combat. The difficulties that surrounded him were the stepping stones by which he rose. Instructed by the South as by a father, he loved it with all the strength of his earnest nature. But the father was weak, *for he had a withered right arm.* The same blood ran through the veins of the son, but with his strong will he transformed weakness into strength, and battled bravely for the parent, who looked upon him as a protector. His life was a noble contest for the weak one whom he had been taught from his cradle to love. Constantly anticipating invasion, he advanced into the enemy's country, and seized the strongholds there. He was tireless to the last; and could his opponents have torn away that parent's withered arm, he would have hurled at them to their own destruction. He died when needed most; but his genius had gone before him into the future, and done its work.

Webster was of New England — the home of so many noble men. Born among her granite rocks, nourished in her pure air, strengthened by her storms, and deeply imbued with her high, free spirit, he was the embodiment of herself. Yet, in mind, he was her elder, reaching far back through the years that had been, to gather the material of his strength. His mind was old and gray as her hills; it had been their companion before they were trodden by the foot of the white man. It had been in other lands, too; with Cromwell and his mighty army that feared God; with the Covenanters on their free hills; with the Puritans in their scourgings and sufferings; in the Mayflower, on the stormy ocean, and at that midnight meeting in her cabin, that shaped the destinies of a world; on the lonely rock, and in those winter snows. Then it had walked hand in hand with the history of the country, and her glorious Constitution. Yet, though old and gray, his mind was as fresh and warm as in childhood.

But his great characteristic, was depth of intellect. He could not only see truth, but could grasp it and bring it up to light from depths which others could not penetrate. While others sported on the surface, in pursuit of glittering bubbles, he went down deep for pearls. When he wished to overturn a system, he lifted out of its place the corner stone; when he wished to build one up, he laid the foundation below the action of frost and time. His grasp of intellect, combined with ability to bring all the experience of the past to bear upon his object, gave him a power above all others. And through it he gathered that noble legacy of thought and truth which he left to us. It is well known that swift and flashing rivers deposit no alluvial, as they are lost in the sea. They fret away and scatter and destroy what riches they bear. But the grand old Nile, flowing on deep and still through the ages, though clear and placid on its surface, bears in its bosom the deposits that build up a land which furnishes the world with bread for a thousand years. So his mind, in its majestic course, bore the riches it had gathered from its deep bed; and as it melted into the broad sea of eternity, left them there for us—a land green and beautiful, that shall bear fruit through coming time. He died when his fame was clouded; but death struck away those clouds, to reveal him in his majesty and beauty, and thus he remains to us.

THE STUDENT'S INQUIRY.

The night was cold, was very cold, the winds blew fierce and wild,
The sky was spread with dark black clouds above each other piled
In fearful, awful beauty; while the snow fell thick and fast,
And the trees seemed sadly trembling in the fury of the blast.

Within his room a student sat, his fire burned warm and bright;
The lamp upon his table gave a pale, but steady light;
His books and papers round him were in wild confusion strown,
And the sleet against his windows was in wintry madness blown.

He heeded then, nor fire, nor books, nor blowing of the wind,
For in the deep recesses of that young and noble mind,
A thought for light was struggling, just as oft the gentle star
In evening sky seems struggling to behold us from afar.

His hands are calmly folded, and his brow in silence bowed,
Till at first, almost unconsciously, at length he spoke aloud—
"Oh! what," said he, "what object is there in this student's life?
What good is there accomplished in this constant mental strife?

Why must we thus the precious years of youth in study spend,
And day by day o'er musty books our wearied bodies bend?
Why not at once our little bark guide o'er the sea of life,
And towards the prize press ever on with noble, manly strife?

Is it for Fame that men so toil? Sure, Fame's too quickly lost,
For one to strive to win her, making priceless youth the cost;
That chief on whom with greatest joy, she deigned her smile to fling,
Dying, found out the smile of Fame, a cold and worthless thing.

Do men for pleasure thus exchange the costly pearls of time?
Ah! no, it cannot be; methinks if endless years were mine,
I'd not give one to such an end, in such a way as this;
Better by far in *doing good*, secure a *heavenly* bliss."

He ceased to speak, the storm without still raged in fury wild,
But from his spirit clear and deep, a voice in accents mild
Whispered such words of truth, and hope, and joy within his ear,
As quickly calmed his troubled mind, and banished every fear.

It bade him not forget that he who would a harvest reap,
Must plow and sow, and labor hard that he may ever keep
All weeds removed; that when at last his fruit has ripened well,
It may be gathered in with joy, and he in gladness dwell.

* * *

FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1854.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—I have just been consulting the "Old Farmer's Almanac" to see what the probabilities were for fair weather, and the words "Landing of the Pilgrims" opposite this date suggested to me the idea of writing you a few words on the Puritans and their Government.

Yours Respectfully,

IAMBUS.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

Two hundred and thirty-four years of eventful interest to the world have this day elapsed, since a little band of voluntary exiles from a land where they had been denied the free exercise of their religion, and where crime as it were had been legalized by the example of a corrupt and profligate court, disembarked from the ship which had been their frail support through a long and weary voyage, and stood upon the rocky and inhospitable shore of what was to be their future home. A grateful posterity has marked the spot which first received their footsteps, and though now, alas, (thanks to the progressive march of civilization) the beauty of its former situation, where it received upon its water-worn bosom the surging waves of the ocean and tossed them back in sparkling spray, is lost, Plymouth Rock will forever be remembered with a thrill of patriotism by every true New Englander.

With the Puritan "régime" every student of American history is acquainted; and while the many virtues, stern though they were, of this sturdy sect, have been justly admired and commended, still the more cruel acts of their government have been lightly passed over. If the motto quoted at the beginning of this article is worthy, (and it certainly is) to be implicitly obeyed, that other, "Blame to whom blame is due," should command an equal respect; and we shall therefore endeavor in our contracted limits to notice some of the more cruel traits of their character, and unjustifiable acts of their government.

They came to this country from a land where they had been persecuted and oppressed. They hoped to find a place in the wilderness "where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences," and at length came to regard the home of their adoption as a place peculiarly their own, and could not with indifference see the arrival of strangers in their colony, but even looked with feelings of horror upon the introduction of a new sect into their midst—regarding them as heretics and even accursed. It was natural, perhaps, for them to consider the land purchased by so many toils and hardships, and by the lives of those who had fallen victims to the famine which soon after their arrival swept so many from their midst, as a land sacred to their religion. Yet no one can deny that it was unjustifiable and entirely inconsistent with the example of the Saviour whom they professed to follow, to persecute and oppress those who had no inimical feelings towards them, and were what they themselves had been in the days of their weakness, exiles from oppression.

No one can have read Longfellow's beautiful poem of Evangeline without mingled feelings of pity and indignation. It will be remembered that in the year 1654, the English forces, then under the protectorship of Cromwell—although the government was at peace with France—turned towards Nova-Scotia, or as it was then called, Acadia—and easily conquered the peaceful inhabitants, who, used to nothing but their pastoral duties, offered no resistance. One ship, full of the unhappy exiles sailed for Boston, but the Puritanical inhabitants, who in their self-righteousness could not bear the contamination of those who, no matter how sincerely, bowed in devotion to an image of the Saviour, turned the houseless, shivering wanderers from their doors. This act no arguments can ever extenuate. The escutcheon of New England that day received a stain which time will never efface.

The Puritans were from the first bitterly opposed to every sect and every individual who espoused a different opinion from their own, and irreligion at last came to be regarded as a civil offence. At length this feeling, nourished by a firm resistance from the Baptists, led to a bitter persecution of which the Quakers were the objects. It is not surprising that at the very time the feeling just described was at it height, the arrival of two members of the society of freinds should spread consternation throughout the country. Their persons were seized and after an imprisonment of five weeks they were banished; but the proscribed sect rapidly increased, others were banished upon pain of death if they returned; but they did so, nothing daunted, and expiated their so-called crime upon the scaffold. The most barbarous laws were enacted, almost equalling in cruelty the torments of the Spanish Inquisition. But such enormities could not exist long. The persecution, (which was the most bitter, though not the only one in the annals of American history) ended, and a foundation was laid for a purer and more liberal government under whose wise constitution every man can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

It must however be remembered that at the outset we only intended to mention the cruel traits and unjustifiable acts of the Puritans.

It would be needless to do anything else; their virtues are as familiar as household words. If they had failings, the good qualities of their minds, their indomitable perseverance, moral courage, and religious devotion far outnumber them: if they committed some unjustifiable acts, they laid the foundation for a mighty nation, whose people should rise up and call them blessed. Let us then, as a community, if we would ever be truly prosperous, take warning from the example of our forefathers, and shun their mistakes and faults, but do full justice to their memory, by copying their many virtues.

SOLITUDE.

Man is so created, that he naturally seeks his enjoyment in the company of those around him. There is an element within us, a spark of social life, which should and must be cultivated, would we be happy.

When we see one of our companions so distant that his life borders, apparently, on misanthropy, whose soul seems to have been made for none to behold and admire, but is ever locked in the prison-house of his body, we are at a loss to imagine how such an one can be happy.

"This narrow isthmus, 'twixt two boundless seas," need not be one of sorrow. There are many ministering angels even here, to make us happy; and sociality is among the fairest. We are all members of one common fraternity, and necessarily connected with each other's welfare.

As a tender shoot, the tree of our race first sprang up in the garden of paradise, where it was poisoned ere it had reached a declining age. Ever since have its branches been spreading, until no spot remains on earth uncheered by the presence of its noble sons.

The sorrows incident to all, commenced here, and have descended to us, that by them we might learn to have sympathy one for another.

Go learn, if you will, from that hermit who leads a life of deluded wretchedness in the cave of some lone mountain, how the heart, the feelings, the whole system, become sordid and morose when shut from intercourse with his fellow-man. The life of such an one cries out in accents not to be unheeded, "man cannot live alone always." There is a joy in the recital to some true friend, of misfortunes which he himself has felt. The kind word of consolation from his lips has often removed a burden from the portals of his heart, which had long refused admittance to peace and happiness.

But there are moments when the witty joke and merry laugh of companions have a hollow and unmeaning sound. The soul sometimes refuses to be comforted by those who were wont to perform this kind office. It is at such a time, that solitude with its abounding charms, is ever ready to wake in the heart strains of the highest cheerfulness. To be alone anywhere, at any time, to listen to the story of conscience as it takes us over the prairie, and the desert too, of the past, and points to the glorious future — this is pleasure true and real.

Although the remembrance of by-gone hours may not be pleasing, still there is none here to taunt us with its misimprovement; and reflection on the past, lies in the course of success in the future. Or, as we wander forth under an open sky, and behold the works of Him, whose ways are not as our ways, and study nature alone, there comes up a voice from all around more potent than any of earth's councillors, to point us to truthful happiness, and to direct us in the way of manliness and virtue.

◆

THE SNOW.

Resting faintly,
Pure and saintly,
On the barren winter land,
With the lightness,
And the whiteness,
Of a trembling maiden's hand;—

Falling slowly,
Soft and holy,
O'er the dark, brown earth below;
Gently veiling
All its failing,—
Cometh down the pearly snow.

Winding lightly,
Daily, nightly,
Round the fences of the farms,
Like the shining,
Thrilling twining
Of a maiden's soft white arms;—

Resting softly,
Falling oftly,
From the leafless boughs above,—
Resting gladly,
Falling sadly,
Most like purest earthly love;—

Coming surely,
Staying purely,
Emblem of the brightest things,
That from heaven
Earthward given,
Float down on soft, snowy wings;—

Clothing lightly,
Oh! how brightly,
All beneath the winter sun;
Lowly lying,
Gently dying,
When its work of love is done.

HOPE.

What truth in that word! What sublime truth! Who does not realize it? Who, when weighed down by sorrow or oppressed by care has not experienced the delight of hoping for better things?

How many thousands, but for the repose and quiet afforded by that little word would have tossed about in agony and despair! Truly, *thou*, O Hope, art the anchor of the soul!

Many have said, and perhaps with truth, that hope induces men to put off exertion, and thus destroys, in some measure, their ultimate success. Now, of two evils, that must manifestly be chosen which produces the least injurious effects. If then, we show that where hope exists, there, for the most part, is comparative contentment and prosperity, our end is gained. A man without hope is like a ship without an anchor, a country without a government, "tossed about by every wind and doctrine." Two kinds of hope there are; one, earthly, relating to things of this world; the other, heavenly, pertaining to things eternal. While we cherish hopes for success in this world, let us not neglect that higher and more enobling trust which ensures a life beyond the grave.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings,—
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures, kings."

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

Man comes into existence the most weak, helpless and dependant of all creatures. The summer's sun must not shine too brightly upon him, nor the winter's blast visit him too roughly. Made up of various feelings, sympathies and aspirations, each of which clashes with every other, he comes forth to life, and his discipline commences. As a boy, he bears with little grace the difficulties which beset his way. But the disappointments which meet him on every hand, tend to curb his restive spirit, and to teach him that in life he has to deal with real and tangible objects. Already the billows of life's ocean rear their crested heads around his frail bark, and to a certain extent, he perceives the need of energy and skill in making his desired haven. But yet only at times. He has as yet no adequate idea of the necessity of coolness and self-reliance. This he must obtain from actual contact with life as it is. Soon youth draws on; bright images of the future fill his heart, and hope beams from his eye. No misfortune can daunt him. Nay, whatever obstacles may beset his path, are so many inducements for the strife. He binds his sandals on, and girds his loins up, and presses on. Moons wax and wane, spring times and autmmns, summers and winters pass swiftly round. The breezes of heaven fan his fevered cheek, cool groves refresh his weary spirit, and his whole man is renewed by long, deep draughts at the crystal founts of knowledge. He now discovers that life is not a mere Utopian dream, but an actual existence, whose ends can only be met by diligence and perseverance. He feels that he is still far distant from the temple of knowledge ; but if he is a true man, he resolves to press on as long as its doors shall stand invitingly open. "No excellence without great labor," is his motto, and his ceaseless toils verify his sincerity. Nature opens to him her rich store of instruction, and he gathers many a choice gem of knowledge. From the falling leaf and opening flower his practised mind soars to the great Creator of all, and he learns to look to Him for that guidance in the formation of his opinions, without which he might be driven into the deep gloom of despondency, or the darksome dungeon of despair.

But youth and manhood flee. Old age creeps on apace ; the fire of youth's halcyon eye is dimmed, and gray locks cluster on the wrinkled brow. A new page of life's discipline is written. The cup of sorrow is pressed to his lips and he must drink it to the dregs. Parents, sisters, brothers, yes, even the wife of his bosom, the companion of his toils and the sharer of his joys have preceded him to the other world, and he waits to follow them.

Thus is our journey ; full of labor and disappointment, of friendship and enmities, of honors and odiums, of successes and defeats, of joy and sorrow, each units in the discipline of life, yet who can say it is unpleasant ?

* * *

It was noticed that a large proportion of those who listened to Mr. Phillips's lecture on the "Lost Arts," were ladies. A wag accounts for this by the fact that there was a mistake about the subject of the lecture. It was supposed to be "Lost Hearts !"

WHEN I WOULD DIE.

I would pass away with the setting sun,
When the tasks and trusts of the day are done ;
When the sun from its labors sinks to rest,
And its beauties are veiled, in midnight drest—
At the closing hour of parting day
" With the setting sun I would pass away."

I would close my eyes on this world so fair,
At that hour most meet for grateful prayer ;
When the sun has vanished and twilight reigns,
And heaven seems nearer as daylight wanes,
My prayer shall be, " When I've finished my stay,
With the setting sun may I pass away."

I would pass away at that tranquil hour
When the birds, then resting in grove and bower,
Have caroled their sweetest evening song,
Which echoes and dies the hills along,
With this dying murmur of sweetest lay,
" With the setting sun I would pass away."

When the clouds are tinged with a golden dye,
Which motionless rests on the azure sky,
Are crowded with spirits of purer air,
Who bless, as they gaze on this world so fair—
With those spirits so pure, at parting day
To their home of bliss I would soar away.

When the " Goddess of Morn " is sinking from view,
As she hastes to her couch of saffron hue,
Which in gorgeous robes of tapestry drest,
Is the charming place of her mighty rest,
When my toils are o'er at close of day,
Where the weary rest, I would pass away.

May the golden sun's last lingering ray,
And swelling music of sweetest lay,
The shadow dispel and scatter the gloom,
That darkens the way to the lone, lone tomb ;
As twilight's soft flush steals over the sky,
So softly and calmly I'd wish to die.

HOME.

There is a depth of meaning and truthfulness contained in the old and oft repeated words "There is no place like home," which is not often realized. You will seldom find a person so degraded, so lost to all natural feeling, that he will not retain some lingering affection for the spot of his birth. He may wander over the wide earth, new associations may be formed, new objects of affection may present themselves, yet still at times, the memory of those old happy days of childhood, those days of innocence and love, will steal over him, softening his heart, and filling it with better, holier desires. God, in his mercy, has implanted this feeling in our bosoms, that through life our affections may have something to cling to, that amid all the snares and temptations of this wicked world, it may ever be to us a shield and safeguard.

And what causes this love? Why is it so deep, and strong, and permanent? Is it a mere narrow affection for one spot of ground above all others? Is there anything in the earth that makes it look fresher and brighter? Are those old elms that shade the door greener or more luxuriantly covered with leaves than any others? No; the scenery may be destitute of all natural beauty. Your cradle may have been rocked amid the howling winds and craggy peaks of the mountains—in the crowded city where no bright landscape gladdened the eye—no sweet songsters enliven the heart with their thrilling melodies—where dust, and heat, and filth pollute the air, and even God's sunlight is almost shut out; yet it is your *home*, and you love it. It is *not* the beauty of the spot, it is the thousand remembrances that connect themselves with each familiar object, the many memories of "by-gone years" that the sight of it recalls, which so endears it to your heart. The old house you love, for in it your earliest and happiest days were spent. There, surrounded by an atmosphere of love and affection, and blessed by a mother's tender care, your young mind and heart were trained for the world's great conflict. Perchance that mother is dead now, if so, the old mansion is only dearer to you, as it recalls her to your mind. The landscape too, has charms for you possessed by no other. Beneath that venerable elm you used to sit and watch the sun as it rose over the blue hills, or slowly and majestically sunk to its bed in the western sky. The grand old woods beyond—the brook where you used to while away the long summer days watching the speckled trout—the spacious barn, and even "the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well," all bring back to your mind some fond memory--some hallowed association; and for this you love them.

The advantages of a good home are incalculable. Many a youth has been saved from sin and ruin by its influence. As the carrier dove, wherever you may bear it, ever wings its flight straight homeward, so the heart of the youth, amid whatever temptations he is placed, *will* turn thither and gather from its sacred precincts strength to resist, and power to endure. Its genial influences preserve the mind in that calm and peaceful state which is most conducive to earthly happiness, and they keep the better feelings of the heart alive and warm, when otherwise they would become encrusted with a selfish egotism, or buried forever. Oh! thrice blessed is he who, amid all the cares and toils that beset us here, may find within a happy home, refuge and rest.

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LOVER AND SPIRIT.

(**There** are some thoughts whose sorrow is too deep for utterance; the voice even in musing, is hushed, but the spirit within, far off, and indistinct as an echo, repeats the fatal words to try their meaning upon the heart. As the voice gains strength, so does that spirit of hope and trust gain strength, until it bursts forth and triumphs.)

Lover. Silent she sleepeth—
Spirit. Sleepeth, sleepeth—
Lover. In the damp, damp grave below;
The cold worm creepeth—
Spirit. Creepeth, creepeth—
Lover. O'er her brow of placid snow;
And her eye is dim, for its holy light
Has darkly fled from this world of night;
And her voice is hushed with its gentle breath.

That haunts me here from the land of death;
And the heart that loved me, it doth not move;
It is stilled forever;—
Spirit. Above, above,
It throbbeth calm with an angel's love;
And the voice whose memory wakes a thrill,
In thy lonely ear by this grave so still,
Is breathing a sweeter and softer tone
Than ever was heard in this world of moan;
And her eye is brighter than eye could be,
Lit with an earthly love for thee.
Lover. Lonely she stayeth—
Spirit. Stayeth, stayeth—
Lover. In the dark, dark grave below;
No sunbeam playeth—
Spirit. Playeth, playeth—
Lover. On her brow of placid snow;
The leaves drop softly, the leaves of gold,
On the green turf where her tomb is rolled;
And the sky, like happiness, bends above
The sleeping earth in its dream of love;
But not for her is this autumn day,
With its bliss and peace;—
Spirit. Away, away,
Where forth from their fountains the sunbeams stray,
Where the land in a holier dream doth lie,
And a deeper happiness bends the sky,
And the days are a rapture that doth not cloy,
Though the soul is lost in a flood of joy;
Where the leaves ne'er fade, nor is rolled the tomb,—
Forever she stayeth, far, far from this gloom.
Lover. Sadly she dwelleth—
Spirit. Dwelleth, dwelleth—
Lover. In the cruel grave below;
A cold tear welleth—
Spirit. Welleth, welleth—
Lover. From the ocean of my woe;
She is gone from my side, I am left alone,
She heeds me not 'neath the pallid stone,
She places her hand in mine no more
In the starry night by the river's shore,
And I clasp no more with a holy thrill,
The form to my heart,—

Spirit. Be still, be still,—
'Tis meet that a calmer grief should fill
Thy soul for thy pure and spirit bride,
Whom death, the angel hath borne from thy side
In love, for a little time, that when,
In the bright heaven ye meet again,
A holier rapture may overflow
Your hearts, for the parting here below.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

There is a hallowed memory ever clustering around the past. We look through the vista of years gone by, and although "we see through a glass darkly," yet it is through a prism, and every object upon which our eye may rest, is colored with tints gorgeous and beautiful as those of the rainbow. So we think of the deeds of our ancestors, and there rises up before the mind a picture of glorious achievements, unrivalled by the pencil of any painter or pen of any poet. We call to mind our New England fathers, and straightway we see before us a band of sturdy men, whose manly countenance and noble bearing place them among those "of whom the world is not worthy." It is not strange then, that every custom which they have handed down to us, is cherished with unceasing care by all those who love the true and the good. It is not strange, then, that the day set apart for Thanksgiving, upon which they placed so great a value, is carefully guarded as a sacred relic of "the olden time."

What more appropriate than that, after the golden fruits of autumn have once more been "gathered into the barns," the father should come from his counting-room, the son and brother from his distant home, and all meet around the festive board burdened with the blessings of another year? What more beautiful than the thought that it is not one isolated home that is thus filled with joy and gladness, but for many miles far around, it is a day of feasting? And how pleasant will be that Thanksgiving when every State in all our land, shall upon the same day be filled with joyous households. Households where hearts long separated from one another meet in cordial love: where brother meets sister, and father, son, for the first time in many months: and households from whose family altar there ascends up a true and heart-felt offering to our Father who is in heaven. How often has the aged grandfather, looking forward to the day, breathed forth the petition that he might behold one more Thanksgiving. And now the day has come, a

> "Veteran man is young once more,
> And talks of boyish pranks."

How often has the father, delighting in the "sunny memories" of his own youthful Thanksgivings, rejoiced at the approach of such a day, as a day of joy for his children. And, too, a mother's love has been busy to make every thing as pleasant as possible. Thus by all is this sacred day welcomed with joy. And as parents look upon children joyous in each other's love, they truly feel that "the love of a child is a jewel worth a world of pains."

Around the festive board the remembrance of one they have recently lost causes a closer union. The day passes away, but its memory lingers yet. It is with us in mirth to temper our joy: it is with us in sadness to cheer our sorrow. Such are the blessings of a Thanksgiving; and in view of them, who can refrain from the hope that the day will never dawn upon our country when it shall be without its annual Thanksgiving!

GREENWOOD, THE CITY OF REPOSE.

The homes of men, however secluded they may be, and however smoothly past them may seem to flow the stream of life, are mostly full of strife and toil. They abound in the indications of an ever working brain, and an ever restless heart; of wishes ungratified, and hopes unrealized. Rest is not written in the volume of man's life. There is no repose or security from change this side of the tomb.

We stand beside a sleeper and wonder at the quiet that has come over him, the freedom from the toil of thought, the burden of sorrow and the weight of joy. But we forget that all this is on him still; that the things of life haunt what seems to be his rest. He has entered a sphere of the wildest action and most oppressive toil; of unutterable joy and sorrow, such as can only be borne in dreams. That sphere is hung round with a veil of seeming quiet, and we fondly think that within is the land of rest.

At night we go up to some high tower that overlooks a city, and are lost in the silence that has struck through and concealed its multitude of sounds. The streets are still. The tumultuous stream of life that flowed through them has run itself dry. But the silence is uneasy and foreboding. Far below there is something instinct with an intense, though smothered life, and the short, quick throbbing of its vitality rises up through the calm around us. Only the outward manifestation of action has ceased. All the spirit of action is alive; all its dark springs are flowing; all its secret fires are burning. We hear, as it were, the muffled myriad tread of thought and passion. In this seeming quiet there is no rest.

But here is another populous city, which may be called the city of Repose. We cannot comprehend this name, and we walk its streets with such a feeling as thrilled and subdued the old mariner of Spain, as he gazed out upon the wide Atlantic. He was familiar with its waves and tides as they were broken by the land. He knew where were its smooth bays, and the rocks their still waters concealed; he knew its quicksands and dangers. But all these were close to the shore. Far out the tides, and marks, and bounds were swallowed up in a mighty mystery,— the mystery of a multitude of relative things gathered into an absolute unity.

So are we familiar with our imperfect rest. We know its quiet hours and hidden dreams, its light play close upon the stormy beach of action, its pleasures and its pains. But all this is along the shore of time. Beyond, these familiar traces are lost, and it becomes mysterious and sublime in its unchangeableness—a formless, objectless, unbroken, unbounded repose. All we know of life is relative; this is absolute. We can comprehend action; we cannot comprehend this repose.

In these still homes are thousands of little children, yet they all are quiet. There is no restless pattering of little feet or confusion of eager voices. They do not laugh or cry, and they have no wants. And here, too, are youths and maidens, yet no low words pass between them; they have no wild hopes of the future, no happiness with its glow, or sorrow with its ashes. They care nothing for pleasure or learning, fame or love. What a rest it must be to subdue all this thrilling life and emotion. And here are men who once seemed but the embodiment of thoughts and deeds, yet how changed! Here the merchant takes no interest in the morning papers with the prices current,— is indifferent to the sale of stocks. The lawyer has forgotten his clients and fees; the pastor his flock. The politician does not attend to elections and stratagems; he even does not seek an office. The sailor does not watch the wind and weather, and is not particular about his reckoning; he has given up his vigilance and toil. The fireman does not start at the sound of the alarm bell, or evince a feverish haste to be first at the post of danger. He has given up his engine and his feuds: such things do not interest him now. All these have left busy homes in yonder tumultuous city, yet they do not expect to return. However unfinished their business or unrealized their hopes, they will not close the one or realize the other. They have not even made arrangements to have their correspondence sent to their residence here. Should life and death depend upon their testimony, they will not be called as witnesses.

Though we, dwellers in the city of action, knew all this before they went, yet we did not fully realize it. Oh! we may not know till we go forth with them, the meaning of the words "never," "forever." Some of them were very dear to us — the sunlight of our lives. We watched them in unutterable love till they grew a part of ourselves and became necessary to our existence. We could not live without their presence and affection. Yet they went; and in the long years that have passed they have not once returned, not even written, — nor will they in the longer years to come. We may try to visit them, but they will not look at us. We may go and stand beside the threshold of their dwelling, while only the door is between us and them, yet no word must pass. We knew all this when they went. The thoughts came rushing to us and looked us in the face, but we shrank from it as from a terrible phantom that we could not comprehend, and it departed. Oh! in mercy it departed, and action and change came to efface even the memory of that steadfast look. Like the repose of the silent city we might not know its depth.

THE LOT OF MANKIND.

There is a cup of *life ;*
The little prints that stud the threshold o'er,
Are of the feet of such as come to drink,
Fresh in their natal hour—whose infant lips
Eschew the taste, and perish on the brink.

There is a cup of *bliss ;*
It mantles bright, and sends its foam aloft,
And calls for flowers to twine its sparkling brim ;
The young, gay, beauteous, happy, dance around,
Nor know the shapes that 'neath its surface swim.

There is a cup of *wealth,*
With worthless tinsel decked. The ignoble crowd
Who cringe about the glittering fallacy,
Ne'er rise so high as taste the current proud,
Yet pine to share its splendid misery.

Of *poverty* a cup ;
And the pale, rank grass weaves its hated sward
For earth's best souls, thick o'er the sickly brow ;—
'Tis genius' birth-gift, humble worth's reward,
For those who 'midst its turbid waters flow.

Glory hath too her cup ;
She lifts it to the skies, and onward rush
Contending throngs, o'er mountain, vale and flood ;
She views her glittering hosts each other crush,
Bids all to dust, then fills it with their blood.

There is a cup of *tears,*
With osiers bound and planted on the grave ;
Thither the lonely and forlorn repair,
With duteous drops its pearly font to lave,
And swell the crystal store that glistens there.

For still, round sorrow's cup,
'Tis meet the faint and weary should convene
To cast the cypress on the waters clear,—
Descant on hopes that tripped life's fairy green,
And the stern hour that first enforced a tear.

Oh, *Memory!* thy cup!
Thy bruised, yet precious cup, lonesome I sing!
Would I knew not to dwell on thy sad beams,
On eyes in dust, smiles fled on misery's wings,
And lips in clay, that speak with all my dreams.

Well, there 's a cup of *death;*
And if by other cups we're made prepared
Its mystic edge to press, our dreams then o'er,
We wake to day that knows no sunset sky,
And drink the cup of *bliss forevermore.*

NAMES.

Spending a few hours among the scenes of my former school days, I derived a peculiar pleasure from looking over the Library Text books which my classmates and I had used. On the blank leaves were all our names, not written coarsely, or ostentatiously, or in any order, but as it were, dropped there unconsciously, yet with an object, the result of a feeling which all experience but none can define. I noticed many other names partly erased, though of persons unknown to me, and others wholly erased, leaving nothing but the scratches, as if the writers were ashamed of their own names. Surely student life must have reached its dotage — not of years, but of spirit. Have all students become mere automatons, walking straight-jackets, answering questions, handling books and going off the stage into forgetfulness, leaving no foot-prints behind; no illuminated letters on the up-hill road of Mathematics and Language, to awaken a human feeling in the next traveler, that he is not alone? None along the paths of Music, to tell him that others have been glad? A wayfarer drops an acorn; the idle winds cover it with dust, the rains fall upon it, and it becomes a tree, that a hundred years afterward shelters some other wayfarer, and the world rises up to call the planter of the acorn blessed. How much more, then, he who drops a name, an identity, the embodiment of all that distinguishes existence from existence. It requires no dust or rain or hundred years to bring it to maturity, but the next hour offers to some forgotten friend the shade of sympathy, and not bitter acorns, but the sweet fruit of memory. Who then is ashamed to drop one of these enchanted name-seeds?

I would go ten miles to see the name of an early friend cut in the bark of a tree. Nor am I alone in this feeling. Let a person take up a paper published in a distant town, and almost the first thing he looks at is the list of letters advertised. He acknowledges the wonderful sympathy of names, and is well repaid if he finds the name of some one, of whom he has casually heard. The old man looks over the catalogues of colleges and schools, for he may find a name that was familiar to his youth. It may be a son or grandson of him whom he once knew; it must be so, for he has no proof to the contrary, and the possibility becomes probability, certainty, and the boy leads forward his father or grandfather, and the old men shake hands once more in time, then sit down to live over again their early days. All from the magic power of a stranger's name.

Carlyle rests all human philosophy in clothes. We know and distinguish a man by his dress. Without that we could not tell one man from another. When we think of a man, we call up his personal presence, which is mostly a coat, vest and pantaloons. What little there is seen of the bare *man*, is so small in comparison with the rest, that it is of no account. But he had better called it the *visual* philosophy of mankind. The intellectual rests entirely in names. We do not know men; we only know their names, and that being all we really can know of them, is sufficient. Our friends Smith, and Jones, and Stokes, when they are not with us in person, are only three names. Charlemagne, Napoleon, and Washington are names on the lips of the ages. The question is asked, "Who was the father of Medea?" and the answer is, "Æetes." The whole fact flashes upon the mind at once, and the void contemplated by the question is perfectly filled. Who struggled with the name Mithridates? The name Lucullus; that is all.

All names have had their origin in physical or intellectual circumstances, and as does nature, so they bring something with them from the past. Beautifully a name and what it vindicates flow through time together, like a rivulet and the clear blue it derives from its mountain springs; though by the eye the last may be unseen. Some strong armed boy in the middle ages took to hammering brass, and so they called him Smith, and the name with the natural characteristic of hammering have come down to us. It may not be that all the descendants have worked in brass, but they have possessed a lusty, hammering spirit, which may have manifested itself in so many ways that its identity is lost, but still it exists. The Abbots must have originated in a priestly line; the ancestor of all the Kings may have been the moving spirit in some Saxon village.

That a power and meaning is folded up in all names is manifest when we see the effect of fitting a name to express character. The name of Bunyan's Faithful flashes an unmistakable character upon the mind, and though he may occupy a whole book in working out that character, in the end it is not more clearly before us than when he first called it Faithful. So with Burke's Sir Forcible Feeble, and all the names given for such a purpose.

The etymology of names reveals some curious things. A child who had heard some of them explained at school, said to its mother, "I would rather be a Seraph than a Cherub." "Why, my child?" was the question. "Because, Cherub means knowledge, and Seraph means a flame of love, and it is so hard to know, and so beautiful to love." The child was unconscious that there is beauty in such knowledge.

There is a tenderness in the name of a loved and lost one which no other word can express. We utter it only with the inner voice, for it is too sacred to be heard except by the heart; it comes to us when we sink out of depth in our own spirit, bearing a world of recollection and leaving a world of hope. Blessed are the gentle, unchanging names! We know the loved ones bear them still in heaven.

THE STUDENT.

Sat a student worn and weary,
In the dormitories high ;
Paleness on his noble forehead,
Wasting fever in his eye ;
Dickey none the worse for washing,—
Jacket elbows all agrin,
Saying, " genius works its passage,—
We are stirring here within."

Bold the winter breezes jeered him,
Through the creaking window joints,
And their weazen-faced companion
Pricked him with his icy points.
One stick made but little fire,—
Wood is high and funds run low ;
One tube burning—cans of fluid
Do not on the bushes grow.

Four bare walls—a carpet resting
Yet upon the warehouse shelves,—
Hungry book case, stove, and table,
Chairs that do not count by twelves ;
Short the list ;—a mouse lived with him,
Pinched, and lean, and hollow eyed,
That cold night the little room-mate
Shivering, fainted, and then died.

Dim and dimmer grew *βουλεύω*,
While the midnight hour went by,
And the pompous Roman's Ego
Dwindled to a little i,
For the student's brain was weary,
Grasping at such emptiness,
As the foot-ball player when he
Kicks the air—or something less.

So he locked the door—locked it surely—
Self defence is full of zeal—
Lest in sleep some thief should nab him,
Finding nothing else to steal ;

Turned he to his lonely pillow,
And the blanket much too thin
For the biting cold without him,
And the little heat within.

Long he lay with dentals chattering,
And his chin upon his knees,
Lest his decem pedal endings,
Far removed from warmth, should freeze,—
And a broken, weary slumber
Came and went by fits that night,
Till the cracked old cow bell sounded,
Just before the morning light.

Took he then the doubtful pleasure
Gained from dreading what is fate—
Useless waste; he must come to it;
Better early then than late,
So he rose, at last, reluctant,
Tumbled on integuments,—
Haste makes waste; this time it lengthened
Sadly, half a dozen rents.

And he hurried to the club room,
Where they feed in silent mood,
As the cattle, at the manger,
Eager seize the common food;—
Back he hied him to his Latin,
And the derivations blind,
Vision warping, jaws half breaking—
Leaking through his shrunken mind.

All that day were flunks abundant,
Answers nothing to the point,—
Plainly the machine for grinding
Greek, was badly out of joint;
For a stronger thought had grasped him,
Than is common unto youth;—
Held him like a chained captive,
In its bonds of iron truth.

And he left his dreary lodgings,
Went to work with mind and head.

Raised a larger pile of "needful,"
Tinged his cheek with healthy red;
Strengthened mind by strengthening body,
After nature's perfect plan,—
Then in comfort wisely studied,
And became a noble man.

REST.

Not unto him whose brow is wet with dew,
And hands are weary with incessant toil,
In the dark work-shop, on the rugged soil,
Or in his home on waters wild and blue,
Not unto him of aching bones, the calm
Yet thrilling import of that one word, Rest,
Is all revealed, he may but half attest
Its weight of peace, and blessedness and balm.
But oh! the weary hearted, he whose eye
Is never lifted up except in prayer,
And the bright lights of life are gone,—its fair
Hopes swept like rainbows from a darkened sky;
He knows its meaning, and is doubly blessed
In the deep rapture of his thought of rest.

NEW HOSPITAL.

We learn that in consideration of the low state of health among the students, a Hospital is about to be established in connection with Phillips Academy. The statistics of sickness have been gathered from counting the vacant seats at the speaking and mathematical exercises. The teachers of those classes, being peculiarly impressed with its importance, have by their contributions laid the foundation of a permanent fund for its support. Connected with this Hospital are to be several Chairs of Medical Professorship. A well known physician of this town has applied for the Buffalo Professorship of Dentistry. He is likely to be appointed, as he has peculiar qualifications for the office.

FRIENDSHIP.

In the bosom of man, his Creator has implanted vast capacities for social enjoyment, the right cultivation of which brightens and cheers the way, and renders life pleasant and agreeable. Strike from our language the word friendship, and obliterate from the scenes of life the connection which it represents, and all below would be a wide, wild desert, in which no flower sheds its fragrant odors, and no gushing spring bubbles forth its pure waters to refresh the weary pilgrim in his journey over the barren waste. Friendships make us better and stronger men; they shed their sacred influence over the heart, and perhaps, in some hour of dark temptation, the remembrance of a dear one, far away, will hold us back, and point us to a nobler course. Talk of the power of reason—and well she claims a lofty place in our esteem—but in such an hour, reason is blind, and the voice of friendship oscillating in the soul, and thoughts of meeting fondly cherished ones passing through the mind, are ofttimes powers more potent than "Heaven's best gift to man." Friendships increase our happiness; and well has it been said, "Needful auxiliaries are our friends, to give to man true relish of himself."

The student, peculiar in his life and habits, is also peculiar in his friendships. Among men, in no condition of life, are attachments stronger or more enduring. It is not strange that it should be thus. He is shut out from the strife for gold, which so cankers and corrodes the heart; and in the common strife for knowledge, each rejoices in the success of the other. 'Tis true, we must except some from the general rule, whose hearts, in too many instances are as parched and dry as the grammars and dictionaries over which they waste their youthful vigor. But, behold that aged man on whose brow time and toil have left their traces. The fire of his eye has fled; and he is almost at his journey's end. Yet speak to him of college halls and early friends, and he is again a youth. His eye brightens as he recalls those hallowed scenes. They have cheered and supported his life, roused him when desponding, and added strength to every high resolve. But now they are fading from his mind; he is left alone—alone—yet soon in

Heaven's courts, to renew every cherished friendship, where memory shall never fade, nor the long years deprive him of one whom he loved on earth. Weave, then, the ties of friendship closer round thy heart, that thy life may be better, thy days happier, and Heaven more enticing.

SANDS.

A MYSTERY.

Within a mighty spirit
Floated a dream, slow waking toward a thought;
It was a thought, and went its way, and moved
What never shall be still again, and yet
It went not out, but soon dissolved away,
And was a dream forever.

SUNSET.

The shadows deepen, rather felt than seen,
Like what we know of death, and a few stars
Come faintly through the gloom to brighten fast,
Like impulses of immortality.

LIFE.

We are tossed about
Like birds of passage in a stormy sky;—
Our passage is to heaven.

A harp for angel finger's strung,
While colder hands are o'er it flung,
And only broken strains are sung;

A land bird on the stormy deep,
Where winds o'er billows wildly sweep,
And weary pinions may not sleep;

A captive at the oar of doom,
And toiling through the deepening gloom,
And yearning, yearning for his home.

THE MIRROR

OF THE

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James B. Coit, Thaddeus H. Brown, W. W. Dow, J. W. Allen. — Editors.

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"Mirror. — A looking-glass or speculum; that which gives a true representation or in which a true image may be seen." — *Webster*.

Again we lay before our readers the *Mirror* of the *Philomathean Society*. The success which has attended the issue of its previous numbers, encourages us to hope that this, also, may receive a cordial welcome. The sentiments here presented are not expressions of minds replete with knowledge and disciplined by protracted study, but reflections of the thoughts and opinions of our Society.

If it be our good fortune to so arrange these upon an unspotted surface, that they shall stand forth in a clear light, and exhibit their real excellence, our end will be attained.

Committee of Publication.

ANTICIPATIONS OF YOUTH.

What youth is there who does not look forward with eager eyes into the future, and paint to himself the part he hopes to play?

Ever and anon he turns from his toil, and addresses senates and governs empires. He is a lawyer. The jury weep, the judge is moved, his client is delighted, and his antagonist trembles. He is a merchant, and the stock market trembles at his nod. He is a statesman; he addresses senates; influences nations and dictates peace and war. Or, if he can blend in himself the warrior and statesman, then, by the power of his genius and the force of his character, he rises higher and higher, in glory and power, till, like Cæsar, he overcomes the world.

But with a sad contrast between theory and practice, he awakens to the homely task of two pages of Kühner, before half-past eight o'clock, and to the torrent of virtuous indignation, hurled at the unfortunate delinquent. Now, although experience frowns upon these revellings of fancy, they should not be curbed, but turned into another channel. They are the first ardent impulses of enthusiastic youth; and it is absurd to train them at once, into the stiffened regularity of age. Every one likes to see the colt frisk about ere he enters the harness, and true wisdom will rather encourage that season of bright anticipation, which the gloom of life will soon enough wear away. Besides, we believe they are conducive to success. The mere fact that they may be carried so as to border on folly, and turn the mind of youth from active duty to indolent dreaming, does not prove but that in a proper degree, they may be salutary and beneficial.

They are, in fact, the impulses of a noble nature, not yet initiated into the stern realities of the world.

He who would reject all these emotions on account of an error into which they may possibly fall, might reject the light of the sun, because sometimes mingled with shadow.

Every one dislikes the cold, calculating, practical mind, that is lighted up with no tinge of enthusiasm or fancy. If imagination and all its kindred faculties are useless, why has the Creator bestowed them on man? Is man a mere machine to go through the world with clock-like regularity, trained to measure everything in one particular light, with no occasional, irregular thoughts and actions, to divert him from the monotony of life?

Then why do we see the flowers, and the sunset, which make no one the richer or wiser, and why do we find in man that wild creative power — imagination, which can construct nothing but ideal fabrics? They neither feed man, nor clothe him; but, has man no desires beyond his natural wants? Does not his mind feed on beauty and pleasure? Is he not imbued with a passion for enjoyment, which at least can throw sunshine on his path?

Indirectly, these aspirations prepare the youth for life, since they have a vast, expanding influence on his mind, which teaches him to view life as a whole, not to be bound up in its present part. With no imagination to descry the future, he would be forced to live in a short-sighted present; he would thus neglect a great object in the distance, and turn his whole attention to the small ones nearest his eye; thus magnifying little things, and, in short, viewing the world with a fly in his telescope.

Naturally, fancy sometimes betrays him into a folly; still, is it not better to make an occasional blunder, than never to act at all? But when time and experience bring reason to fancy's aid, then they teach him to profit by the experience of the past, to weigh his own powers against difficulties; they tame these wild impulses into settled passions, and convert these ideal fancies into actual aims, and gradually train the youth to accomplish surely the object of his life.

THE DIGNITY OF PHYSICAL LABOR.

We approach no farther than the season of consciousness ere we discover labor to be a law of our being, needful to our existence, improvement, and happiness. Wherever we gaze, we behold the toils of man. In the frigid north, man toils for a shelter from the cold, and for a subsistence from the ice-ribbed hills; and in the sultry south, he seeks for a security from the intensity of meridian rays and the miasma of poisonous siroccos, and wrings a wretched pittance from a churlish soil.

Inspiration teaches us of a day when the suffering of toil was not; earth, yet uncontaminated by its lord, knew not the furrows of the plough; but we know that season no more. It was a curse on man, in his primeval glory, to toil and perspire beneath the sun; yet to man fallen, it was the harbinger and security of mercy.

Dignity in labor! Yes: did not the Maker of all Himself labor? Whence this revolving earth, adorned all around with its golden chain of lights? Whence the immense luminary, which by its centripetal and centrifugal forces retains the earth in its pathway, and whirls it, in graceful movements, in its orbit? Whence the countless systems, suns, and worlds, which have filled the unbounded realms of space from the first dawn of creation? From labor, omnipotent labor: the Almighty moved upon the face of the waters; He agitated the dark ocean of chaos; He wrought six days; the Almighty wrought, and set upon labor the seal of Godlike nobility.

Take a position on yonder cliff. Observe the towering waves as they roll furiously at the base, driven by the raging storm, which significantly howls as if it would spur itself each moment for deeds more ruinous. On that dark, portentous sea is a majestic craft, swept by the tempest and surrounded by the lurid fire of heaven. See her now settle as if in the engulfing abyss, now plunge into the overhanging wave, and rising triumphantly, cast tons of water from her massive hulk, then dash on like a thing of life! Do you not, as you see her struggle, struggle with her? Do you not, instinctively and ardently, desire to aid her? Do you not award to her the characteristic of nobility? Yes: and why? Because you see her wrestle with the warring elements, strain every spar and nerve every rib, to save from the yawning abyss the trembling ones clinging to her bosom. That feeling is the voice of man's nature in favor of toil, declaring labor and dignity one and inseparable. Therefore is he, the self-proud sensualist, the indolent idler, to despise toil, and censure the husbandman as he plies the spade and plough, or the mechanic as he goes forth to the service of humanity with his implements of toil? No! Heaven and earth, all the united voices of creation, proclaim their protest against *indolence*. The ignorant and effeminate may look with self-complacent hatred on labor; but this is not the prerogative of elevated minds.

The Roman Senate, styled the "*fathers*" of the nation, were those who toiled, with their own hands, upon their own estates.

So also did the Grecian Ephori. The great Persian monarch, Cyrus, planted nearly all of Asia Minor. The Queen of Argos wrought upon the "rich purple and the yellow gold," and the infamous destroyer found the chaste and lovely Lucretia in the midst of her maidens, "*lanam pectens*," dressing wool. Is it Themistocles wasting his time and energies at the midnight revels of Athenian luxury, or Themistocles yielding his right to his rival Alcibiades, and serving even as a *private* in the severe struggle of Salamis, that is noble? Is it Mark Antony luxuriating in the palace and slumbering on the couch of Cleopatra, or Mark Antony struggling on the battle field and in the forum for a third part of the Roman Empire, that is dignified? Is Alexander in his Babylonian banquet, a picture of idle and enervating indulgence, held up before the world, or Alexander grasping for the throne of the whole earth and sweeping through the world with triumphal speed and earthquake power? What constitutes the difference between Leonidas struggling at the siege of Thermopylæ and receiving the fiery darts aimed at his country's vitals, and the Turkish Sultan, lolling on his ottoman and luxuriating in a sensual existence? It is labor — true, dignified and dignifying labor.

And so in all the past and present history of the earth, we perceive the necessity of physical labor interwoven with all the advancement of man, in all departments of human action; and our thanks should ever ascend to the Giver of all good, that the necessity of our condition is the source of our highest happiness.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Is this world all sad and dreary?
Art thou now forlorn and weary?
Hope, my brother, hope.
Loving angels kindly cheer thee,
Joy is ever ling'ring near thee.
Oh, then! brother, hope.

Think not ever of thy sorrow,
Take no thought of any morrow,
But, my brother, hope.
Life has for thee, hours of gladness
Not unmixed will be thy sadness,
For there will be hope.

All the heroes gone before thee,
All the angels, hov'ring o'er thee,
Bid thee, brother, hope
" Cheerful be, and unrepining.
Lean on God, and be confiding,
And, dear brother, hope."

Hope is taught by every flower,
Hope is breathed in every shower;
Hope then, brother, hope.
Life is but a desert drear,
With no ray of light to cheer,
Brother, without hope.

But, with hope, thou 'lt never tire,
Upward still and ever higher,
If thou 'lt only hope.
Hope will breast and brave the tempest ;
Hope will be of friends the firmest ;
Hope then, brother, hope.

What though every friend should grieve thee ?
What if every blessing leave thee ?
If thou 'lt only hope,
Every thorn will be a flower;
Every desert be a bower
Blossoming with hope

Up, then, brother, be a *Hero!*
Nobly fight with every foe.
Let thy sword be hope.

So, when thou art gone forever,
Round thy memory clustering ever
Will be blessed hope!

THE DIGNITY OF MENTAL LABOR.

In the olden time, when the field of carnage was the theatre of prominence and the Olympic arena was the scene of display,—when the spoils were exhibited in the capitol, and the laurel wreath crowned the brow for the deeds of the pugilist, the growth, the power, the excellence of mind, were nearly overlooked by reason of the blinding and degrading influence of predominating corporeal indulgence. But that season has passed away, and with it these degrading notions; now the scale is turned in favor of mind, whose conquests have not the poor, outward pomp of the Olympic ring and the battle field, but whose "dignity is worth intrinsic and essential,"—the dignity of knowledge, of truth immutable and right eternal. While then we ever award to physical efforts in all lawful capacities, a real dignity, we would also ever award to the loyal labors of mind a higher dignity and clothe them with the prerogative of a higher excellence.

The mental powers, even as the corporeal, are invigorated and fortified by active use. But while physical labor is restricted to a fleeting and fading sphere, measured by the brief season during which the body is the casement of the soul, the labor of mind is limitless; in its ever ceaseless rovings it refuses the boundaries of earth and time, and with all its mortal impediments, revels amid the resources of the upper and outer universe. While the body and its works pass away, the mind and its creations and productions live, not to decay, but to tower higher in their range in this life and in the life to come, if this immortal nature is trained as its Creator designed. A few years dim the eye, deaden the ear, and paralyze the entire frame, to consign it to the sleep of the charnel house; but the mind may ever flourish in the vigor of immortal youth and unfading beauty.

The mind, formed, as it is, for eternal advancement, can only be expanded here by labor; formed, as it is, for knowledge beyond its present possessions, it attains to it only by labor. The whole system of a proper education is a system of labor. Could the mind be filled with all knowledge without mental *labor*, it might be called a stored but never an *educated* mind. It would be in possession of a treasure with no power to raise it to the light. It would be as the infant with its powerless hand attached to a mighty lever.

Some attribute the making of men to a tissue of circumstances,—the inadvertent movements of the wheel of fortune, as they are pleased to think; but circumstances never did for any one what mental labor cannot do; and circumstances are to no purpose, if we are unprepared to employ them. They are only the appliances; we must have the power to apply them, gained by previous toil. The doctrine of opportunity is valueless without effort. In labor is more, much more, than in opportunity. The laboring mind of Newton could have developed his famous optic principles if children had never blown soap bubbles. Galileo could have discovered the laws of the pendulum, had the luminary in the church at Pisa never oscillated. Archimedes could have developed his problem of specific gravity, if there had been no bath at Syracuse. However much may be thought of these fortuitous caprices of circumstances, it was not these but the penetrative power given to thought by developing mental toil, which brought success. "*Absque sudore et labore nullum opus perfectum est.*"

Who have been the illuminating bodies in all departments of human promotion? Men whose minds have been lulled to sleep in the lap of luxurious affluence? Men who have so worshipped the body and abjured mental toil, as by the same course to enervate and destroy both the casket and the jewel? Verily, no! They are those who have merged from unknown haunts through the brambles of poverty and fires of affliction; we may well weep over their fates when appearing before a then cold and unsympathizing world; these are they whose conditions necessitated the most vigorous of both physical and mental labors, to the monuments of which the world makes constant pilgrimage.

We could adduce examples indefinitely, illustrating these statements. In every age of the world these luminaries in the pathway of mental advancement, have shed their refulgent light, attesting to the power of mental labor alone to elevate the mind. Epictetus was for many years a slave, and when free had scarce means for a subsistence ; but though thus fettered physically, and living in a house without a door, yet by the intentness of his mental application he became famed throughout the world. Linnæus presses forward through mental labors, for mental treasures, though his productions should be sold for a single ducat. Milton, with burning genius and undaunted devotion moves on his triumphant march, though his immortal poem must be sold for five pounds. Boyle, Colin and Goldini were hovel authors, who lived on a pittance, supported by their own mental application, without the incitement of the world's worship. The noble bard of Mantua went from his native city into the Augusta stables as a farrier. Behold him when called into the presence of Augustus to read his Æniad, as he turns to the finest portion of the sixth book, and in clear, melting tones chants the virtues of the young Marcellus, while the mother, young Octavia, overcome, bestows upon him 10 *sesterces* for each immortal line breathed over her deceased son. All these are illustrations of arduous mental labor, resolutely performed against the most towering obstacles ; and they could be indefinitely multiplied, did our limits permit. Every age and clime of the world furnishes them.

These are the results of mental labor for the brief period of the mind's residence in the body ; these are its now continuous ranges and progressive aspirations. But we rejoice in the consciousness implanted within itself and confirmed by the Divine Word, that it shall be the province of the consecrated mind, when free from mortal impediments, to explore all the exhaustless resources of infinity which shall be opened for its progressive fruition. For

The mind's heritage
Is immortality, life eternal.

While in the words of the most chaste and beautiful English poetess :—

" The mind on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve on an unreal feast ;
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force ;

A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity;—
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile anxious for his native home."

IMAGINATION.

Man, in his natural and unenlightened state, is of a grovelling and earthly disposition, and is inclined to give himself up to the pursuit of the low objects of sense, and to the gratification of his animal passions. He has, however, some qualities which tend to purify and refine his affections, and to teach his spirit to soar above the petty things of earth to the realms of higher joys and beauties. Among the most important of these is the Imagination.

True, this, like our other faculties, is capable of perversion. It may be indulged and strengthened, until it obtains such an all-engrossing power that the mind becomes totally unfitted for the practical duties of life. Or, if taught to seek its nourishment from the polluting channels of sensualism and crime, it will plunge its possessor into infamy and disgrace. Many a fine mind has been ruined by its influence, and many a death-doomed criminal can look back and charge the commencement of his career to the promptings of a depraved imagination.

But let it be restrained and cultivated by a sound judgment, and a refined taste, and under holy influence, and it will prove one of the deepest sources of happiness that God has imparted to man. It is a well-spring of pure pleasure within the soul, which, although for the time it may becloud, no adversity can destroy. It elevates our affections from the narrow sphere of our daily toils and cares, and gives a wider range to all our feelings and emotions. It is this that teaches us to appreciate and to love the beautiful in nature and art. From it we learn to feel the holy influence of the twilight hour, or the soft loveliness of a summer's day, and to gaze with equal admiration on the calm and peaceful landscape and the wild and craggy mountain. From the resources of imagination, poetry and art derive their existence. The poet himself is a creature of ideality. Far removed from the grovelling pursuits of earth, he

> "Lives in ideal worlds and wanders there alone."

Ever surrounded by the congenial creations of his own fancy, he holds continual communion with all that is holy, pure, and noble. His spirit roams in freedom over the boundless fields of fancy, culling from thence the sweetest flowers, and drinking deep of the most entrancing pleasures. It can wander amid the beauties of Eden, or soar to heaven and gaze upon the joys and glories of the world of bliss.

The imagination, if rightly cultured, tends to purify and ennoble all the ends and aims of life. As the mind of the artist is inspired and strengthened to endure all toils and labors by the beautiful creations of genius that fill his soul, so he, who has within himself a high ideal of life, will feel its mighty influence, ever drawing him onward and upward to approximate, if he may not reach it.

The ideal part of our natures is, in short, the seat of all that is beautiful, all that is elevating in man. Without it, we should be but grovelling things of earth; with it, we may live gathering ever fresh and deep enjoyment, as the natural fruit of a mind appreciating the beautiful everywhere. Cultivate, then, the imagination. Let it feed where Genius and Virtue have revelled. Teach it to soar upward to the great Fountain Head of all purity, and it will prove to you what the All-Wise Creator designed it to be, — a source of everlasting good.

EXTRANEOUS INFLUENCES.

The influence exerted by matter over matter, is very curious and wonderful. Think of the numberless different influences each grain of wheat is subject to after it is buried in the earth, each of which has its peculiar effect in bringing forward and determining the size, shape, and quality of the young shoot, and of the ripened grain.

An extra dew drop or ray of sun light, hastens the advancement of one shoot, while the growth of another is impeded by the rude pressure of some large grain of sand, or its nourishment is absorbed by some stray weed, which would appropriate the soil for its own useless growth. But it is of the influence of matter over *mind*, which is still more mysterious and wonderful, of which we would chiefly speak.

Such influences exercise a power more potent than the glaring, fire lit eye balls of the deadly serpent; a spell which no charmer can break. They often affect us unconsciously. But though they steal into the mind with the subtle tread of an assassin, or like the pale gentle rays of the moon, their power is as real, and perhaps as great, as though they came like the tramp of horses and the noise of war. But let us examine some of these influences. Take a young child. The toys he plays with, and the stick which he bridles and guides like a charger in his field career, with so much pride and skill, make an impression upon his young mind, which neither the vigor of manhood, nor the frost of age can eradicate. The old nut trees, too, in the course of the pasture, where were made so many pleasant excursions, and the brook where he used to fish with a crooked rod, and that old school house, with its hard seats, and, as he then thought, *harder* lessons, all make an indelible impression upon his mind, and assist in moulding his character. Thus, the place where one's early life is spent — the trees, rocks, mountains, and streams which surround his home, perform no unimportant part in forming his character, and deciding his future course of life. From this we see that a person brought up in a place where nature has been lavish of her beauties, has an immense advantage over one, whose home is destitute of all natural beauty. And that must be a very superior mind, which can overcome and rise above these adverse influences of nature. There is, in every cultivated mind, a quick perception of the beautiful, both in nature, and art; and when we see the laws of taste and beauty continually violated in the arrangement and disposal of objects around us, the delicate perceptive organs, which are at first shocked, gradually become blunted, and at length almost entirely refuse to perform their delicate office; and, as a consequence, the mind becomes indiscriminating and tasteless. On the contrary, an enlarging, and elevating effect is made upon the mind by influences which are the opposites of those last mentioned. But it is useless to multiply instances.

Each new day reveals numerous objects of curiosity and interest, each of which leaves a lasting impress engraved either for good, or for evil, upon our minds.

HONESTY REQUISITE FOR SUCCESS.

Raise aloft your ensign noble;
 Pure and spotless let it be;
On it place this motto golden:
 "I will live by honesty."

Then, no matter what your calling,
 Rest assured your path is right:
'Neath that banner, proudly waving,
 You may win in any fight.

You may scale the mount of learning,
 Pass your comrades in the strife;
Every stone for wisdom turning,
 Feasting from the "tree of life."

You may be the statesman hoary,
 You may claim great wealth your own,
You may live renowned in glory,—
 Honored, too, by every one.

But, that banner once polluted,
 And that motto once erased,
Dark! ah, hopeless dark, your future,
 And your character disgraced.

Firmly hold your banner o'er you;
Pure and spotless let it be;
On it place this motto golden:
"I will live by honesty."

APRIL AND HER LESSONS.

"Sweet April," with her smiles and tears, her sunshine and her clouds, has left us yet again. Beautiful in the variety of her changes, she is still more beautiful in the lovely manner with which these changes mirror the thoughts and feelings of the soul. Who does not love to behold the sun peeping out from the frowning cloud, so like a child laughing in its tears? Who does not love to see the day which was ushered in with clouds and rain-bringing breezes, when, "like a weary pilgrim it reaches the western gate of heaven, and evening stoops, to unloose the latchets of his sandal," who does not love then to see this day enter that gate resplendent in golden glory? How much like the heart of man! Now he moves "with the calm of a perfect mirror on his spirit," catching every pleasant thought and emotion, and sending it back to the scource whence it came, freighted with a thousand smiles. Anon, with a troubled heart, he seeks the saddest thoughts around him, and disturbs his friends with his gloomy sighs. Now, by joy, he cheers the steps of loved ones; and now, by sadness, he troubles their hearts. So does the April sun. Now, with mingled hues of gold and purple, he so radiates our hearts that we wonder whether we can ever forget to live. And now, hidden behind his dark and tearful covering, he fills us with amazement that we ever thought well of such a world as this. Yet we *do* love these changes. And we love the sun even behind the clouds; for he is there still, and will soon break upon our vision with increased splendor. April, too, is beautiful in budding boughs and singing birds. There is something so full of beauty in the sight of Nature breaking the bands of winter, and preparing to go forth clothed in the mantle of life; something so beautiful in the notes of harmony that celebrate this deliverance, that it can but remind us of that moment when, amid songs and praises, the soul of the Christian changes the garments of death for the raiment of immortality. But April is gone. With tears and sighs it left us, as if sad to say farewell to this lovely world after having so beautified it. But it will come again; and may we all listen to it yet many times more, as it shall whisper to our souls of life, of happiness, and heaven.

THE MIND IN RUINS.

In all parts of the world which are inhabited by men, we see marks of design and art, from the meanest hut of the barbarian to the most splendid palace of the monarch, all differing from each other in kind, as much as in degree.

As we wander through the old world, and see what time, labor and expense have been bestowed on those cities once the abode of wealth and splendor, and which are now only a heap of ruins, we sigh that such has been their fate.

Babylon, that ancient city, once the centre of power and might of all the east, with its palaces and gardens, its walls and temples, enriched by the spoils of all nations—gloried in her might. But her pride and arrogance, only hastened her downfall. Those palaces and thrones are now only a heap of mouldering marble; those immense walls serve as an enclosure for wild beasts.

Jerusalem, too, the city of God's own chosen people, favored above all others, now how changed and degraded. Many others too have shared the same fate. We need not however confine ourselves to the ruins of the ancients alone, for all parts of the old world (and the new also, but to a less extent), present the remains of former grandeur and power.

Alas, that this should be so fit an emblem of the human mind as we sometimes find that it is! Alas, that it should ever be true that the human mind, which ought to stand forth a monument of the Creator's power and exceeding goodness to the creature of his hand, should be left to go to ruin through neglect and wickedness!

The mind of man is capable of vast improvement by cultivation, as we see in the great of our own and other ages. When we hear them spoken of as great, we involuntarily inquire why were they called great, and in what did their greatness consist? Was it that they were of more than ordinary size or strength of muscle? Was it that they were skilled in war and blood-shed, in subduing nations and kingdoms? Ah no! none of these, although these qualities may, in some cases, have been combined with moral and intellectual attainments which are essential to true greatness.

Although man is created differing in mental abilities from his fellow-man, yet all are capable of advancement and improvement, and those only who do this to the extent of their abilities answer the great end of life; for only in this way can they fulfil their obligations to themselves, the world and especially their Creator. Such as these were our Washington, our Webster and many others, whose names are familiar to all. It was neither wholly nor chiefly owing to their superior natural abilities, but to the cultivation of the talents given them, that they gained the ascendency over the minds of men, which they possessed, and by which they were enabled to govern nations, subdue kingdoms and sway empires. Would that all thus made use of the noble endowments of their nature and so fulfilled their part in life.

But there are those who are called men, possessed of moral and intellectual powers, who are not worthy of the name.

Some seemingly forget the high mission, the noble destiny for which they were created, and, having degraded themselves below the brutes, deign to sacrifice all the nobler qualities of their nature to the morbid passions and sinful lusts of the flesh, thus ruining their intellect and sensibilities, and placing themselves far below their rightful station.

It is not at all uncommon to see a noble intellect, genius and talents wasted and consumed by the blasting effects of unrestrained passions and appetite.

Such live not, they but exist; and the time will yet come when existence itself will be a burden, and annihilation the only thing they ask or wish.

Go to the home of the drunkard, to that more than widowed wife, those worse than fatherless children; ask them, is it a little thing that all the better feelings of the heart should be thus sacrificed to the cruel monster vice.

Methinks I hear their answer as they relate to you their tale of woe.

Some, by love of gain and avarice, become insensible to the claims of others. Regardless of all but themselves, they live for this world alone, making riches their god, and caring for nought save that they may amass, and be called rich in this world's goods. Think you they have attained the end of man's existence? Sometimes it is thus, not from any fault of the unfortunate one, but on account of some bodily disease or heavy affliction which weighs on the mind. Not unfrequently is it the case that for these causes, reason resigns her throne, relinquishes her sway, the affections and sensibilities are overthrown, and the mind itself becomes a heap of ruins.

Of such a mind are the remains of those ancient cities emblematical.

Sad is it thus to dwell on these mournful scenes, but they are none the less real, none the less true. This is the case, even in our own beloved country, the land of the Pilgrims.

These wrecks of humanity appear in the most unfavorable light when contrasted with the many brilliant stars in the luminous galaxy of eminent men, who, by their generous deeds and noble career, have rendered their names immortal. Of such America boasts not a few.

Time with hasty steps is fast hurrying from the stage of action all who now inhabit the earth. Would that their places might be refilled by those worthy of the station, who will do honor to their names and their country.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER recently contained the announcement that a *Mrs. Boots* had absconded from her husband, and gone to parts unknown. We may not readily decide whether the pair were *rights* and *lefts*, as we are not informed whether *Mrs.* Boots was right; but it is quite certain that *Mr.* Boots is left.

MAY.

[illegible]

She comes — the fairy queen of flowers.
And gambols blithe 'neath airy bowers
From day to day;
With genial breath to scent the air.
With rosy cheeks and dewy hair.
And merry voice to banish care,
Comes blooming May.

With tuneful notes she fills the breeze,
From winter home she calls the bees,
And kisses soft the budding trees,
That blush with flowers.
She lures the violet from its bed,
And on the rose's crimson head
Her fragrance showers.

She spreads the fields with carpet green.
With beauty clothes the landscape scene,
And gilds the clouds with silvery sheen,
To please the eye;
And while the outward sense she fills,
With sweeter joy the heart she thrills,
That knows no sigh.

Eager to greet this merry queen,
Fair maidens haste across the green
At early dawn.
Their fingers white with cowslips shine,
Their locks with dewy garlands twine,
While Echo rings each word and line,
O'er wood and lawn.

Their wintry stalls the cattle leave,
Nor longer in confinement grieve.
In meadows green
The snowy lambs in frolic play,
Unmindful of the songster's lay,
Or bubbling brook that murmurs aye
The hills between.

The farmer bursts old Winter's chains;
The merchant leaves his city gains,
For leisure dressed; —
For May the elements becalms,
And with her winning, 'witching charms,'
Lures young and old within her arms,
To dwell at rest.

Thrice welcome May! thou queen of flowers,
Thou com'st to cheer our gloomy hours
From day to day.
With genial breath to scent the air,
With rosy cheeks and dewy hair,
And merry voice to banish care,
Welcome, sweet May!

REAL WORTH.

It has been fully proved to all who have a practical knowledge of human nature, that mankind, as a class, are far more pleased with outside display and showy accomplishments, than with superior but unobtrusive worth. And, as in the material world, those minerals that elicit admiration and attention for their brilliancy and beauty are, in reality, of far less practical utility than those of rough and unattractive appearance; so those individuals that for a season command the gaze and applause of the fickle public, are not worthy to be compared, in the higher and nobler qualities of the soul, with many an humble yeoman whose name is not known out of the bounds of his own village.

And, to carry our comparison still farther, as the choicest and costliest gems are obtained only by the most careful and patient exertion, so the finer traits of the man can be appreciated only by the discerning and attentive mind.

In this age, almost any sort of character will pass current. Success in life is the great object of men's ambition, and to this must be sacrificed every high, noble, and worthy aspiration. The lawyer will give up his sense of justice and honor; the physician, the natural feelings of the man; the clergyman, the dictates of reason and conscience. Each may shine in his own profession, and live for ages in the memory of his fellow, and yet not possess what constitutes the chief glory of a perfect man. Indeed, success is not, and cannot be regarded as a criterion of character. We must look at something deeper, broader, surer. For, look around among the many, who figure high in active life, and observe how few of them possess what our consciences pronounce to be *real worth.*

Does the successful politician? Continually engaged in political broils and dissensions; in the endless strifes and commotions attendant upon public life; dependent on the caprices and ever-changing feelings of his constituents; upon the ebbing and flowing of the tide of popular sentiment, down which he must be carried whichsoever way it may turn; can he sustain a firm, undeviating course of moral rectitude, and possess the true and noble qualities of soul? Surely not. Nor can any one, who for the sake of attracting applause and obtaining publicity, is willing to submit to the will of the multitude, and violate every dictate of judgment and moral right. The truly *noble* soul will despise all such slavish attempts to win popularity, and would by far prefer to live and die in obscurity.

Again, does the successful warrior? No class of men, either in ancient or modern times, have been so celebrated in history and in song as great military commanders. The praises of Alexander and Napoleon have been, and will ever continue to be commemorated, as long as the world shall exist. Their deeds of blood and carnage are recorded on almost every page of history, and known by heart by every intelligent and inquiring mind. In the mansion of the prince and the cottage of the peasant, in the circles of fashion and the walks of humble life, their brilliant exploits are "familiar as household words."

And with all this, are they known for the exercise of the nobler virtues? Instances, indeed, are adduced to exhibit their good qualities in as favorable a light as possible; but they will weigh little in comparison with those which have gained for them their fame. And so it is in every profession and department of life. All the powers of ambitious men are directed to the attainment of those objects of public regard that will secure for themselves a world-wide reputation ; practically ignoring the cultivation of those generous affections that constitute the chief ornaments of private life.

But there is another and brighter side to the picture : *all* do not lust after power. Some there are (and generally you will find them in the retreats of lowly innocence), who have sufficient moral courage to withstand the temptations of life ; who can face the frowns and reproaches of a scorning world ; who firmly resist every attack on their established principles of right and wrong ; and who, too, possess that inherent worth of character that displays itself not in trumpeting abroad its own merits, not in open acts of self-denial for the sake of gaining esteem, but in the carrying out of the great principle of love and genuine disinterested benevolence. They are content to serve their God and their country wherever fortune may have cast their lot, be it ever so humble.

These are those who having spent their lives in the cause of philanthropy and the amelioration of the woes of fallen man, shall continually have a peace of conscience, and an abiding sense of duty performed ; and at last " shall receive the crown of life, which fadeth not away."

THE POETIC SPIRIT.

One of the most grateful gifts of a kind Providence to man is that delicate sensibility to the beautiful — that divine, inscrutable faculty, the Poetic.

In a merry mood, it is as sunshine to the gladdened heart. When weary in the march of life, it affords us a cool retreat, aloof from the din and dust of the highway. It is a sovereign balm, a soothing opiate to him whose soul is sadly chafed by the grating cares and ills of life. The thoughtless and gay, the grave and serious, alike are refreshed and invigorated by the magic waters of its evergushing fountain.

To attempt a precise definition of Poetry would be absurd. It would be less difficult to paint the viewless form and color of the passing breeze, or to set to music the mythic harmony of the spheres.

It pervades the universe. The green earth, the blue sky, the grand old ocean, are all radiant with its beauty. The twinkling star, the tinted shell on the sea-shore, the flower just breaking from its bud, all are but so many bright links of the mystic chain which unites the poetic mind to the outer world. Yes! this great world of ours is the poet's school, overarched by its wondrous dome of expanse seemingly limitless, and yet faultless in grace and symmetry. The sublimity of mountains and rivers, the grace and loveliness of flowers and trailing mosses, the rude beauty of rocks and cliffs—his teachers. He studies the language uttered by the musical voice of "yon torrent falling o'er the rocks;" and bends an attentive ear to the babbling brooks and singing birds. The curious workmanship of Nature, as much apparent in the fragile lily, as in the forest oak, induces a true perception of the wedded grandeur and simplicity of the universal plan. In fine, for him, every object assumes a new and significant aspect. The rich and changing colors of the Autumn sunset, while they charm the eye like a rare picture with a latent moral, are full also of a suggestive beauty. And, indeed, the poet has always fondly loved his mother-earth. In the olden time he peopled her groves with the delicate creations of his Fancy. Coy Water-Nymphs lurked in the limpid depths of secluded streams. Playful Dryads sported under the greenwood shade, while gay zephyrs softly murmured their delight to the whispering leaves. Pan, the Shepherd-god, half-human, half-divine, outrivalled the choicest strains of the nightingale with his sweet-toned pipe. The wild mountains were haunted by grotesque, yet god-like forms. In the process of time, these lovely shades vanish, and in their stead the "frolic fairies trip it lightly o'er the green," dwelling in flower-cups and feeding on dew, and the shadowy ghost flits through the twilight.

All these are but emanations of the poetic spirit, both the fanciful mythology of the ancients, and the elves and fairies of "merrie England."

The true poet is also a man of broad and genial sympathies. His great heart ever flows with a warm love for his fellow-men. It is this universal love, this subtle sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the hidden feelings and unuttered thoughts of humanity, that gives to his harp its irresistible power over the heart, by which the passions and emotions are swept away, as before a torrent of soul-subduing melody.

Thus much for the poet, and now, friend, let me exhort you if a single germ of the Poetic has fallen to your heart, cherish it with a sedulous care! Let not the mildew of sin blight its native purity, or the weeds of sense choke its growth, and, ripened by Time, it may yet blossom and bear fruit in Eternity.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

I'M of the press! I'm of the press!
My throne, the simple chair;
I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my rod,
My couriers take the sea;
The lightning leaves the charmed cloud
At art's command, for me.

I'm of the press! I'm of the press;
Let monarchs wear the crown,
I wave my pen across the page
And crowns are oft cast down.
The world rolls on — the millions stride —
Without the tempest rolls —
Within, I brood a quiet thought
That every mind controls.

I'm of the press! I'm of the press!
My host embattled types—
With them I quell the tyrants' horde
And rear the stars and stripes;
I give my hand to all the race;
My altar, freedom's sod;
I pay my vows and worship give
Alone, alone to God.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

There has ever been and ever will be, a sacredness belonging to the memory of great men. We venerate and honor the noble and worthy while living, and the veneration and honor which we give them while they are among us, assumes a nature which is akin to worship when they are gone. This feeling was cherished and cultivated among the ancients to a much greater extent than now. With them, a great and good man, when dead, assumed a place among the gods, and they built temples and offered sacrifices to him. With us, the feeling is perhaps quite as strong, but is kept in check by our more enlightened reason. This feeling, when thus kept in control, becomes one of the most beautiful and desirable of all the characteristics of our nature. While we see a person before us, it is sometimes well to examine his faults, as well as his virtues. It is for his interest that we should do so, as thereby he may correct those faults and render himself more acceptable to the friendship of men and of God. But when a man is dead, it is of little use to harp upon his failings, and, generally, as if by instinct, we are silent concerning them as soon as his life is ended, and cherish only his good qualities in our memory. There are times, indeed, when men become *too much* exalted after their death, and are held up as examples so prominently, that we heedlessly imitate their failings as well as their good qualities. But this, although an evil, is not a necessary consequence of remembering the dead with charity, but is rather the result of imitating other men too indiscreetly.

The refined and sensitive nature is always sure to possess this quality of keeping sacred the character of the dead. Low, ungenerous, selfish men may speak lightly of the departed, but not he whose soul overflows with noble, godlike love, and whose mind has been raised above meanness and baseness. He who can enter "God's acre" and, reading the inscriptions upon the tombstones, begins to speak disrespectfully and disparagingly of the character of him who lies there in his unconscious rest, has a nature and a disposition unenviable and contemptible ; but he who can go away from the living world, and, in the midst of the dead who repose there, think of their virtues and resolve to make them his, has an element in his nature which belongs only to the pure in heart—the noble in mind. It is said that we too often inscribe false epitaphs upon the monuments of the dead. Perhaps it is so :—but better so than the reverse. Surely, it is better to write a line in memory of the best virtues of the departed, than to place anything above their ashes which shall cast a blight upon their names. No !—let the dead rest in peace. They cannot harm *us* or defend *themselves ;* and it is the part of meanness to slander them now. They were surrounded with pains and troubles enough while living ; they had their share of human woes. Let their graves remain undisturbed, and the memory of their life be free from ignoble and unmanly thoughts ; let their failings, which we too have, be forgotten, and their virtues only remembered.

It is because the dead are so sacredly and so constantly remembered, that the influence of men continues so much longer to the world than they themselves. The dying words of Daniel Webster embody this idea very forcibly—" I still live." Yes ! the character lives ; the influence of that character continues in all its greatness. Life, even on earth, reaches beyond the grave. The body, the abode of the mind and character themselves is cut off from further activity, but they live,—live in the memory of the good and noble who remain behind them on earth. There is a theory that a sound once produced, never ceases, but continues vibrating and reverberating through all time. The same idea applied to the noble actions of men would be a true one. The holy character of the early patriarchs is still a living, fresh reality in the world. The good and noble achievements of great men during all the long past, live now in the memory of the true men of the world, and those great men themselves live through their actions.

Memory performs many pleasant parts in this our life, but none more holy or more sacred, than that of keeping alive the worthy dead. And we take pleasure in the thought that when we shall be no more of this earth, our faults will be buried in oblivion, and our good actions and qualities be kept sacred by the faithful hand of Memory, and that we though dead, shall still live.

THE man who owes for a lodge in some vast wilderness, (viz. a room in the dormitories), is requested to call at the Treasurer's office, No. 99½, Main street, and pay up.

THE SUN OF LIFE.

I KNOW there is a bitter cup,
  Its draught for me preparing.
It cometh soon — I drink it up,
  My thoughts no others sharing.
My life has had a clouded morn,
  With sun-bursts o'er it flying,
Like hectic flushes that adorn
  A cheek that is but dying.

I feel a hand upon my brow:
  Can the cold hand be colder?
At heart, a gnawing even now:
  Can the bold worm be bolder?
There is a weight upon my breast; —
  I know earth must be lighter.
Do some bright dreams come o'er my rest?
  The flowers o'er graves are brighter.

I wander oft among the dead,
  Where green leaves wave above them,
And night and morn bright dew-drops shed,
  Like tears of those who love them.
They rest; their sleep is calm and deep;
  They know no feverish waking;
The lovely, holy dead may sleep,
  While life's strong heart is breaking.

Those sun-bursts, falling quick and full,
  When clouds around were broken,
Mere flashes of the Beautiful —
  Of what should be a token.
And joy came o'er me like a sea;
  I know when life is riven,
Such rapture, deepened in degree,
  Will form the bliss of Heaven.

The sun, whence flowed those gleams of day,
  Was hidden from my vision;
Till slowly rolled the clouds away,
  And burst the light elysian:

My soul was lost in light and love,
As it had crossed the portals
Of that bright home, we place above,
Where dwell the bright immortals.

But, oh! the sun is setting now, —
The sun so soft and holy, —
It hangs just o'er a mountain's brow,
I see it sinking slowly.
That bitter cup, — it cometh soon,
Whose taste shall vanish never;
Life's sun has had no glorious morn,
I know it sets forever.

WAR.

Man has, in himself, the elements of quarrel and contention. He is endowed with propensities to hate, as well as to love; to destroy, as well as to protect. These propensities have existed through all time, and their strongest political development is the institution of war.

Let us trace the workings of this spirit on the past. The most remote records of antiquity speak of wars and battles. They show us war in its native barbaric state. They show us an age when might was right; when the existence of a state depended on the force of itself, and the weakness of its enemies; when the whole world was an arena which any one could enter and plunder at his pleasure, with no title but his ability, and no excuse but his success.

In such a state, the arts of peace could not flourish unless a government had the power and inclination to protect them; for, what object was there in accumulating property, for another to take away? Hence, art was practised only to sustain life, or carry on war.

The effect of such a state on the moral feelings of a nation, had a tendency to develop those sterner qualities which are, perhaps, the elements of success, but to depress all those finer and softer feelings which hold them in check.

Firmness, prudence, sagacity, and courage, received a stronger impulse from their exercise in the perpetual conflict between man and man. But he who spends his life encased in plate and mail, amid the clattering of swords and the shivering of lances, regards love and gentleness as effeminate, and unworthy of a soldier. Of course, this has on him a demoralizing influence, and all his manly qualities sink into a brutal ferocity. Hence, in the early ages of the world, war quenched all high moral attributes, and stamped the age as one of butcherly and unprincipled warfare.

As society gradually progressed, as in the age of Rome and Greece, some sentiments of honor were introduced. Nations felt ashamed to conquer and plunder one another, without at least seeking some pretext to satisfy community. The arts of peace became more respectable. Still war was the great characteristic of the age. The next era in the history of war was the age of chivalry. This was the most singular institution of a fantastic age. It clothed noble principles with romantic absurdity. It no doubt shed on war a refining influence. It inculcated many virtues and grafted them into the very opposite vices. While it pointed to ambition, the essence of all selfishness, it inculcated a high-souled generosity. It encouraged war, the extreme of brutality, yet taught a feminine gentleness. It tempered the brutal ferocity of contention by a delicate and fastidious code of honor. On the whole, it exerted a vastly refining influence on the age, and the world. Into the web of iniquity it wove many threads of virtue.

In modern times, since the reformation, moral principle, to a great extent, governs the world. Might is not always right. Even the most tyrannical and despotic nations fear to encounter the indignation of Christendom by outrage on their fellow-man. Under such a dispensation, refinement can entwine herself in peace around national enterprise. Literature and the fine arts, labor and industry of every kind, can prosper. They are protected, not by castles and standing armies, but by a moral principle, in the hearts of men, before which the tyrant trembles. Civilization has had war far more destructive, but far less frequent.

War is the very embodiment of man's malignant passions, an institution the most brutal and barbarous, yet it has always attracted the warmest sympathies of the bad, and the sullen consent of the good. There is about the whole science of war, a melancholy grandeur, a stern sublimity. No one can see all human nature lashed into a fury, without the intensest interest. It seems ennobling to think men can act thus, yet debasing to think they will. The mental view of war is splendid, the moral view is shocking, and, in the world, the one absorbs the other.

To see contention of any kind is exciting, but to see a combat for life and death between mortal men, — to hear the roar of the cannon, the shouts of the victors, the shrieks of the dying; and to see thousands worked up to a frenzy of delirious excitement, trampling on their own safety, rushing knowingly on to death, daring all the powers of earth and heaven, shows us that, even in its most malignant form, there is a grandeur in the human spirit.

EVERY CLOUD HATH ITS SILVERY LINING.

The sky is overcast with dark and threatening clouds, blotting out the light of day, and hanging like a funereal pall over the earth. Soon the big drops begin to fall: then the windows of heaven seem to be opened and the rain pours down in torrents; the winds howl and shriek as if the spirits of the tempest would vent their fury upon all beneath; quick lightning flashes incessantly; the thunder rolls from the battlements of heaven, like the roar and crash of a thousand cannon on the field of battle; the storm-king rages in his fury, and the mad elements seem to shake the very foundations of the earth.

The storm ceases: the sun breaks forth, tinging the edges of the clouds with a beauteous light — this is the silvery lining.

Thus it is in life. Our path is often overcast with the dark clouds of adversity. Sorrow and affliction press with heavy weight upon us, blotting the light of joy and happiness from the soul. Our hearts are burdened with disappointment and misfortune; our hopes are crushed, our prospects blighted, and we are ready to lie down in despair and pray for death as a relief from suffering. Thus, as the deepest darkness precedes the opening day, the sun of prosperity pierces the gloom and illumines our darkened minds. Even the very clouds, which before oppressed us, now reflect its resplendent rays. This is the silvery lining.

An old man lies on his death bed. His life has been a scene of sorrow and misfortune. Now, worn down with age and care, he lies gasping out his breath, attended by no kind friends to smooth his dying pillow, with no gentle hand to minister to his wants ; yet he calmly passes from the stage. When he stands on the very threshold of eternity, gazing with a vision quickened to that unaccountable acuteness which always precedes the near approach of death, through the veil which separates earth from eternity, mortality from immortality, and perceives in a slight degree the glories in store for him, looking back upon his past life, one scene of suffering and anguish ; his soul kindles with inexpressible felicity, and he joyfully yields himself to the embrace of death. This is the silvery lining of his cloud of adversity. Thus, in every condition of life, it matters not how dark and dreary it may be, whether poverty's chill hand binds to labor and toil, or suffering and misfortune oppress, there we find always the sweet intermingled with the bitter.

The child of poverty is happy in his lowly home. The lonely sufferer is cheered and animated by the hope of something beyond earth. Our kind and benignant Father so interweaves the web of life with joy and sorrow, as to enhance the pleasure of the one, and alleviate the misery of the other. — To every cloud that floats over the pathway of life, black though it be as midnight darkness, there is a silvery lining.

A WISH.

Oh ! may I gather from the shadowy throng
That haunt me, some high thoughts to break the sleep
Of a few hearts, and wake vibrations strong,
Soon lost to outward sense, but wide and deep,
Trembling right on forever, and ere long
The sun has lit my years, with what of fame
May flow from being loved, like leaves of green
And fadeless amaranth twined around my name,
And a few roses lightly dropped between, —
Fresh roses, white — fresh as the gathered dew
Upon my morning life, and white their hue
As the pale marble memory of my song, —
Through death's still evening may my work be seen,
The right revealed, forever veiled the wrong.

THE SUMMER–RAIN AND ITS BEAUTY.

There is a beauty in the gentle rain of summer that we seldom realize. One by one the pearly drops descend. Here the beautiful tulip catches one in its lovely blossom. Here the pure lily of the valley is once more washed in the water of heaven. Here the thirsty elm drinks until it is satisfied. When the bright sun does come again, oh how beautiful are these! Purified by the rain, they seem to have learned a new song, and in sweeter notes than ever before, to be praising God.

The gentle rain comes from above. Oh, how blessed a thought! Every trial, every joy, every sorrow, as well as every drop of the welcome rain, comes from above. And in that bright above, there is ever peace, perfect, unchanging peace.

The sick man rejoices in the cool breath of the summer shower. It comes upon his fevered brow and seems a heavenly messenger sent to gladden his weary soul. With a full heart, he whispers: —

"O blessed, blessed rain!"

What a sympathy there is in Nature! Every blade of grass, every leaf, every singing bird, and "the cattle upon a thousand hills," join to welcome the joyous rain. All Nature gives one universal shout, sending it upward even to the blue depth of heaven.

Come, then, join this song of praise. Ever greet the rain with a smile and a cheer, for although there are clouds above, there is happiness all around, and thrice, *thrice* beautiful, when the clouds are gone, will be the earth, as, upon its bosom shall glisten the jewels brought from the fair clime above.

Scene in No. 6. — 3d Junior Class.

Teacher. Jones, what construction does *sum* usually take after it?

Jones. Two accusatives.

Teacher. Sufficient. Smith, what construction usually follows *sum?*

Smith. *Sum* is usually followed by *pumpkins*.

(Teacher, extremely gratified by Smith's proficiency, tells him he is an honor to his maternal ancestor, and gives him an 8.)

THE END OF THE STUDENT'S YEAR.

TIME speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Fall from us like the leaflet sear.
Youth is the fountain-spring of life
Which rushes on to manhood's strife;
Mid-life, with shades, brings age apace,
And death and darkness end the race.

As shadows on the dial clear
Rise but to wane and disappear;
So, borne on time's untiring bier,
Departs the form of the student's year;
Yet its loved scenes of friendship's life,
With hallowed pleasures ever rife,
Depart not with time's withering blight,
But shine undimmed in memory's light.

And though we now are called to part,
Yet we shall still be joined in heart,
Still shall loved thoughts within us burn,
Of former days which ne'er return;
Of scenes now past as choicest gems
Crowning for us life's diadems,
And offering all their kindly rays
To cheer the paths of other days.

So may the term of life be past
By each now parting, that at last,
Life's lesson learned, we may review
Our course below, with pleasure true;
And thus prepared before death's gate
With heavenly honors graduate;
And all in endless bliss above,
Join in the study of Christ's love.

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EDWARD HOOKER,
ROBERT S. DAVIS,
EDWARD BOLTWOOD,
EDITORS.

"PAINT ME AS I AM."

It is related of Oliver Cromwell that he once sat for his portrait, and, suspecting the artist might produce a flattering likeness, he gave the above direction. Truth will best speak for itself.

It has accordingly been our study so to select and arrange the following pages that they may faithfully portray the mind of the Society.

It is not well to appear too soon before the public, yet there is a time when it is proper to begin. These productions cannot be expected to equal those of maturer years. To the members of this association, they will always possess an interest, as specimens of their early efforts, and of their past views and sentiments.

We respectfully submit to you this number of the *Mirror*, confiding in your judgment, and hoping for a share of your candor and liberality.

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

EGOTISM.

It was remarked, by a celebrated reviewer, of a certain writer, that his mind seemed constructed to view small things as great and great things as small.

This is the legitimate result of egotism. By one who is under its debasing influence, things which pertain to self are magnified to an undue importance, while those objects which do not pertain directly thither, however great and noble, dwindle into comparative nothingnes.

This narrowness of mind and illiberality of sentiment produced by estimating self too high, may be seen in all the walks and pursuits of life.

Take, for example, the man who has successfully devoted himself for a long time to a particular line of business, and whose mind has not been enlarged in proportion to his purse, he will begin to look with a sort of contempt upon every other occupation.

His productions, his house, his land, his domains are all prodigies of excellence, and he himself the greatest prodigy of all.

Those who may dare to differ from his opinions as to the true ends of life, and the means of pursuing them, are regarded as misguided, foolish people.

How apt is a man's pursuits or profession to stand as a false visual medium before his mental eye. The student is apt to consider all in the relation which they sustain to his favorite sciences, and to judge them by the proficiency they have made in these. The lawyer regards his fellow-men in the relation of client or no client. The physician in that of patient, the clergyman in that of church-member, the politician in that of partisan, and so with every other employment. Families even, sometimes, seem to regard all, who may not come within the narrow sphere of their familiar acquaintance, as almost barbarians.

The self-lover is unable to estimate the features of other situations than his own. He cannot conceive that men of diverse education must unavoidably see objects in various lights. He makes no allowance for circumstances or constitutional differences. He has but one rule by which to judge, and that is himself. This standard he applies in all cases, and by it everything must stand or fall.

It has been truthfully remarked of Lord Byron, that the personages presented, in his writings, lack variety and fidelity from his absorbing egotism. This led him to shape his heroes in the mould of his own bitter and burning nature. His fierce egotism effectually centred him upon himself, and destroyed his ability to enter the minds of others, which was necessary in order to forcibly conceive and truthfully depict the various modifications of human character. The same principle holds with respect to uncharitableness, which is often the result of an over-estimate of one's self. If man could but lose sight of himself and enter into the situation of others, and know and feel the pressure of their temptations, and perhaps constitutional defects, how soon might not bitter condemnation be exchanged for lenient forbearance.

If the strong conflicts and virtuous resolutions of the erring could be laid before his eye, and that eye turn with impartial justice to the page of his own heart, and read there the records of his own weakness and guilt, how readily might he recognize the object of his critical censure for a brother, and learn to regard him with the tenderness of fraternal sympathy.

Another result of egotism, when carried to excess, is weakness, or superficiality of mind. Having produced and confirmed the habit of viewing things only upon one side, it at length destroys the capacity of conceiving things as they really are. The mind loses truthfulness of perception, and breadth and depth of thought, shallowness and weakness ensue, until at length it comes to feel no interest only in matters of the most immediate concern.

The future, the glorious future, pregnant with mighty truths, with momentous events, with vast objects, with wide and solemn light, without limit or end, becomes an immense stagnant sea lying in dead barrenness over the dreary expanse of eternity. The present, with its petty interests, its paltry rivalries, its sordid cares and fleeting pleasures, has won the bright inheritance of the soul with a worthless mess of pottage.

The debasing influence of self-aggrandizement extends to all the great and thrilling truths which pertain to the soul. The effect of their speculative grandeur to expand and ennoble it, is lost, and they virtually become the contracted things which they would be, if they possessed no other relations than those in which they are regarded.

Self, also, is the great antagonist to all spiritual freedom and elevation, not when it is kept within its humble and lawful bounds, but when it grows into a pervading egotism, and becomes the point to which everything is made to tend and have reference.

Like the false system of Astronomy, which made the earth the centre of the solar system, and the sun, and planets, and starry firmament to revolve around it, so egotism makes *Self* the great centre around which all things are made to revolve.

The true Copernican system of philosophy, representing the earth as but a subordinate unit in the mighty host of heaven, changing it from a vital centre to a mere satellite and recipient of the sun, while reducing it to its proper station in the material scale, does not rob it of its real dignity and just importance.

In like manner Self suffers no degradation when it is removed from a false to a true position. Its place is determined in the natural order of things, and there it must dwell and act or the immutable law of harmony is broken, and confusion, and error, and darkness must follow. In consideration of the remedies of this great evil, let it be remarked that the contemplation of all wide and general truths tends to oppose the effects of self-aggrandizement, as well as to give breadth and fidelity to the views of the mind.

The earnest pursuit of knowledge, and the deep contemplation of nature, in all her forms, are evidently disinterested, and must naturally exercise and strengthen the capacity of perceiving objects in their full relations, and upon every side.

The Astronomer who reads, with searching eyes, letters of light, which the finger of God has written, on the broad page of the heavens, is absorbed in his elevating task. The vast and noble thoughts which fill and delight his mind effectually withdraw his attention from the little sphere in which he lives and acts. The petty narrow things around and within him, sleep in unconscious nothingness, while the glowing intellect ponders and evolves the deep calculations which form its pathway through the abyss of time and space.

So, in short, with every investigator of general and absolute truth. The mind in every such exercise is carried out of itself, and loses perforce its paltry egotism amidst great and immutable facts.

The peculiarly powerful counteraction afforded by Christianity to this class of evils, under consideration, arises from its unfolding to the view great beings, as well as great things, and greater beings and things than are offered to the mind in any other department of truth.

If the objects which meet the senses in this world, are capable by the systematic study of their laws and properties to invigorate and enlarge the capacity, how much more effectual must be the same influence, imparted by things which pertain to eternity. Thought is carried beyond the bounds of time and matter, beyond all that ends and all that perishes, to a state of exalted and immutable grandeur.

The beauty which is of holiness, and the sublimity of mighty things, come over the spirit like a trance of solemn delight, enchaining it and thrilling it with deep rapt joy. Eternity sleeps in the silence and awe of its vastness, pregnant with the voiceless secrets of an immemorial history. Beyond these overwhelming scenes thought rises still higher to the contemplation of the mighty and infinite Being whose way is in the sea, and whose footsteps are unknown.

In that inaccessible glory and majesty, in that wide beauty and grandeur, in that depth of wisdom, and power, and love, the energies of thought may find their fullest and highest enjoyment and employment forever.

LOVE OF TRUTH.

"When we have hoped, sought, striven, lost our aim,
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness
Like a white brow through its o'ershadowing hair."

FESTUS.

TRUTH ever forms a contrast with the false, and for this reason men love it. Truth is pure, and holy, and beautiful; nay, it *is* purity, and holiness, and beauty, and men love it because they love purity, and holiness, and beauty.

The love of truth is innate in man. The tender infant who can just arrange its thoughts in words, can, by a certain sort of instinct, distinguish between the true and the false, and while he shrinks back from one who has tried to deceive him, will cling with his earnest, loving heart, to that one who makes himself worthy of such love by always being truthful. No man is so utterly lost to all that is good that he does not love truth better than falsehood.

When men are surrounded by fearful dangers, and hope itself seems lost, they wish to know the simple truth, and prepare to meet it.

It makes men braver and nobler to know the truth. He who struggles against misfortune or he who fights the battle of life, never knows his own heart until he knows the truth; and he who contends with the destroying angel, and who, though feeling his frame weakened and wasted day by day in the contest, still wavers between hope and despair, when he knows the truth, and knows that he must yield, feels stronger in himself and meets death with a manlier heart.

Men love truth for its simplicity. We do, indeed, find it hid among the roots and rocks of dead tongues, and, as bright pearls lie on the bottom of the sea, so we sometimes find it wrapped in garments of which only skilful science and art can divest it; but the truth itself is simple, and though the philosopher may spend years in reasoning, the alchemist employ time and money over his retort and crucible, and the astronomer devote long nights to watching the grand, majestic march of the stars, yet did they not feel that beneath all was found a law of simple truth, they would find no pleasure in their life; and though they may seem to enjoy each effort they make, yet it is the truth, and that alone, which gives them satisfaction.

The voice of nature, in all its melody and beauty, is pre-eminently a voice of truth. The birds, the brooks, the wind in its gentle breezes and angry storms, the ocean, the stars, all speak a language of truth to the spirit of man, and when the spirit listens and heeds, it is never deceived.

It is truth clad in robes of beauty which makes poetry so much admired and loved by the refined mind; the strong arm of truth which gives argument or essay its power, and the truthfulness to nature and to our own hearts which makes true fiction, if it may be so called, attractive.

But then besides these natural truths which are so self-evident that we feel them, there are great, giant truths, which come to us borne along in the march of thought, and which our minds grasp and retain with eager joy. They are in us like seeds, and they spring up in the fields of intellect like strong, noble, and majestic trees, in whose shade we love to sit, weaving garlands with its leaves, and hanging hopes upon its branches.

There are truths which have lived since creation, and which have floated down the ocean of time from the dim past, and which go about like ministering angels, impressing themselves upon the minds of men until they realize them as truths, and which will continue to live and fulfil their mission through all coming years.

There are truths which go about to meet error; and in the contest, truth is always victorious. It is mighty to conquer, and willing or unwilling, man must meet it, and must at last yield to it. Before it doubts are vanquished and dreams fly away as dews in sunlight.

We may for a time be amused or interested by strong unreal ideas; but that which makes the most lasting impression upon us, and which we read with the most satisfaction, is truth, such as we feel our own hearts respond to. God's word is truth; pure, simple, noble, God-like and God-given truth.

We love to hear truth. It may seem plain and rough, but if we know it is truth we love to listen to it, even though we may not heed it. It is eloquence, and so true is this, that there can be no eloquence without it. We call not that man eloquent who speaks to us in strange, wild, fanciful language, which has no counterpart in reality; but he who speaks truth in simple, choice words, and speaks it so that we cannot fail to discern that it is truth, is eloquent.

It is a great truth that God is truth—so true is it, that we sometimes shrink back from reading the awful truth. But though we may turn from it, and try to close our eyes to the fact — God *is* Truth.

And after all, we would not have it otherwise. We love to feel that over all the vast universe which is speaking of truth, presides one who is Truth itself. It is a sweet comfort to man to know that he is the creation of truth; and it gives us higher, nobler views of ourselves to feel that God in whose image we are made, is Truth. It makes the present happier, the future brighter, to know that in all, through all, and over all, there is one great Truth. All other truths seem lost in this one, so high, so deep, so true.

If then God is Truth, the highest aim that man can have is Truth, and

> "No soul can soar too loftily whose aim
> Is God-given truth and brother-love to man."

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

A playing lad ran down a mountain side;
With gladness wild
The happy child
Passed on; his heart with grief had never sighed.
From the mountain
Sprang a fountain;
E'en pure as crystal was the limpid stream;
And as it flowed
The lad's cheek glowed
With rapture; yet how soon dispelled joy's dream!

"Whither, sweet fountain, do thy waters flow?"
Thus spake the child
In accents mild,
As he lay down upon the sward below,
Watching the spray
In the sun's ray,
Of the clear, shining drops cast all around,
Like diamonds thrown,
Or pearlets strewn,
Richly o'erspreading the dark, emerald ground.

The breeze was hushed; the very leaves were mute;
Not even a bird
Within them stirred, —
When, lo! a voice, soft as a mellow flute,
Breathed forth in sighs
Mild symphonies,
Which stole upon the senses of the child;
His quivering breath
Came calm as death, —
When thus the fountain spake in accents mild: —

"As thou art, so am I — of earth;
Who caused thy being, gave me birth;
I've flowed, aye, for these countless years
Amidst a vale of human tears;
From me great rivers trace their source;
To the mighty sea my waters course;
And much of storm, wreck, death, I ween,
Hath passed midst my once calming stream;
And so life's changes, child, will be
To thee a dark, tempestuous sea;
Youth is the fountain-spring of life,
That rushes to the sea of strife;
When manhood comes thou'lt sadly know
Whither thy life's sweet waters flow."

Then all was silent save the flowing sound
The waters made;
A transient shade

Flushed o'er the spirit of the child, — who felt
(He knew not why,)
A deep-drawn sigh
Flow from the soul; the pang soon fled away,
'Midst breathing smiles,
E'en such sweet guiles
As sunbeams lighting up an April day.

Onward he hastened in his merry path,
Unheeding he
Of destiny,
And those dark, cankering ills which sorrow hath
Garnered for man
Through life's brief span;
Away, away the lovely, mirthful boy
Danced o'er the flowers;
Time's precious hours
With him passed priceless by, without alloy.

Years merged into the nothingness of time;
The golden hair
And beauty fair
Of the sweet child, were gone; for many a clime
Had preyed upon
The loved one; and
He had seen raging war, famine and plague,
Pass through the land, —
A ghastly band;
At length his mind became a chaos — vague.

Near the gray ruin of a fountain stood,
Palsied and wan,
An aged man,
Stricken in soul, — yet in no sullen mood;
"Fountain," said he,
"With truth to me
Didst thou presage my future lot of strife;
Yet, see, — thy tide
Is nearly dried;
Thou'lt *ever cease*; — mine is *immortal life*."

EVENING TEACHINGS.

Night, with her train of shadows, gathers about us, while we are enjoying the ravishing splendors of the monarch of day, in his occidental glory, as he "hastes to his couch of saffron hue." The full-orbed moon enters in graceful, unassuming majesty upon her pathway through the skies. The untiring cycles of time have added the day with all its scenes to the returnless past, and although it so recently was with us, and we called it our own, yet it has passed on in triumphal course, regardless of our desire for its retention, having performed its mission for us in measuring another length of advancement on the turnpike of life; and though its stay with us was brief, it parts from us with the assurance, as if in compensation, that it will meet with us again, when that turnpike shall have been all trodden, then to re-present its scenes by the prism of eternity.

And now the calmness of the evening hour comes upon the soul, as the melodies of Eastern minstrels, with its sacred, subduing charms, quelling the strife of thought and passion, and proffering to every willing listener and student, the instructions of her ten thousand voices. A voice from the illumined heavens calls the student of nature's laws to observe the unerring precision of the triumphal march of all her bodies, retained in their pathways and whirled in their orbits by centripetal and centrifugal forces. Here is an exhaustless field which claims for itself a full range for mental energies and absorption; and the world makes constant pilgrimage to the monuments of their achievements, who have entered this department and borne away the laurels of successful study.

The night is the counterpart of the day, and also its opposite. So is it, that in every department of human life, those elements which stand forth as opposites, are essentially connected, and merge into each other as the varying sounds of a true musical instrument merge into one harmonious measure. Thus the day and the night are emblematic of the contrasts of life's pathway, and yet of its harmonies; for, even as night follows the dying day, so in our course, the scenes of joy and of sorrow are so closely contiguous that but a brief step may pass us from the height of joy to the depth of sorrow, yet all under one supervision, and made as harmonious components of an essential whole. He who is the Author of the fierce tornado which devastates the sea and the land, and brings horror and dismay to the hearts of seamen and landsmen, is alike the Author of the tranquil zephyr of the Summer evening, which charms our ear with the strains of the Æolian harp. The same zephyr which bears the most welcomed and endeared of earthly voices to our ears, may bear to our vitals the contagious miasma of the pestilence, to consign us in a day or an hour to the slumber of the charnel-house. But, if these precious teachings are treasured, when life's sun for us shall decline, then will heaven's rising glory bring light from the darkness of earth, even as the gases and vapors of earth when gathered above it, being permeated by the sun's rays, yield the corruscating beauties of the upper depths. So, when life's days and nights are ended, the consecrated spirit,—

> The spark that shines, the jewelled soul,
> The casement cast away,
> Shall mingle with the perfect whole,
> That forms God's brightest day.

NATURE'S INSPIRATION OF GENIUS.

Nature is God's ideal beauty, incarnate. In all of her varied departments,—the vales, meadows, ravines and mountains,—the rills, brooks and oceans, and the measureless expanse of the upper deep,—there are supplies for every sense of the loving presence of beauty. These all flow into the soul, bearing upon their calm surface the imaged-spirit, the faithful portraiture of the elect attribute of Him, whose nature and whose name is Love.

The generic application of the term "genius," was in reference to the peculiar structure of mind received from nature. The modern application of it is, by an eminent lexicographer, referred to one endowed with uncommon power of intellect and strength of mind. But among many there is a very vague and erratic conception of genius, in the application of the term to one who is a subject of wayward eccentricities and cometary semblances. They know not that it is in the interior and unsearchable life, in those flowings of the highest ranges of mental power in the midst of the most glowing and disciplining raptures,—the constant poising of a firm and daring wing, amid whirling elements and warring splendors, whose forms, as glittering and swiftly-driven shafts, fly in the heaven of imagination. Thus does mental philosophy crown the inclination to a penetrative and profound communion with the indwelling spirit of nature, as a distinctive prerogative of genius. This element inspires all such communion with nature,—this communion which penetrates far within the form, how attractive soever the form may be, and discerns the spirit in all forms,—hearing its deepest, holiest voices, and interpreting all their hidden meanings. The examples of consecrate communion with the spirit within and the spirit without, are but here and there, while their influence and blessing are everywhere.

The highest worth of a fountain, though it flow never so purely, is to many discovered in the accidents of its banks, affording forces for mill-wheels. Flowers, adorned by the sun, gemmed by the radiance of heaven's pearls, and won to their slumber by the circumambient air, which is made redolent with their grateful offering of incense to their Author,—these, in the estimation of many, are chiefly to be valued for the sense-subduing odors which their leaves constrainedly yield, as their dying bequest, to the laces, silks and satins of females, or for the expressed, distilled, exquisite drop, tortured out to perfume the paraphernalia of disinterested gallants.

It is sure that nature is utilitarian, and is designed so to be. The sun fulfils his diurnal round for the light and heat of the world, and the gases and vapors of earth are gathered above it that they may descend in reciprocal blessings upon the earth again. But is the sun for nothing more? Are the rains for nothing more?

"For more, far more than this, the sun, blest orb,
Resplendent shines; for more than this the clouds

Their dews distil. Each beam a message brings,—
A heaven-sent message; and each brilliant ray
Its path of glory is. Each drop that falls,
Though falling on the thirsty, waiting earth,
Or on the verdant hills or barren rocks,
Or on the mountain-spring or woodland rill,
Is as a tear, though not from sadness welled,—
A tender pledge of sympathy with life."

It is this discernment of the spirit which lives and breathes in and inspires the form in all the ranges and provinces of nature, that proves the living presence of genius, and attests and crowns the subdued and trained mind. He who can translate the song of a fountain, the cheering notes of the active bee, the language of the rustling forest leaves, or the wind-sigh of a lonely cloud;—he who can hold familiar intercourse with the sea, and hear the ready and glad response of each wave, as it lifts its head, all wreathed with diamond spray;—he who can stand in the midway valley of mountains and learn most surely that,—

"Every mountain now hath found a tongue,"—

and hear,—

"Jura answering from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, which call on her aloud,"—

he is an heir of genius; his mind is a home of true refinement and a resting place of beauty.

Such are the attainments and treasures of the successful student of nature, even while a subject of mortal impediments, and they can render life a blessing; yet, happily for us, life is brief and forms are fleeting, for the soul is impatient of both; the spirit, in its brighter dreams, in its dearer hopes, and in those momentary triumphs which are the foregatherings of its ultimate and genial range, longs to be fully blest; now the spirit seems to droop; but it is as the drooping of the eagle down upon its breast in the lowlands, only that it may spread its wings for high-soaring and far-roaming; so this province of creation will not long impede the spirit of genius; and, supported by the analogies of nature and revelation, we rejoice in the belief that, in a future state of existence, it shall be the province of the consecrated spirit to traverse forever amid the resources of the upper and outer universe, and that all the countless treasures thereof shall contribute to its endless fruition.

BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

I WAS sitting by my window,
With the moon-light streaming in,
Streaming into every corner,
As if saying,—" What's within ?"

First it fell upon my pillow,
As it lay there all alone,
And I thought I heard it whisper,
" There should be another one."

While I pondered on the lesson
That the moon was teaching me;
Lo! it peeped into my table-
Drawer to see what it could see.

Only *notes* and *business*-letters.
(Notes upon the *bank*) were there,
And tho' some notes were of *promise*,
None were to a lady fair.

Casting a reproachful glimmer
O'er my face upon the floor;
Lo! my profile told the story,
And I wondered then no more.

For appeared a nose so monstrous,
It seemed fashioned but to *bore;*
And the nose that was reflected,
Was the very one I wore.

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.

There is no truth better known and more forgotten, than that singleness of purpose is the only basis of success in life. The world's great men, its heroes in mind and morals, are those who have bent all their faculties, and, by the mighty force of energy and will, have forged all their attainments to some definite shape. By this singleness of purpose Luther accomplished the Reformation, Napoleon attained his dazzling fame, and Washington achieved the Revolution. Wherever history records great actions, or great reforms in social or political theories, it reveals this as the foundation and corner-stone. It is a law which governs all art, science, and philosophy ; and in nature, the unity of design manifest in its infinite diversity of forms, proves that it has but one purpose — to administer to the wants of man. The absence of this principle has ever been the great cause of moral and intellectual bankruptcy. Thousands who might have arisen to eminence have failed, simply because they have had no definite aim in life. It is so much easier to " pander to the ordinary and oft-recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rarer intuitions of beauty," that many yield to the impulse of the moment, and never acquire a permanent fame. But truths so trite as these need no farther illustration. It is in their application to the student that we would seek to enforce their significance ; for to him it is necessary, above all things else, that he ever keep the end in view. He needs to remember that study is precious only for discipline, and knowledge valuable only as the instrument of wisdom. There is an almost irresistible temptation to the student to wander at large through the fields of learning, and gather its fruits only to enjoy their acquisition, or to lay them in store for future enjoyment ; while it should be his aim to make all his attainments subordinate to some fixed and determined purpose. The student also loses sight of this singleness of purpose in the use he makes of the strength acquired from study. Instead of bringing it to bear upon a direct object which he should have in view, he wastes it upon things of an ephemeral nature. It is true that he may produce some immediate and temporary effect, at less expense of inward exertion, than that higher and more ideal effect which art demands; but he can never reach any pinnacle of usefulness or fame unless he directs thither his every step. God confers genius with much less limit than is commonly supposed; but mankind fail to receive from genius the intended blessings, because too often it resembles the meteor's flash, rather than the pure light of the fixed stars. The lives of too many youth are aimless, and their efforts never bless mankind, for they never *reach* mankind. Like inexpert archers they never take aim, and the world might sit upon their target in perfect security from being hit.

Be then our talents few or many, it is our duty to spend those few and those many talents upon some one grand object. Concentrated force conquers, while scattered fire is futile. Whether it be our ambition to acquire fame in mental exploits, or whether we are influenced by the higher motive of attaining the excellence of moral heroism in battling the hosts of wrong, we must combine the strength of our allied powers in *one vast* blockade, till the almost impregnable Malakoffs and Redans of ignorance and evil are overthrown and destroyed.

"THERE IS MORE FORCE IN NAMES THAN MOST MEN DREAM OF."

"MRS. JONES Phonotypy is an unmitigated humbug," said the Major, as he laid aside his evening paper, in which he had just read the prospectus of a new volume of the "*Angla Saxun.*"

"'Tis an unmitigated, uncalled for humbug. It serves our vocabulary like a harvest of grapes, pressing out its very essence and vital element, and carefully preserving the worthless skins and seeds. The word heaven, for instance — see what the upstart reformers would make of that. H-e-v-n, are all the letters their little souls can afford for one of the noblest words in the language. If I *have* a weakness for *any* language, it is for the one which my father and grandfather (peace to their ashes!) used before me; and when I see such a crippling and mangling of words which are associated with all in the world which I hold dear or reverence, I must say, it touches a tender spot. A word which has served a people for centuries is a sacred thing, and should not be rudely handled. Often it becomes a talisman to roll back the portals of the forgotten past, opening to us new scenes of beauty. Breathing thoughts, rich pageantries of the imagination, interminable trains of fancy, throng the dim vista, filling the soul with silent harmony, and all spoken into existence by a single word."

Here the Major sighed and stirred the glowing mass of anthracite in the grate, till the fiery shower of cinders had ceased, then raising his feet to the fender, he gazed earnestly at the images reflected in the broad mantel of veined Italian marble.

There is something in an elevated position of the feet, especially in a snug parlor, and before an open fire, which is peculiarly conducive to reverie. In such a position, after a good supper and two and a half cups of good *Hyson Senior* — (the Major never drank but two and a half cups except on Thanksgiving), with a boisterous north wind dashing the frozen snow against the windows with unceasing music — in such a position, I say, the flintiest old bachelor in the nation would feel a thawing at heart, and a drawing out of soul towards the realms of fancy.

It is not to be wondered, then, that the Major, who although he *was* on the mellow side of forty, still had preserved the warmth of feeling of his younger days, and was a lover of poetry withal, should yield to these influences and be the author of the following soliloquy: —

"The phonographers would find it hard to abbreviate the word *Italy*," said he, still gazing at the beautiful marble before him. "I am glad it can't be done, for its a very suggestive word to me. 'Italy! empire of the sun; Italy, mistress of the world; Italy, birthplace of literature, I salute thee!' I see a land beyond the seas, with sunny slopes and smiling vineyards, with a horizon bounded by purple mountains, and a sky filled with clouds floating in amber light, mellow and autumnal. 'Tis a land peopled by a race passionate and ardent, whose dark eyes and mobile features, express every shade of their emotion. 'Tis the land of the poet and the painter, of *Dante* and *Petrarch*, of *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo*. Corinne says, in her improvisation at the Capitol — 'A god left Olympus and sought refuge in Ausonia: the appearance of the country brought to his mind the virtues of the Golden Age, and man seemed there to be too *happy* to be supposed to be guilty.' Seamen and dyspeptic travellers tell us of the degradation of the Italians, but I don't wish to credit their stories; I regard the testimony of the god who left Olympus as far more respectable and trust-worthy. In the Italian I see a descendant of the mighty men of *Rome;* neither can I think of Rome as she *is*, but as she *was*. 'Tis still the seven-hilled city, with its purple heavens. The nightly guards of the Palatine still throng the courts and passages of the palace of the Cæsars. The two laurels of peace and war wave at the gate of Augustus. The tribune remains. The flood of Cicero's eloquence rolls through the forum. The colosseum echoes with the roar of wild beasts, and the clash of mortal combat. The 'Eternal Walls' have not yet furnished building material for shops and dwellings. The Rome of ancient days is still inviolate.

"I say, Mrs. Jones, how would you like to go to Rome? I have labored long enough and — why! bless me! the woman is fast asleep."

We waited some time longer, but the Major did not resume his soliloquy, and finally concluding that he had gone, body as well as soul, into dream-land, we went away, with a sharp pain shooting through our head, from ear to ear — the proper consequence of having listened for an half hour at a very frigid key-hole.

Δ. K. Σ.

LINES TO MY ROOM.

Friends often part — why should not we,
My room? tho' charged my memory
Ever shall be with thoughts of thee,
I leave thee now for haunts all unexplored,
As the butterfly its scanty shell
Forsakes, in wide-spread fields to dwell;
I seek the world to try its golden hoard.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Proud Autumn comes to crown the closing year,
For golden harvests, glorious sunsets, loved.
Wealth, beauty, peace are flowing with her tread;
Wealth, that the gentle Spring engermed for her,
In shrines of buds and leaves, and fragrant blooms,
By Summer's brightness filled; beauty more grand
Than Spring's, more brilliant e'en than Summer's waste of flowers.
And now the air is pure. The horizon vast,
Bounding the sky with its majestic curve,
Is clear and bold defined. The light-blue mist
That settles down o'er farthest landscapes verge,
Can ill obscure old Ocean flashing with the new-born day.
In arching grandeur springs the Autumn sky,
All bright and silent in its wondrous depths;
And depths so deep, expansive, and so pure,
That as we gaze far up their mystic blue,
They seem to lead the eye still on and on,
'Till it could almost think to pierce the veil
Of boundless space, or — Heaven it might be. Now,
Ere sunset glow is lost in western sky,
Through lengthening night's serenely placid noon,
And o'er the frosted fields of early morn,
The harvest moon looks down from cloudless blue,
Looks down on homes and absent ones, on joy and tears,
And floods a sleeping world in fairy light.
But Autumn brings a change, as Spring hath done,
The seasons come with life, and light, and joy;
In beauty and in brightness dies the year.
We saw the gentle Spring when Winter fled,
Pour broad a flood of verdure o'er the earth,
The forest stood, and through its sprayey depths
Grew green and gladsome in the radiance soft.
'Twas beatiful, when brooks were bounding, freed
From icy chains, and birds returning, hailed
Their homes with song, and thrilled the heart with joy,
To see the opening buds the sunlight greet.

'Twas beautiful when Summer found the woods
One waving volume of luxuriant shade.
'Tis beautiful, 'tis touching, mournful now
To view sweet nature, stricken e'en to death
By cruel Winter's messengers of doom,
Yet don the radiant garments, rainbow-hued,
As when some bride bedecks herself in joy,
And then, with Autumn glories fading fast away
Bow her bright head and die, as dies the year.
The falling leaf speaks sadness to the heart;
Yet how much loveliness decay can bring!
The frosts of Winter touched the free, wild woods,
And instant, like the spreading blush of dawn,
A wondrous beauty thrilled their arches gray,
And wove their summer green in brilliant hues,
How strange! 'Tis e'en as though, by nature's freak,
Some mighty garden of gigantic flowers
Had sprung to cheer and deck the dying year.
O'er hill and dale of waving forest reach,
By trailing rivulet and bushy glen,
The lavish wealth of light is poured around,
And opening glories flash upon the eye.
The woods are clothed in beauty. Gorgeous dyes
Of gold and crimson, and the blended tints,
When western sky is warm with sunset glow,
All these are there, and mingles with their light
Its unscathed majesty the evergreen.
A gentle breeze sweeps by; the forest seems
One fluctuating sea of rainbow-hues,
Each leaf in quivering, flashing radiance greets
The sunlight as for very joy, — but stop!
The leaf is dying; these are but the signs,
The touching signs of sure and swift decay;
The sweeter smile of beauty just before
Its eye is closed in dim and darksome death.
The forest stood in beauty e'en as soon
As Spring's warm breath had breathed returning life,
In beauty did its leafy masses wave
Beneath the shades and glory Summer brought;
But, like some noble spirit bowed by fate,

Its rarest, brightest beauty only shows,
When touched and blasted by Autumnal frosts.
The leaf is dead. The forest now is dead,
And soon in wildness, up each tree will fling
Its leafless arms, and moan with hollow dirge,
As though imploring Heaven to give again
The robe of verdure that was once its own.
The saddening days pass on — the fleeing year;
Gone are the joyous birds, and gone the flowers,
Passed are the Indian-summer days, that soul-like time,
When Heaven seems to brood o'er charmed Earth,
And Summer's spirit winging languid back,
Views for a season desolation's work,
Kisses and weeps o'er withered flowers and leaves,
Then flees away beyond the dimming sky.
The year has gone, the varied, beauteous year,
And, till the Spring resumes her gentle reign,
O'er trembling dust of what was once its pride,
The forest mourns.

LIVING BY DESIGN.

To live well and accomplish much, a man should live by design. We should *purpose* to do what we do, and not do it from habit or the force of circumstances. To live without purpose or plan, is to float along on the current, the sport of every wind and wave, and be carried we know not whither, but generally to sure and swift destruction. The currents around us often set away from virtue and truth; and it is only by a resolute purpose that we can breast them and reach the goal of a pure and lofty ambition. To purpose to do a good thing—to resolve to achieve great ends of life—to live by a well thought plan, requires the exercise of moral courage—brings into play the perceptive faculties, strengthens the conscience, and inspires the soul with a consciousness of strength and independence.

The youth who finally resolves to reach a praise-worthy end of life, lays a hundred other plans, all contributing to the furtherance of his main design; and he becomes a kind of governor over a little world—a general of an army of troops, all of whom he orders and marches and counter-marches, so as to contend with his foes to the best advantage; and the result is, he wins the battle.

Indeed, every step he takes is a battle, and every thought a victory. His hour of achievement is not listlessly postponed to some dim future, or the scene of his triumphs transferred to some distant clime of the imagination, but *now* is his time of power, and *here* his place of warfare. Every day he adds to his moral capital, and becomes a hero in his closet of preparation.

Such a person has true genius which will stand the test of future times. He has, in course of rapid formation and development, those elements of character which lie at the basis of all true greatness and of all lofty achievements. He will make a place for himself, and not have to seek one. Society will speak for him before he is ready, and what he gains he will keep, and ascend higher and still higher, limited only by the boundary of his natural life.

To live by design invigorates the whole soul, fortifies against the power of adverse influences, and is a vast economy of time. Such a person bears on his countenance the impress of a great purpose, and his whole being moves on under the stimulus of a great design. *He* has no time for trifling, and spends no time in retracing his steps, but he has a growing consciousness that he can do what he has designed, and *that* is half of the battle.

How soon such a person can be detected in a crowd; how he pushes his way through them; how he hurries on as under the invisible power of some mighty charm; how he seems all written over and suffused with the secret and lofty purpose of his life. It requires no prophet to foresee his destiny, or to depict to admiring friends the great and ever-widening results of his life.

THE CONVENT BELL.

Tolling slowly, stifled tones,
Rolling darkly, measured moans,
Echoing dimly, in the halls,
Through the portals of the walls,
Sounding sadly, eve and morn,
Rendering joy itself forlorn,
Discordant, clanging noises fell,—
Tolls and croaks the Convent bell.

Monastic in its every sound,
Music chill therein is found;
Monkish all its euphony,
Monotone its melody,
Muffled is its monody,
Manacled its harmony—
Ah! Many a Friar's solemn knell
Measuring, told the Convent bell.

Murky all the atmosphere,
Moving about in the region drear;
Dismal each advancing year,
As it glides along on its dread career:
Oh, life itself is overcast,
And death is dark and dim at last,
Where sound and chime menacingly tell
Of hastening time, through the Convent bell.

Ages have fled and time plods on,
Decay and rust work ruin anon;
The heath winds sigh o'er the desolate heap
Where gaunt and lone the turret keep,
Frowns, sadly, o'er the ruins bleak,
Echoing, how the hoot-owls shriek,
Resounds in the mouldering cell,
Neglected in the turret high, mute hangs the Convent Bell.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Go forth under the open sky, and list
> To Nature's Teachings.—*Bryant.*

No one who has any perception of, or love for, the beautiful, can fail to perceive in Nature a voice and "language," and that of the most touching meaning, appealing, for audience, silently but irresistibly to the heart itself. We are filled with awe at the sight of the whirling and dashing waters of a mighty torrent; but it is a mysterious power which is hidden beneath this uproar, that we feel speaking to us in that "still small voice" that Nature is wont to use when conversing with her admirers, it is the spray rising gently above the tumbling waters, and grasping and embalming the sunbeam, that draws our wayward thoughts upward with itself. Neither is it the hurrying storm-cloud, with its hoarse rumblings and vivid flashings, that fills us with that indescribable feeling, which is the sure accompaniment of a storm, but the silent and oppressive gloom which it brings with it, and spreads over the face of Nature, nor yet is it the roaring of the ocean on a tempestuous night, that pales our cheeks and stifles the beating of our hearts, but it is the terrible stillness of the midnight hour, rendered more terrible by the harsh sound of the waves and whistling of the wind, and the harrowing scenes and fearful forebodings which these all conjure up.

The effect of a long continued companionship with Nature upon the mind, even of the ignorant and unenlightened, can be seen nowhere more distinctly than in the case of the first inhabitants of our soil. We can ascribe no other origin to the strange and mystic theology of the American Aborigines, than their constant association with Nature in its wildest but most attractive forms, this same fact also gave birth to, and developed, that poetic element which is so marked and prominent in their character, and which, in some degree, is preserved in those poetical and musical names which still linger—as if unwilling to leave their early homes—around the lakes and hunting grounds, their early masters were so cruelly forced to abandon.

If, then, Nature has a voice and language, where shall we go to feel its power? Surely not to the crowded city, where the few trees that remain seem to murmur, as the breezes play among their dust-coated leaves, a longing desire for their native woods which they never more will see. No: the city is not the place where Nature sings her sweetest songs; to hear them we must leave the dusty streets for the sunnier, breezy country—there and there alone can we find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

If you would experience the eloquence of such things, speechless yet still speaking, look out on a wide-spreading landscape after a copious Summer shower, and, if you have a heart susceptible of any emotion, you cannot fail to hear, coming softly yet clearly to you, the songs of praise which all Nature is sending up to a kind Creator. Every feature of the landscape: the bending willow, the sturdy pine, the winding river, even the little wild flowers that modestly rear their heads, and dot the fields with their bright hues—stars upon a firmament of green, all seem vocal with thanksgiving.

A peculiarity of Nature's voice is, that all the parts which make up the great whole have each a voice, separate and distinct as themselves; and all these—some in the minor, some in the major key, finally meet and blend into the mighty symphony, which they roll upward and onward forever.

Of all these multitudinous voices, perhaps none are capable of more modulation than those of the sea and the wind; they have a strain for every mood, for our sad and pensive moments; the one, by its sweet music among the pebbles of the beach, throws us into a delicious reverie, and we wander in a dream-land of happiness amid the witching scenes of the tropics, or the orange bowers of sunny Italy, while the breezes load the air with the perfumes of the East. If we are in a happy, frolicsome mood, the rippling water will whisper in our ear wondrous fairy tales of "coral caves beneath the waves," and the freshening wind will play a merry strain on Nature's Æolian harp, the forest trees; or, if we are weary of this, and our souls long for something terrible and sublime, the wind will whistle fiercely around the corners of the streets, or shriek among the bare limbs of the trees, and the cordage of the ships, or the hurricane will sweep along in its mad course, tearing up and destroying everything that comes within its giant grasp; or, the sea will dash and surge over sunken rocks and upon jutting crags, telling us, in thunder tones, of despairing death-struggles, of drowning mariners, and noble ships sheering and plunging amid the towering billows, and in our terror we can almost hear the signal guns of distress, and the shrieks of agony, —almost see the struggling wretches and the sinking ship.

Time will not allow us to particularize, or even allude to the many other great outlets of Nature's thoughts, which all, though with different degrees of intensity and tenderness, influence our characters in life. The rippling rivulet, the mighty river, the laughing waterfall, the roaring cataract, all teach us the same touching lesson.

Love Nature, for God has given it to you, to minister to your happiness, and then, looking through it and above it, fix your heart in silent adoration upon the Giver of all this beauty and happiness upon "Nature's God."

HOPE.

WHAT is hope? A beauteous sun
Which gladdens all it shines upon;
A beacon on life's changing sea;
A star of immortality;
Source of all blessings, deep and strong;
A day-beam bursting through the storm,
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, O!—too sweet, too pure for earth;

A blossom of that radiant tree,
Whose fruits immortals only, see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen, enjoyed and sought each hour.

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE.

Prevalent in this age-progressive is the love of novelty. The world plods on, the contemplation of the past is lost in the turmoil of to-day. Advancement in its career whirls on, obliterating the past, engrossing the attention and attracting the gaze of the excited rabble. Neglected, and forgotten, in the dim and dusty chambers of decay, lie mouldering, the grand and once imposing vestiges of eld. And yet, to some the storied "reliques of the olden time" hold a fascination, more potent than the flittering baubles of the pomp and pageantry of the fleeting present. To these, indeed, they are an absorbing volume, fraught with a wild and thrilling charm. It is to the soul-abounding antiquary, groping his quiet path in the obscurity of labyrinthian research, patient, enduring and zealous, that every stone in the crumbling arch and fresco, in the neglected ruin, is legended with interest. Oblivious of the present, *he* lives amid the scenes and days of yore, his existence spent in sad and mighty contemplation :—

—— "Where once on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Now, glides spectre-like to his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones."

The zeal of the antiquary is rare, yet who has not felt, as he gazed on some relique gilded by age, the *charm* of the antique. Not confined, antiquity lends fascination everywhere. Gaze upon the ruined monuments of art; open the ponderous tomes which chronicle the deeds of old heroes; dwell upon the homely stanzas of the early poets; look upon the reliques of the gray old past, and, if these touch not your heart, sordid and sear indeed must be its emotions. The bustling present may excite, the achievements of to-day engross, yet, shut from the world, and closeted with the dusty, time-worn volumes, which tell of the glorious feats of "eld" —the tilt, the tourney, and the siege; and all that is brave, generous and heroic: the soul entranced and the imagination fired—feel we the charm of the antique.

THE SCHOLAR'S LIFE.

Among the many scenes which form the picture of life, there are none so ineffaceably bright as those of childhood and youth.

Their influence makes the man, and when in after years they rise in retrospect before him, he will feel that his school-boy days were the happiest hours of life. Though his path be steep and beset with difficulties, the scholar has joys that others can never experience. They are not the enchantments which distance lends. The man who toils for wealth, looks forward to the time when his riches shall be gathered in for the enjoyment of his pleasures. But the scholar's joys are in his very pursuits. Knowledge with him is not an ideal conception, to be realized in the uncertain future. It is the fruit of his daily labors. Each new truth which he discovers brings with it new delights, and his mind, continually expanding, opens to receive them. He is but just entering the boundless fields of learning, and while he plucks the flowers on their borders, he is enraptured with the prospect before him.

He views the achievements of the mighty past: the revelations of science, the facts embalmed in the historic page, the lore of the classics, and the literature of every age and nation; and his soul is thrilled with joy at the thought that he can make them all his own.

Yet, the scholar's enjoyments are not those, alone, which he feels in solitude and reflection.

The attachments of youth are strengthened by sympathies of a common pursuit. The school-boy's friendship and the school-girl's love are pure and enduring, and shed a radiance over the whole pathway of life. Like the little child disclosing to a mother's ear all his joys and sorrows, the scholar shares with his companions the pleasures of success and the disappointments of defeat. For, it needs but common experience to teach that the life of the student is made up of defeats not less than of victories.

It is, indeed, a continual struggle, and the question is whether he make it an *unconquerable one.* He should mount the " steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," as the ivy climbs the mountain side, and to him who thus toils there is no such word as fail. Genius cannot smooth his way unless there be a perfect connection of his talents with regular and persevering industry.

The mind of the fewest abilities, if armed with a determination to conquer, is destined for success, while, without the efforts which knowledge demands of her votaries, there can be no progress toward the realization of her pleasures. Learning can never be reached by royal roads. The scholar must struggle. His path is *onward* and *upward.* " Lives of great men " speak to him of the sublimity of his labors, and the " sands of time " await to immortalize his foot prints. In the long years of patient striving, through which the scholar's life is laid, he is ever cheered on by thoughts of the future. He may feel the present joy which learning brings, and have the proud consciousness that he is engaged in noble and manly endeavors. But it is Hope that quickens him to action. As with aching brow he trims his midnight lamp, he sees before him the tablet of fame on which he would enroll *his* name in *living* characters. He seems animated by something higher and holier than the common aspirations of men. The same ambition which has impelled the greatest minds of the past incites him to press onward. The philosopher, who studied from Nature's page the laws that govern the falling apple and the rolling planets, the poet who sang, in blindness and old age, the grand epic of a lost paradise, the orator who struggled amid the wild discords of the roaring ocean to bring forth his mighty powers of speech,—all felt the inspiration of the scholar's hope. And the humble student who strives to fill up the days and years of his life with the treasures of knowledge, is encouraged by the same desires which sustained these great intellects, and he fondly longs to follow in their steps.

Difficulties may hang over him, fortune frown on his efforts, and all seem dark around — but there's "a silver lining" to every cloud, and the rainbow of promise shines in upon each storm of adversity. The prize of future renown gleams before him, and an unfading hope buoys up his spirits as he presses forward to the goal. And what, do you ask, is all this worth? Why these strugglings, these yearnings for something unattained? What are the aims of the scholar's life? Is it gold he seeks? Is it an inglorious ease for which he toils? Or does the bubble reputation allure him on, and a false ambition animate his labors? Is it one, or all of these combined, which feed the flames that learning has kindled? Such are never the objects of the true scholar. To him the end of life is to gain the most *perfect development of all his powers* for the purposes of benign and useful *action.* The discipline of study will accomplish its only important use, if it shall have fitted him to commence the active duties of life. For in some career of action, his faculties must have their exercise, and if, prepared by early efforts, he pursues, with untiring zeal, the highest ideals of his soul, he *will be all he desires to be.* Yes! scholar, yours are opportunities that never return. Like a dream your scholar days are passing away, and the stream of youth is fast bearing you on to the broader current of manhood and age. The present is all your own. Spend it wisely and the future will bring you the reward. Let your *joys* endear the labors of your lot — let your *struggles* be victorious — your *hopes* never fade — and let all the *ends* you aim at be your country's, your God's, and Truth's. Then will you show the world that in the scholar's life are wrapt the germs of thought which bud and blossom through the years of time, and will ripen into full fruition in the endless ages of eternity.

AUTUMN.

Autumn is fading day by day,
As leaves their sorrows tell:
The brightest months have sped away,
And zephyrs borne their knell.
Come, then, O Muse, with muffled lute,
In sadness touch the strings,
And breathe a sigh for fading flowers,
Sweet gems of a buried Spring.

Still tower the elms in grandeur,
Though 'reft of vernal bloom,
Like guardian angels round us,
Portraying Autumn's gloom;
And in each leafless branch is hung
A harp-string, sear and dry,
O'er which the wind-god loves to sweep
With deep and fervent sigh.

Dark forms are rustling on the ground,
In sombre mantles dressed —
A mourning train along the walk,
And on the mountain's crest,
As round fair Autumn's dying couch,
They stand in close array,
To bear her lovely, drooping form,
Down through the vales away.

Soon her smiling brow shall disappear,
Enwreathed in golden light —
Soon ruder blasts shall gather near,
Hastening Winter's night;
And snowy boughs shall wave aloft,
With murmurs wild and low,
While icy gems crown mountain-brows,
And brooklets cease their flow.

OBITUARY.

Even as at the base of the sacred mountain, the scenes of our Redeemer's humiliation and exaltation were closely contiguous, so is it that all the labyrinths of human life are chequered presentations of evanescent, fleeting joys, and blighting, corroding sorrows. The confluence of these, in their ever progressive flowings, constitutes the stream of life, the probation of earth; and they are the experience of all. And thus, when as a Society, we had well-nigh closed for another season of union with each other, an enjoyed engagement in our high object, the death messenger ruthlessly summons from us one with whom we had commingled, and demands that we close not these pages without a record of his invasion.

John Whiting Allen departed this life, November 11th, 1855, at his home at Great Barrington, Mass., in the 18th year of his age, from congestion of the brain.

The deceased entered Phillips Academy with the commencement of the Autumn term of 1854, and became a member of the Philomathean Society, on the 16th of September following. He enjoyed a participation in our pursuits, and early engaged in our various exercises. Our last issue bore his name as an Editor, the office of whom is one of responsibility and importance. In his removal from us we are bereaved of one whose affability and equanimity of disposition and readiness for acts of cordial kindness united us to him with ties peculiarly appreciated in the student's life,—and a pall of sadness is extended over us.

On the morning of the Sabbath, October 21st, he was somewhat unwell, yet regarded himself as able to attend Divine Service, which he did for the last time. On his return, the premonitory symptoms of coming prostration increased, yet considering himself as but temporarily ill, he endeavored to pursue his studies on the subsequent day; but, on Wednesday morning, in accordance with medical advice, he withdrew from us, not doubting that the kindly ministrations of love at his own home would remove the occasion of apprehension of coming prostration. The exhaustion of the conveyance having ceased, there was for a brief season an apparent absence of former premonitions; yet, ere long, the forces of disease regathering themselves, removed reason itself from its throne, and with but transient intermissions he continued unconscious until his departure.

A stricken Society and Institution unites its grief in sympathy with that of his bereaved relatives. Widowed mother,—for thee and all thine, hath the public, the social and the private appeal ascended to the throne of love and mercy, that in this renewed bereavement the Great Physician should visit thee with the Balm in Gilead, his own sustaining grace. Dost thou trust that ere the cherished one of thy love, to whom thou didst confide the support and consolation of coming years, had heard death's early call, he sought and found, in the Lamb of God, an

All-Sufficient Saviour? O, then, thou mayst rejoice in that trust! And when thou beholdest the garb of winter arraying the place of his mortal rest, think not of the winding-sheet and shroud and pall, but of the white robes and the palm and crown, which are the investitures of those who are "without fault, before the throne of God." And, supported by this trust, when the hand of love may train the flowers of Spring above his relics, think not of him as there. O, no! not there, but in that clime where flowers immortal bloom,—flowers which are transplantations from the soil of earth, for the supervision of the Lord of Paradise.

And when from earth's unrest thy Saviour calls
For thee, in love, to dwell in heaven's own light,
Thou shalt behold, blooming in fields Elysian,
Thy flowers of earth, *forever free from blight.*

To the members of this bereaved Society and Institution, the instruction of this providence is, that all remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and consecrate their hearts and lives to the service of the Redeemer; then, at whatever period we shall hear death's call, it shall be followed by an unalloyed communion with Him whom we shall have served below, and a re-union with the sainted ones, the loved and lost of earth, who shall all be found in heaven.

W. W. Dow.

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H. G. Spaulding,
J. W. C. Baker,
H. Ward, } Editors.

EARTH'S BURIAL PLACES.

As we live on, day by day, in the midst of earth's joyous ones, and surrounded by all the pleasures which life can afford, we should be in great danger of forgetting that this is not always to be our home; that we are but pilgrims and strangers here below, were it not that happiness is not sure nor uninterrupted, and that sorrow and sadness oftentimes cross our path and strew it with thorns.

Happy, then, is it for us that there are some things that tell us, "man is mortal," is destined to live but a few short hours, as it were, and then to wither, and fade, and die. Of all places in Nature's wide domain, the Burial Place seems to me to speak most loudly. That spot, in each town or village, is sacred as the last home of mankind; where, here and there, the marble slab or monumental pile mark the last resting place of some who once were fellow-pilgrims with us, in our onward course; others who, having sooner commenced their journey over life's rugged path, sooner gained its end; and some who, after us, entered upon the toilsome march, have also finished, it being the will of the Master that *their* homeward path should be short, though perhaps not easy; for, amid the roses which are scattered along our paths, the thorns (which lie concealed until we tread upon them) may have been most thickly strown.

Here, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, and those of all classes and descriptions, lie down together in one common bed; they have found one common home — the Grave. Not only does it claim, as its victims, those who are strangers to us, and for whom we have never formed an undying friendship; but also many who, when on earth, were loved by us, were dear to us as our own life, and whose memories are now cherished with the fondest recollection, and with whom we hold sweet though silent converse, as day after day rolls by. Yes, there are nooks and corners in those burial places, which are sacred to us, as containing the earthly remains of beloved ones.

Although nothing but the casket which, in life, contained the precious gem, is covered beneath the valley-clods (for the gem has been returned to the Bounteous Giver); yet it is a pleasure to visit the hallowed places and strew the grave with earth's choicest flowers (which, themselves, are a fit emblem of man's frailty), and to plant the drooping willow, that its sighing branches may wave gently over those heads now laid low in the dust; it seems that the loved ones will thus sleep more sweetly, though they may be unconscious of our care.

But the earth, with its grassy mounds and waving branches, is not man's only cemetery. There is a larger and more extensive one than earth, that needs no enclosure to guard it, that admits no mourning friends within its limits; the only monument is the coral reef; the only flowers, earth's mossy plants; the rolling waves of the deep blue sea are the only visitors; the howling winds, the only requiem. There, many of earth's nobles, as well as obscurer ones, will sleep with the inhabitants of the mighty deep, until the last trump shall sound, and, at the command of Him who first *gave* life, the sea, as well as the earth, shall resign her dead.

We too, ere long, shall be numbered with that company who have travelled to the realms of shade, and our voices will be silent in death. How truly, then, does it become us so to spend the few days allotted us here on earth, that, when called to give them up, we can feel that we have made but an exchange for the better. Gue

“MAY LILIAN IS DEAD.”

Sings the robin on the tree,
Sings he half so merrily
As in seasons fled?
I hear him not, I hear him not,
Past life and joys are all forgot,
May Lilian is dead.

Gleams the sun o'er hill and vale,
Dancing o'er the flowery dale,
Rays of gold and red?
I see it not, I see it not,
Past life and joys are all forgot,
May Lilian is dead.

Dash the brooklet's merry falls,
O'er the smooth and pebbly walls,
To the river's bed?
I hear them not, I hear them not,
Past life and joys are all forgot,
May Lilian is dead.

Sigh the breezes in the grove,
On the hill she used to love,
Where the path-way led?
Ah! I hear them wailing, weeping,
For beneath, a form is sleeping,
And the willow watch is keeping,
For May Lilian is dead.

THE PRACTICAL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Man, by nature, is endowed with a judgment and understanding, to acquire and practise what is *necessary* for his existence, as well as *taste*, to appreciate the *beauties* that are spread out before him. And the Creator of the universe has wisely ordered that ample provision should be made to enable him to perform the stern realities of life, and to gratify his higher sensibilities. Indeed, the practical and the beautiful are blended together, and *unitedly* compose every object in the universe. Take out, from this world, the element of beauty, or the element of use, and it would cease to be this world; for they are mere complements of each other.

The solar system, while it furnishes light and heat, so necessary to the growth of animate nature, presents, in its various changes and features, views the most magnificent and glorious which we can conceive. And so it is with *every* object in nature; and he who, while living in the daily enjoyment of the blessings of life, can neither see nor appreciate anything beyond mere utility, is unworthy the name of *man*.

The husbandman, who feels no more than sordid interest in the growth and expansion of vegetable life; the mariner, whose soul is never impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of the surging ocean; the scholar, whose energies are directed *only* to the acquirement of knowledge and the discipline of the mind; are deficient in some of the nobler feelings of our nature. Not that we would wish to imply that the study or pursuit of the beautiful should be made the *prime* thing, either in art or nature; but that it should not be excluded, but that everything should have its appropriate place.

We all despise the cold, calculating, matter-of-fact man, whose soul is bound up within the narrow compass of his sordid desires, whose aspirations extend no higher than the mere supply of his daily wants; in short, who views everything, even those objects which should call forth his warmest affections, as so many avenues of his selfish purposes. He may have power of a certain kind, and accomplish much in the world; but the higher attributes of a man he does not possess. As he gazes upon the last rays of the setting sun, no higher emotion fills his soul than that of the close of another day, and the lapse of time. The music of the birds, the sublimity of nature's scenery, have no charms for him. Cold and repulsive, he views all things with a mathematical eye, and measures the most beautiful objects in the universe by the standard of mere practical utility. Such a man enjoys but half of the blessings of this world, never feels his soul enlarged with the contemplation of what is grand and ennobling, and, at the close of his life, it cannot be said that he has fulfilled the design of his existence. On the other hand, the man of mere feeling, of *mere taste*, who, while admiring all that is beautiful and grand, feels no inclination to do his part in the drama of life, we all as much despise.

The votaries of pleasure, the slaves to fashion and feeling, whose powers, whose abilities, time, and means are all devoted to the so-called improvement of taste, as far fall short of anything like meeting the end of their being. The practical man sees the stars rolling in their spheres, time after time; but his thoughts are on the perplexities and anxieties of his business; the man of taste beholds them with emotions of almost adoration, and his mind is called away from all merely transitory objects to the contemplation of the incomprehensible wonders of creation.

As the practical man goes forth into the world, he pushes hastily forward into the busy strife, he has an object in view; this he is resolved to obtain at the sacrifice of everything else. The man of taste has, perhaps, the same object in view; but, while intently engaged in pursuing this, he culls the choice flowers, and enjoys the beauties that fall in his way; and thus he harmoniously develops and improves all the faculties with which he is endowed. The stern practical man sees no advantage in the pursuit of the fine arts, and feels no interest in their progress; but the man of *true taste* sees in them many reasons why they should be made the object of study. The reason of this is, that one views them through the cold medium of philosophy, as it were; while the other has a spirit and an understanding that can appreciate their true nature. And, if we do not despise the knowledge that may be brought down from the skies, or view with contempt the lessons that may be drawn from the various wonders of the universe, but make every object of beauty we may chance to behold a means of improvement, and every object of grandeur a means of ennobling the mind, we shall have, in every pain we bear, in every trial, and every sorrow, a fund of comfort and consolation ever fresh and inexhaustible.

[illegible]

WEARY NOT.

As vapor, ever to the sky ascending,
Becomes condensed in rain, and, downward tending,
Rushes impetuously to earth again,
So strives the spirit, ever, to attain
The heaven of purity, but strives in vain;
For, vapor-like, when highest it is floating,
Some low-born passion, some weak earthly doating,
Checks its career, unnerves the spirit's pinion,
And resubjects the soul to sin's dominion:
Failing and fluttering from its lofty height,
Down, down the spirit rushes into night!
Faint spirit—*weary not;* again resume thy flight.
Who that can soar, would dwell on earth forever?
Each trial strengthens; and when death shall sever

Thy bonds, then shalt thou enter on an upward flight,
Emerge from darkness into endless light,
Stretch thy freed pinions, soar from sun to sun,
And fold them not till heaven itself be won.

Dou

LINES ON THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Dolefully tolls the bell
For the dying year,
A sad and mournful funeral knell,
Sad and drear;
For the Old Year is passing away,
Even as in the west
Dies the day.

Merrily rings the bell
For the New-born Year;
It ringeth a chime that soundeth well
On the ear;
For the New Year is coming this way,
Even as in the east
Comes the day.

THE LOST ONE.

We all know it is a mournful thing to die; but how mournful must be our feelings, especially when we see a little child, who had been wont to cast gleams of sunshine around us by its playfulness and its sweet and innocent prattle; and, in our moments of pain and sorrow, was one means of joy and comfort, suddenly snatched from our caresses by the ruthless hand of Death. The departure of an older friend, from the family circle, may long be mourned; but when the little idol of our hearts is taken, there is a spot touched that knows no healing, and a link broken in the chain that binds us, that *never*, no *never*, will be replaced. Time may glide swiftly on, and all else be bright about us, but there will be moments when the tears of sorrow will gush unbidden forth, and we shall feel ourselves grievously smitten by God. But when we see a little one called, thus early, from among us; when we see the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, we must know our loss is heaven's gain; for the little priceless jewel goes to shine brighter in His crown, and but returns from whence it came to gladden us. The following lines were suggested on hearing of the death of a little child, who had scarce passed its infancy; and was called, thus early, Home.

So young, so fair, and yet so soon to die,
Th' expanding bud, just blossoming into life
So soon to droop, and feel the withering touch
Of him, who hath all seasons for himself;
Who calls alike the old, the young, his own.
So soon to hear the master's call,
And yet, so ready to obey.
It was a frail and tender flower, that for
The little time its Father, God, had nourished it,
A mother's watchful care had guarded,
A care that knows no ceasing, and who
Oft had watered it with the tears of deep affection.
But ah! where rests that little flower now,
That bloomed the idol, within the garden
Of her love? 'Twas called to deck
A garden ever green, to bloom
Within the soil of Paradise.
The merry music of his fairy laugh,
And his little pattering foot-falls, that went
Ringing through the house so happily
Are heard no more; and the sweet prattle
That the mother's ear heeded so eagerly,
And dwelt in raptures on the lisping accents,
That her darling boy would utter while at play,
Are hushed. The laughing eyes, that
Twinkled with their baby innocence are closed.
And the little hands, that clasped its mother's knees,
When lisping its little prayer at eventide
Are now still, and closed in death.
The sweet "*mamma*" that stole like
Music on the ear, will be heard no more forever.
Yes, fond mother, thy little one hath gone.
Hath gone to welcome thee, to find a place
For thee within the walls of Paradise.
Hath gone to be the brightest jewel
In the diadem of Him, who gave it thee.
His it was, and He has *taken* away.
'Tis better in the sunny days of childhood
E're pain and trials gather round,
Sweetly to fall asleep, and wake in Heaven.
Oh, how weeps that stricken mother,

When she sees each little toy, with which
Her darling was wont to play so prettily,
Untouched. And as she opes the little drawer,
That holds her lost one's wardrobe now unused,
And thinks when last he put them on,
Affection's tear comes trickling down her cheek,
And she feels herself smitten heavily by God.
Why should she mourn? From cares
Of earth, her loved boy hath gone to join
Th' angelic throng, that sweep their golden harps
In praise of Him, who sitteth on the throne forever.
Louder and louder swell the strains, that gush
From Heaven's Seraphic Choir, as another
Ransomed soul is borne triumphantly on high.
Methinks that Heaven's heralds have tuned
Anew their harp-strings, and now
Give signal to wide unfold the pearly gates,
And welcome the little stranger to the golden city.
Then weep not, fond mother, nor murmur at
Your Heavenly Father's will; but bow
In humble resignation to Him who hath
Bereft thee, and believe he hath enshrined
Thy jewel, in His own bosom.
The spring will come again, and birds will
Fill the air with soft, melodious music.
Earth will be decked with a bright robe of flowers;
Take of these flowers, and with them strew his
Little grave each morn; and as you cover
Him with their fragrance, shed tears, *not of sorrow*,
But of joy and happiness, to know another lamb
Has sheltered been within the arms
Of the great Shepherd of our souls.

Feb. 1, 1856. ROLYAT.

MONEY.

MONEY is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock-jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the "almighty dollar." It is the end and aim of our temporal labors. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the case of life and death, for his salary. Money makes the man; man must make money, if he would be somebody; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in a splendid equipage, and pays the rent of the best pew. It commands the respect of the gaping crowd, and insures obsequious attention. Who would not be rich? It enables us to be charitable, to send bills to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rude scenes of life, and spreads over the rugged paths of daily existence a velvet carpet, soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinctions, and teaches poor, weak humanity that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity: the beggar and the millionaire rest, side by side, beneath the sod, to rise in equality, in answer to the final summons.

NOVEMBER.

The last in the train of grave Autumn is near,
His shrill tuneless pipe in the loud wind we hear;
He has robed the dark earth in his mantle of gray,
And has finished in nature the work of decay.
The songs of the gay woodland minstrels were hushed,
Ere the first northern blast o'er the tree-tops had rushed;
The deep crimsoned oaks that stood in their pride,
The gayly dressed maples and birches beside,
Are stripped of their glory, dismantled and bare,
They quiver and creak in the damp chilly air;
While their dry withered leaves are scattered afar,
Like hosts that are routed and flying from war.
The dark, towering pine showers its tassels around
To protect the bright moss-tufts that sprinkle the ground;
And its whispers are mournful; and dirgelike the tones
That echo the sound of the wind's dying moans.
Farewell to the beauty and flower of the year,
Grim-visaged November with storm-cloud is here;
The music of zephyrs is changed for his wail,
The low-bending skies have taken the veil,
And sadly they weep o'er the dark frozen bier
Where winter shall shroud the remains of the year.

AVARICE.

The present is emphatically a money-making, money-loving age, and Yankeedom in particular is infected to a peculiar degree with this mania for the accumulation of wealth, to the exclusion of all things which interfere in the least with this cherished purpose. But the "almighty dollar" is no new divinity; it has always had eager devotees. In the olden time it was the god Mammon, honored with costly images, and ardently worshipped by thousands, burning for a share in the distribution of his golden favors. Bias, one of the seven wise men, propounded this question: "What in this world is most delectable?" and in the same voice answered, "to gain;" and judging from the ardor and assiduity with which men now engage in the pursuit of wealth, the sage then gave utterance to a world-wide, and eternal truth.

A desire to obtain gold for the purpose of supplying our immediate wants and necessities is natural and indispensable. Both mind and body constantly demand their proper aliment, and this call must not be slighted with impunity, or serious results will inevitably ensue. But when this desire for gold as a necessity degenerates into an all-absorbing passion, a humiliating love of the base metal for itself, it is then branded as avarice. And among the vices of our nature, none is so despicable, so utterly foreign from the nobility of the true man, as this degrading covetousness. It absorbs all the nobler qualities of the mind, and binds them to its galling service; it bends all the energies of the intellect to its one supreme object; it warps the soul's more refined sensibilities; it checks all the high aspirations and genuine impulses of the heart for the good and the beautiful. For the miser cannot be susceptible of the finer emotions. Nature to him is a mere blank, otherwise than as a mean of increasing his treasures. He looks at the running stream and thinks not of its beauty, but calculates its possible advantages as a mill-race. The antiquity and beauty of a forest tree will not bear the weight of a feather when placed in the balance against a mere modicum of gold. In fine, avarice obscures all those vestiges of the immortal which are traced in no faint lines on the human heart; and, breaking the perfect symmetry of the moral and intellectual *man*, it leaves the miser a mere machine, well adapted only for the purposes of trade, the accumulation and possession of gold. He becomes a pitiable slave to his own possessions, and yet by a strange infatuation is enamored of the golden fetters which hold him in thraldom.

FULL OF SNOW.

Out in the wind and storm, upon a tree
All stripped and bare, sits drearily
A bird's nest full of snow,
From which the bird hath parted long ago.
From that cold nest no song of joy is flowing,
No cry for food from tender nestlings going,
Only the cold, cold winds that round are blowing,
Full of snow.

Mourning and sad the barren branches wave
Around that nest an unprotecting grave:
'Tis sad to see it so,
Braving the storm from which it cannot go.
Fetters of ice the driving sleet is leaving;
Alone to that cold branch we see it cleaving,
'Neath sun, and stars, and moon, and winter's heaving,
Full of snow.

Type of a wilder, colder winter's reign,
Semblance of deeper, soul-in-wailing pain!
For well this world I know,
That it is very wide and full of woe.
Cold, cold as here to-night, round hearts are wailing
Winds of dark grief, the spirit's features paling.
Yes! millions walk this journey, weary, failing,
Full of snow.

God knows of grief that we know not, alone,
God knows of nests from which the bird has flown,
Of hidden, silent woe,
That we pass by, and lose in life's great flow.
God sees the stricken mourner's secret weeping,
God sees the dark cold shadow, silent creeping
O'er hearts that cold distrust or sin is heaping
Full of snow.

O, what does the wide world know of real life,
Ours as it is, an inner, silent strife?
Of thoughts that ever flow
Deep in the secret soul, what does it know?
In each soul's realm of being, there's an ocean
Ever unknown to man; and yet in motion,
Shoreless and deep; with storms that have their portion
Full of snow.

Green vales, but tremble o'er earth's inner groans,
Dasies bloom white above the battle's bones:

We surface-gazers do not know
The hidden caves the ocean laves below.
There is a night that never knows a breaking
This side God's heaven: suns rise and yet no waking;
Sleep on the lids of joy, and moments flaking
Full of snow.

Have ye not felt it who have laid God's boon,
The loved and lovely, in the tearless tomb?
Whom God hath made that bitter hour to know,
When from its resting-place the bird must go?
Have ye not felt it? who in doubt are treading
Paths on which faith no light is shedding,
Which pride or passion day and night is spreading
Full of snow.

See! as I linger here, the clouds droop nigh,
Winds, storm and night rush howling from the sky:
Hopeful, though sad, O God I go,
For Thou art God of spring as well as snow.
I know the time is short: if we are steady,
A home beyond time's falling flakes is ready,
When o'er the vales around God's feet shall eddy
No more snow.

J. J. Crowe

THE WEST.

Upon this vast, beautiful horizon, which ever sweeps round us with its majestic curve, there is one point clustered thick with glowing associations; a spot where Nature loves to show her brightest pictures. It is the West. Yes, the West is linked, in all our hearts, with a thousand scenes of grandeur and beauty, pictured on its canopy in living light. Never a glorious sunset, but every tint decked the brow of the western sky; never a majestic thunder-storm, but it rolled up its dark bulk, and piled its snowy summit, and drew its high, golden outline in bold relief against the western sky; and there, when the sun has just vanished from our view, the gentle star of evening twinkles through the golden haze; there, when he is far on his mighty circuit, bearing his train of light to distant nations, the silvery moon and all the gliding constellations of night sink, one by one, beneath its dark blue outline. On those skies are placed the scenes and hues which inspire the poet; and there daily, for the meanest eye, are hung pictures such as no poet or painter can delineate.

What a glorious thing is this sky over our heads; of lofty, brilliant blue, yet changing with every breeze; now dark with tempest, while, in sunshine or storm, the earth smiles or frowns in unison. It is the great feature of creation, which is everywhere the same: away from home, in manhood, in old age, the heavens of our childhood are above us; and, through them, the clouds, and sun, and stars, forms of beauty and of grandeur, are passing, varied, yet ever the same. When all things else are strange, and the heart pines for something of its native scenes, its home, we look up with delight; the soul reaches out to those depths of blue; we rejoice in their broad embrace, and feel that *all* is *not* strange. The azure dome of what should be God's temple here below, stretches the sky above us; fit emblem of its Maker, great, and pure, and beautiful. There is beauty in its every mood: in its repose, and when the storms sweep over its bosom; there is beauty in the East, and beauty in the gentle, glowing West; but the West, the birth-place of tempests, the resting-place of the sun, is the spot which Nature has chosen for her brightest displays. Its harmonious colors will never fade; the Hand that spreads them never fails; and while the earth holds its course around the sun, future ages will gaze upon them with the same feelings which thrill *our* breasts, and inspire *our* thoughts.

FANCY.

Tell me where is fancy bred?
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In a mythical region she dwells,
  Mid music and perfume of flowers;
In the heather and tangled dells
  Of the Fay-land of ivy-hung towers.

A beauteous maiden is she,
  With lustrous sparkling eyes,
With a carriage graceful and free,
  And a garb of gayest dyes.

Capriciously merry she sports
  'Mid the tints of the gilded cloud,
Or moody she poutingly courts
  Obscurity — dim solitude.

Yes, Fancy 's a queer little maid,
  Beguiling the hours away

In mirtle or in sadness arrayed,
Cajole her? why, any one may.

Then joy to the quaint little fay;
May she visit each saddening soul,
And radiant, sadness allay,
And sorrow to gladness cajole.

MOTHER.

Among all the gifts of Heaven's bounty, few can compare with that one given us at the first moment of our existence, whose name was the first word pronounced by infant lips, MOTHER! How much of music is there in that word; how much of meaning. Our first thoughts were of her; our earliest recollections are of her.

Different, indeed, would be the remembrance of our childish years were they not connected with thoughts of her who was then, to us, more than all the world besides. Nor is her kindness and protection needed alone in the helpless days of childhood. But, in after days, and maturer years, a mother's counsel, a mother's influence, are invaluable; and how, if separated from her, do we miss her at those times when we need assistance and direction.

Three things there are, which a mother bestows upon her children, more precious than gold or silver, and more enduring than life itself: a mother's love, a mother's tears, a mother's prayers.

Sad indeed must be that day, if such there be in our lives, when we cannot speak of a mother's love as ours. Dark indeed is that day, when we are bereft of this, Heaven's richest boon to mortals. Then indeed, if ever, may we say we are left alone, all alone; then, indeed, do we feel the hollowness of all things earthly; for a star, whose light has never before dimmed, has now fallen; a bark, which never was weakened by the surging billows of ingratitude and coldness, is now dashed in pieces by a mighty force; a gem, more costly and precious than the diamond, is lost; yet not lost, for it glitters, with a more dazzling brightness, in the Saviour's crown.

Are we sad? Our first resort is to her who, we know by past experience, will sympathize with us in our sorrows. Do we stray from "Virtue's narrow path?" Then, too, do her tears flow freely for her wandering child; and there are few so hardened, few so careless, that they can withstand these expressions of grief, and go on, in the way of wickedness, regardless of a mother's tears.

We know not how many of the blessings which we enjoy are bestowed, it may be, in answer to the prayers of a sainted one in heaven, whose prayers are now changed to praise ; or, it may be, of her yet on this earth, whose prayers are still ascending for us. How much do we owe to her, who thus spends her time, her energies, her life, in efforts to promote our happiness.

Let us, then, so improve the talents intrusted to our care, that we may gladden our mothers' hearts, by being prepared for usefulness in whatever station is assigned us, and so fulfil our part in life that the memory of our name and of hers who made us what we are, shall exist in many hearts when we are laid low beneath the clods of the valley.

THE FUTURE.

YEARS are coming,— ~~after~~, speed them onward,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance and falchion
Sleep in silent dust.

Earth has heard too long of battle,—
Heard the trumpet's voice too long !
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in song.

In the past,— the age of iron,—
Those who slaughtering met their kind,
Have too often worn the chaplet
Honor's hand has twined.

But the heroes of the future
Shall be those whose hearts are strong,
Those whose words and acts shall only
War against the wrong.

But the sabre, in their conquests,
Shall no part, no honor own ;
War's dread art shall be forgotten,
Carnage all unknown.

Years are coming, when forever
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel, Peace, be welcomed,
Regent of the world.

Hail with joy that coming era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance and falchion
Sleep in silent dust.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

What is true eloquence? It does not consist in the smooth and studied speech, in the graceful and polished effort of the civilian, nor the splendid product of some great politician, who, by mere force of elegant words and chaste delivery fascinates and enraptures the multitude. Study will not, alone, accomplish it. Learning and refinement may aid it; but, without feeling, and some grand motive to impel, it becomes as nought, and is useless. The gentle flow of high-sounding words, from the honied lips of some miserable courtier, great because rich, and shod with gold and silver, may delight for a moment, but produces no other effect. No: these do not constitute true eloquence. It is the unstudied effort of the impassioned soul, the burning flame that bursts from out the smouldering fires of strong conviction, sweeping on, onward, until its sparks inflame and set the souls of men on fire for action. It comes like the overwhelming burst from the crater of the volcano; like the thundering whirlwind's crash, that lashes the ocean into terrific fury, and lifts the very pebbles from its bed. When the orator feels he is about to say something of vast importance, something that must be accomplished, that concerns the people's rights, and his country's good, then may we look for true eloquence. But only on the side of right and truth will true eloquence be found. Without these to aid, the scholar's boasted rhetoric, his fancied eloquence, will be in vain; and although transient spells of admiration may be woven around his hearers, the sunlight will soon fade, and the gilded logic will be overcast with many clouds. The display of such oratory would never gain the desired effect, and would elicit but a passing murmur of applause.

True eloquence is not that which moves the populace; but that which, "by the summit, takes the mountain-oak and makes him stoop to the plain;" that moves the rocks and stones of the field to action. Turn over the pages of history, to the time of the American Revolution; look for true, burning, genuine eloquence in the speeches and actions of the master-spirits of that storm; men who had raised the whirlwind, and who were fitted to ride in and direct it. Those were "the times that tried men's souls." Then was no fit season for oratorical display, and brilliant flashes of wit. It was then, patriotism was eloquent; a dauntless spirit was eloquent; a fixed, firm resolve to have liberty or death. Then true eloquence held sway, and shamed even genius itself. Words were not wanted; learning was not wanted; earnestness of purpose, energy of character, unflinching action were wanted. Such an orator was Patrick Henry, when his sympathies were enlisted for his bleeding country. The fire of determination shone in his eyes, and every feature was knit with passion. He was an orator coined from Nature's own mint. Such men as he were not the orators for one day only, and therefore sought not to build their fame upon the sandy basis of a false taste, fostered, if not created, by themselves. They spoke for immortality, and therefore raised the pillars of their glory on the only solid foundation, the rock of nature. Look for true eloquence in the cause of truth and virtue. For if the orator engages in that which is wrong and unjust, his choice language, his exuberant imagery, is all in vain. But if truth be with him, nothing can stand against him, and he will rend and tear to pieces the strongest defences his adversary may have built up for himself. Word-painting will not give eloquence. The frame may be splendid, but the picture will be worthless. It must be a mighty and roaring torrent, a short, but bold and most terrible assault.

The Christian orator is the true orator. He will never swerve from duty. When he grasps his subject, and knows it to be noble and just, he rises as the thunder-bearer of Jove, when he mounts, on strong and untiring wing, to sport in fearless majesty, over the troubled deep: now, sweeping in immense and rapid circles; then, suddenly arresting his grand career, and hovering aloft in tremulous and terrible suspense; at one instant plunging amid the foaming waves; at the next, reascending on high to play, undaunted, amid the lightnings of heaven, or soar towards the sun. Look for true eloquence in the Christian preacher, when he feels the true force of religion. But for an eloquence of higher order, for an eloquence we love too little, listen to the roar of the cataract, the thunder's peal, the howling of the winds and the rush of the whirlwind: in all of these speaks the voice of God, the pulsations of whose heart vibrate through every vein of the universe. Language would be inadequate, and the pen would refuse its task, to describe such eloquence as this — this is the eloquence of the Almighty.

ROLYAT.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

How beautiful the night! the broad arched heavens
Are dotted over with bright twinkling stars
That breathe upon the stilly air their sweet
Yet voiceless music. See from behind yon
Fleecy cloud. Slow rising, the full orbed moon,
Resplendent in her lustrous beauty, looks
With smiling face upon the weary world.
Mark how the moonbeams sparkle on the trees,
Decked with their robes of winter's jewelry,
Making each tender twig a crystal diamond,
Each drooping branch a string of glittering pearls.
See too — but look, what means yon blazing fire
That tinges with its ruddy glare the snow;
And leaping upward with its forked tongues
Lights up the surface of the neighboring pond?
What mean those nimble forms that, from the dim
And distant darkness, come in circling flight,
Linger a moment, sharp and well defined
In the bright ruddy fire-light, and then
As swiftly disappear, to reappear
And skim in mazy, sinuous movement
The crystal surface? What mean those murm'ring
Voices? Listen, for floating the still
Night air, rising in rich and manly tones,
I hear the sweet notes of the skater's song.

SONG.

I.

Come brothers; the moonbeams bright
  Shine soft on the snow-clad earth,
And seem to invite with their silvery light
  To an hour of sport and mirth.

Chorus.

Then on, brothers, skate and sing,
  We care not for the morrow;
Old winter with his snow white locks
  Brings joy, but never sorrow.

II.

Joy, brothers, the ice 's our home,
  And our skates are nimble steeds.
As we merrily go over ice and snow
  Grim study, our foe, recedes.

Chorus.

Then on, brothers, etc.

III.

Sing, brothers; what think we
Of sorrow or stubborn care?
On our steel-shod skates we'll laugh at the fates,
We're free as the mountain air.

CHORUS.

Then on, brothers, etc.

The song is finished, still a few dim forms
Are seen to linger for a moment in
The now waning fire-light; and then in
Swift mysterious course to disappear.
Softly I hear the music of their skates
Come from the distance; fainter and fainter
I hear them; till at last they die away.
The fire too begins to flicker, upward
Leaps convulsively, sinks again—goes out.
'Tis so in life. In the smooth current
Of our probatory course, sometimes a gleam
Of wild excitement, like the skater's fire,
Flashes but briefly only to expire.
And the sweet forms that cheer us in our journey
Pass away—we hear them faintly, they are gone.

IAMBUS.

NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

It is ever conducive of strength and chastening refinement to a penetrative genius, to seek the tracing of those labyrinths of Nature's processes, by which the Giver of all good commissions the descent of his abounding blessings.

There is a stream which unceasingly supplies the wants of all created beings, flowing with equal beauty and purity, beside the halls of the opulent and the hovels of the wretched, bringing its life and vigor to all. It is the beverage which God, the Eternal, provides for all his children; not amid poisoning gases and deadening corruptions is prepared the precious essence of life; but in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and, high upon the mountain-tops, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunders concentrate their fury; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the towering wave rolls the chorus; there he prepares it, that beverage of life and happiness. And everywhere is it an expression of life and beauty; gleaming in the dew, shining in the ice-gem, casting a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze over the midnight moon; folding its snow-curtains mildly about the wintry world, and weaving the changing skies, the seraph's zone of the syren, whose warp is the rain of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all adorned with celestial beauties by the mystic hand of refraction.

Such is the beverage which flows for all. May our appreciation be commensurate with its lavish profusion.

Andover, Dec. 10*th*.

Messrs. Editors:—How much soever poetry may owe to the imagination trained by labor and confined by reason; yet there may be poetry, and that of a high stamp, when almost all of the educated man is absent; when there is nothing engaged further than a child's simplicity; the young child's character is beauty, is poetry. No man was ever too old or too wise to be instructed by a child; and it is a relief to the scholar, after laborious exertions in the depths of philosophical research, to light on some simple, truthful statement of feelings, which were once his own, before his mind became too harsh and rugged to entertain such gentle guests. And if he cannot see the beauty of simplicity, his milder and at the same time his nobler nature is fast leaving him. Alas for him in whom no traces of childhood remain!

It is with an eye to these facts that I send you the following trifling expression of the feelings of youth. I cannot believe that unpretending ideas and unpretending language are always useless.

Little bird, little bird,
Over the white waste below,
Where dost thou find thy food
Above the spreading snow?
On every bush that now seems bare
To all but me,
Waving in the whistling air
Ripe berries be.

Little bird, wandering bird,
Where canst thou set thy feet?
To rest thy wing above the snow,
Where canst thou find a seat?

The elms in grandeur tower around
Me everywhere;
Above the frozen, hidden ground,
I rest me there.

Little bird, wandering bird,
How dost thou keep *thee* warm?
Amidst the snow and bitter cold
Of winter's icy storm.
My feathers soft around me lie
By night and day,
And under their warm covering, I
Chase cold away.

Little bird, winter bird,
Why dost thou only live
O'er winter's snows, and to his storms
Thy tiny chirpings give?
The snows are bright, the sky is clear,
My heart is warm,
And happier I, because that here
I brave the storm.

THE ALL-CONQUERING KING.

THE passage of life is a continuous advancement towards the home of the mortal, and the home of the immortal. The nothingness of this our mortal state, is a truth for which the untiring aspirations of man's conceptions has furnished at once the most expressive and impressive emblems; and all the past unfolds its storehouse for the proof of that which conception has portrayed. The inexorable agencies of mortality proffer their services to gather all to the final abode of their fathers.

Alexander, the festive cup dashed from his hands, while he exults that Europe is at last avenged on Asia; — Cæsar, falling at the threshold of his empire, just as he advances fearlessly forward to the mightiest labor ever projected and entered upon by man — the organization of a new political world from the chaotic ruins of past impracticabilities;—Chatham, whose warning voice is suddenly quenched, as, amid the assembled nobility of Britain, he deprecates the dismemberment of his native realm;—these, and countless hosts of kindred testimonials, are illustrative of the unfearing march of the all-conquering king, whose ruthless innovations regard neither the pageantry nor obscurity of earthly conditions.

Saladin, with the treasures of the Orient in his hands, and one-half of the world at the disposal of his word, and the other half awed by the terror of his name, hearing the summons of the relentless king reverberating through the halls of death, commands that the banner around which his cohorts had so often rallied on fields of carnage, should be brought to him; and then, directing that the silken folds be removed, he orders that the winding-sheet be affixed in its stead, and that the heralds, accompanied by the musicians, in a funeral dirge, should pass throughout all Damascus, and, at each street, exclaim: "*This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin.*"

The distance from the throne to the bier, is no greater than from any other earthly position; the monarch of all gathers "lord and slave" to his own dominions. All human history is inscribed on sepulchral tablets. The mightiest and most enduring exhibition of human art is a monumental pile to the memory of an Egyptian king. St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's at London, the Pantheon, the Acropolis, Pompey's Pillar, the towers of Europe, and the minarets of the East, each rise towards the heavens, striving to perpetuate the memory of the dying past; and, outreaching them all, on the Egyptian desert, rises Cheop's Pyramid, in time-defying grandeur, a monument to death.

All these are considerations pertaining to mortality. But as the mortal descends to its native home, even so does the true immortal ascend to its palace and temple-home above. And when the period of its release arrives, it may rejoicingly behold (as beautifully represented in ancient bas-reliefs), the white-robed cherub Death, as he stands before the marble gates, and hear that loving voice which will assure it that the unfolding of those gates shall usher it to all the measureless domains of creation, which shall be the province of its untiring and celestial range.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Right glad are we, dear readers, to meet you again. It seems a long, long while since we last had the pleasure of bringing to your notice a copy of our Mirror. Indeed, as we think of it, Winter has come and gone, and it is now Spring; at least so the Almanacs tell us; though, as we look out of our window upon the cold, bleak fields of snow, and hear the wind whistle, with a chilly shrillness, around the corners of the Dormitories — a somnolent name, by the way, as if their inmates were expected to do nothing but sleep — we are almost inclined to believe that, for once, these same Almanacs have lost their title to infallibility, and that the frigid old fellow has determined to "hang on" with us a little longer. Our old friend Virgil, as his heart was gladdened by the bursting buds, warbling birds, and sweet odors of an Italian Spring — could sing :

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus,

but no such glad ejaculation for us, at least for the present; still, Dear Reader, let us hope : snow, and mud, and mire will soon pass away ; and, in the rich enjoyment of an Andover Summer, we shall forget the "sloppy and miry" dreariness of an Andover Spring. And yet, with a thankful spirit be it said, our life here has not been a dreary, uninterrupted routine of study : the old Baptist church (our unassuming Temple of the Muses) has witnessed many a pleasant sight; and, as we write it, the music of Mrs. Wentworth's voice, and the pastoral sweetness of Krebs's flute, still linger lovingly with us. Reader, there is a seductive charm in music; have you never experienced it? It seems, at times, as if a thousand delicate, invisible fingers were feeling down into our inmost souls, and finding there our tenderest heart-strings, they play upon them with tremulous touch, until we are filled with the thrilling melody. But forgive this diversion, while we speak of the concerts, etc., which have so kindly helped us "drive dull care away," we would not forget the crowning event of our eventful term : but the following, from an esteemed correspondent, tells the story.

We all have heard the news — *sad* to some, *happy* news to others. The intelligence spread like wild-fire all over the [illegible] hill of Andover, till, as if spontaneously, there burst from the mouths of hundreds, the all-engrossing cry : "Uncle is going to Europe!" Alas, 'tis but too true! The guardian hand of Old Phillips — the watchful eye, ever seeking the good of so many hopeful children — the kind, but stern master — the faithful teacher — the good old *Uncle* of us all, is about to bid the sons of Phillips a long farewell. But shall we mourn his loss, sorrow at his departure, when so many scenes of pleasure await him? It is hard to say good bye to one so dear to us. Andover and Old Phillips will never seem like home, when we miss his portly presence, yet we will not lament. It is all for our good.

From our heart of hearts we bid him God-speed. A friend of ours, formerly a member of the Acad., has been, *à la* Old Mortality, spending his leisure in searching out the "unhonored dead," in the older of our cities and towns. He happened, one day, upon a broken tombstone, upon which was the following inscription: Here lies a King — But hear his own story.

Being somewhat curious to see the craniological development of so distinguished a person, I ordered the skeleton to be disinterred. But after long and toilsome search, not a trace of a bone could be found. So the earth was replaced, and the stone again set up. But upon turning it over, the rest of the inscription was found to this effect:

"Here *lies* a King, whose name was John;
A bigger *lier* was never found.
Here John King *lies*, then, but upon
This *grave-stone* and not *under ground*."

Doesticks may well look out for his laurel crowns. He has met his match, as the following, purporting to be from N. B. Deuteronomy Dough-Head, Jr., Esq., fully testifies.

Mr. Editor. — Abbott Female Seminary — familiarly called the "Fem. Sem." You've heard of it — big yaller house — lots of windows — crowds of pretty girls, (all but the *pretty*,) peeping out — red hair, brown, black, white, mixture, yellow-ochre, and sandy hair. Black eyes, blue eyes, pink eyes and red eyes. Big noses, little noses, and noses intermediate. Thick lips, thin lips, ruby lips, and two-lips. Place where young ideas are trained to shoot, and where young *shoots* (of the Senior Class) go to find "eye-dears." Where Academy boys turn their eyes and sigh, except a few, who turn their noses in the same direction, and follow. In short, Mr. Editor, I mean to call your attention particularly to that renowned literary institution, called and known by the name of the Abbott Female Seminary, designed for the instruction of young ladies of superior talent and intellect. Also to my experience at my first attempt to enter the precincts of its sacred walls.

Went down town one night to get some oil; got some oil and started for home. High wind sprung up, hat sprung off, and I sprung after it. Ran half a mile without intermission; consequence, tired, no hat, hair disheveled, and ears froze. Gave up in despair and jogged along home. Another *Gale* sprung up right in front, in company with sixteen "Fem. Sems.;" felt bashful, head all bare, and clothes disarranged generally. Concluded to "crowd all sail and scud by." Flung shawl over my head, set my nose straight, took aim and cut. Ran three steps and lost my bearings, got off the track and no time to take a sight. Going likety split, gave a lurch one side, unluckily the *wrong* side. Consequence, collision, smash up, break down, dreadful accident done on purpose. Fell flat, got up and lost my shawl. Looked round, one girl minus a bonnet, red haired one had the nose-bleed. All the rest, looking straight at me, undoubtedly forcibly *struck* with my appearance. Scared half to death, didn't stop to apologize, put like sixty, ran like blazes, and puffed like thunder. Chased my shawl three quarters of a mile over six stone walls and one hedge, and thereby lost both gloves, pen-knife, wallet, (which held my "little all," i. e. three cent piece and one cent), also tore my pants and broke both suspenders. However, I got my shawl, (or what was left of it), wound it three times round my head and shoulders and again turned towards home. Got home and found my fire all out and chum in bed, room cold, water frozen, and bowl cracked, pitcher ditto, only worse. Decided to retire, and after inhuman exertion succeeded in getting to bed, where I dreamed all night of railroad accidents, steamboat collisions, and matrimony. Waked up next morning by the bell ringing for prayers, chum went, I concluded to be *sick*, *was* sick, sick as could be, tired of life, thought of suicide, but concluded to wait till the weather was warmer, and the river thawed out. Went to sleep again, and dreamed I went to Hades with the red haired damsel with the broken nose. Waked up disappointed, but no longer had an antipathy to red hair. In fact, I had actually fallen in love with the before mentioned damsel. That day much to my astonishment, I had a pressing invitation to call the next Friday evening at the Abbott Fem. Sem. Three times I determined to go, and three times I concluded I would'nt. First I shaved, and then called myself a fool for doing so; then I blacked my boots, and tried to persuade myself they needed it, (but that was'nt very difficult to be sure). Afterwards, at different times during the afternoon, I put on a clean shirt, changed my collar and pants, brushed my hair full half an hour with an absence of mind quite amusing, trimmed my finger-nails, and discovered for the first time that I needed a new hat, new cravat, and an entire new set of linen. Also resolved to try a new laundress and pay two cents extra a dozen. Looked at my watch and found it was stopped, jumped up in a hurry and found it was half past eight already, didn't stop to consider, but started post haste for the big yaller house. Arrived, didn't dare to ring, peeked in at the windows, but couldn't see anything. Waited five minutes and rang the bell. Waited five more and rang again, this time took effect, took effect all over, in shape of three separate and distinct pails of cold water, from three separate and distinct windows situated above me, which came with three separate and distinct splashes on my head, neck, shoulders, and even legs; and which drew from the bottom of my heart, three separate and distinct ejaculations not unbefitting the occasion. In short, I was mad. I raved, I raged, I tore, I swore, I frothed at the mouth, I chewed my tongue, I spit blood, I liked to choked with rage, and I felt considerably angry.

Messrs. Editors, need I tell you I left the premises immediately? Of course I did, and I am now prepared to hand in my vote, and exert my utmost influence to abolish and completely annihilate that wretched and abominable institution, known as the "Abbott Female Seminary."

Y'rs with a broken spirit and spoilt hat,
N. B. DEUTERONOMY DOUGH-HEAD, JR. ESQ.

Poor fellow! *we* did not meet with such a *cool* reception. *Our* New Speaker must be careful what he says. He little thinks of the direful result of his remark: "Let her slide." A correspondent says:

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The following lines were suggested by reading in the papers that Mr. Banks had once in a political speech said, "Let the Union slide."

If a fellow's got a lesson,
  Rather hard and dry,
And a fellow feels so lazy
  He don't want to try,
And if he hasn't got the ponies
  So that he can't ride,
Just be 'aisy,' don't be fretting —
  Let her slide.

If a Senior's up in Virgil,
  Thinks he's go'n' to 'flunk,'
And the questions hit his cranium,
  Like a snow-ball, chunk,
Let him use this sure emetic,
  (Never fails when tried),
Holler out, it's *more specific*,
  And let her slide.

If a fellow boards in Commons,
  Where they live so high,
And the fellow's late to supper,
  Can't get any pie,
Let him take some white or brown bread,
  Open his hopper wide,
Pour thereon the luscious syrup,
  Then let her slide.

If a fellow goes a courtin'
  Some smart pretty miss,
And the gal gives him the mitten,
  When he thought 'twould be a kiss, (!)
Let him thank his stars that never
  To that damsel was he tied,
And with joy at his deliverance
  Let her slide.

Spicy, that, isn't it? Once more: a "Death," and then we close.

DEATH.

Died on the 17th inst. of sausage fever, Rosy, eldest pet-kitten of the late Susan and Thomas Cat. Greatly do the bereaved friends of the unfortunate Rosy, lament her untimely departure. Although the disease was hereditary, and both father and mother were taken away by the same cruel hand of death, yet the blow fell like a thunder-bolt at the feet of those to whom the gentle Rosy was so dear. Numerous were her excellent qualities, and the usual viciousness ascribed to kittens at her age, found not a resting place with the gentle Rosy.

"RequiesCAT in peace!"

And now the time has come, DEAR READERS, for us to relinquish our quill, fold up our paper, and say, Farewell! With those who are never to return, we would linger a little longer, ere we pronounce that word that is to sever the tie that binds us together; but the parting would be only the more painful. We know that there is no day without a night, no sunshine without a shadow; neither is there friendship without partings. So we must, per force, calmly submit. Yet, be assured, dear friends, that we shall never forget you. Good bye! and to you who *are* to return, we would also say, Good bye! May you have a happy, healthful vacation. God bless you all. Farewell!

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Stuart M. Taylor,
Robert G. Hutchins, Editors.
David S. Morgan,

SILENT WHISPERINGS.

How gently the soothing consolations of hope fall upon the crushed and wounded spirit!—they steal into the soul, and so entwine themselves among the bleeding fibres of the heart, that ere we feel the change, the bitterness of our grief has passed away, and, once more, we can, through faith, look up in humble and submissive trust.

These are ever with us, and are our constant companions. In the hour of silent reflection, they fill our thoughts. Bright images of the past rise up before us, and softly whisper of the bright and sunny days of childhood, whose light has long since fled.

They tell us of the *mother*, now perhaps passed away, beside whose knee we've often kneeled to offer up our infant orisons. Do we go forth to list to nature's teachings? Still, they are with us, and every rock, tree or flower attests the greatness of Him who formed them, and who gave them their many beautiful colors; and their mute voices eloquently plead with us; the tiny rill falling like a silver cord down the gentle slopes; the beautiful streamlets, meandering through the green meadows, or falling in sparkling cascades down the slight declivities; and even the noble river rolling majestically onward in its course; and the blue ocean, with its restless heavings; all speak to us in a varied language, and yet so plain that all may understand.

Does the memory of the wanderer, roaming in distant lands, never present before his mind, pictures of the friends and home he has left behind him? Does the bright sunny sky of fair Italy revive no recollections in his breast, of the blue-arched canopy that stretches over the home of his birth? Are mind, heart and soul all absorbed in an engrossing thirst for *new* scenes and pleasures? Ask him, if at the still hour of evening, when the shades of night begin to shroud the landscape in their sombre livery, no gentle monitor, within, speaks to him in thrilling tones, of the spot where he passed his childhood's happy hours, before the cares of manhood had left their impress upon his brow.

They have touched the heart of the prodigal, who has wandered from the path of virtue, and deeply drank of forbidden pleasure. They have caused him to return to the walks of rectitude and uprightness, and opened to him wider fields of higher and more ennobling joys. In every circle of society, in every position of life, both where the smiles of fortune have scattered their golden gifts, and where "chill penury has imbittered life's happiness," their influence is felt. The recollection of a mother's prayer, has reclaimed an erring son from the unhallowed ways of sin, although long years may have intervened, and with magic power has withdrawn his heart's affections from the things of earth, and centred his highest aspirations on the joys of heaven. TIRO.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE, that Monitor within,
Which bids us flee from every sin,
The law of which should be supreme;
I've chosen as my lofty theme.
Imagine soul and mind of man
A realm, directed on this plan.
Let Conscience take a royal seat,
Passions, Emotions at her feet;
The latter, let us *subjects* call;

While She with laws protects them all.
View her as seated on a throne,
While in her hands rewards are shown.
Her head with sparkling gems is crowned,
Ambrosial zephyrs float around.
Faces of beauty yet are seen,
Though now she bears a troubled mien.
She once was honored, powerful, great;
But she has lost her first estate.
Her subjects once obedient were;
But many now delight to err.
They've ceased to love her kind restraint;
But love her every joy to taint.
She once was happy, for she knew
Her subjects all were kind and true.
Now, many sorrows dim her joys,
Her golden pleasures sin alloys.
She once did conquer lust and pride,
But now quite heedless on they stride.
With cant she envy once restrained;
And wicked passions once enchained;
But now they revel unsubdued.
Her powerful grasp they now elude.
Conscience, though much abused, yet stands
To grant her followers lovely lands.
She aids on Virtue up to bliss,
And gives to Charity a kiss.
She grants Benevolence a crown;
Lays Mercy on a bed of down:
Affection true and unfeigned Love
Onward to joy do ever move.
Justice and Honor, hand in hand,
She gives to rule a chosen land;
Admits them to her counsels high,
With their advice does oft comply.
Goodness, Humanity and Truth
She blesses with an endless youth.
Patience, Obedience and Hope
She grants a sway of boundless scope.
She gives them these whene'er she can,
When vice does not engross the man.
She loves to give, but must withhold;
When subjects will not be controlled.
She then, with pain, applies the rod,
And strives to lead from sin, to God.
When not o'ercome by passions vile,
She guards from evils which defile;
Yet conquered oft, and oft abused,

She sinks in death with tears suffused.
Her subjects then in darkness mope ;
Their way to black despair they grope.
Oh ! green-eyed Envy, then beware,
Nor slay your Queen to gain despair.
Now vilest Pride and Lust and Sin,
To serve your Queen at once begin ;
Suffer and bear her kind restraint,
Nor cause her love in death to faint.
Oh ! kind Affection, purest Love,
Exalt your Queen the heavens above.
Humility and Kindness true,
Still faint without the aid of you.
Yes, kind Emotions, one and all,
Unite ! and say she shall not fall :
Unite ! and raise her to the skies,
For she your every want supplies.
Oh ! long may Conscience live and reign !
No more may guilt her virtue stain !
But may she conquer Death and Sin,
And with immortal subjects win
A Heaven of blessedness above ;
A Mansion of eternal love.

THE HIDDEN POWER OF GOD.

The rock-ribbed hill, the lofty mountain peak, the dense forest, the broad expanse of ocean, the silver lake with its lovely scenery, the swift running rivulet, and the sluggish river, the existence of man, the abundant provision for his returning wants, the periodical recurrence of day and night, of seasons and years, the beautiful adaptation of men and animals to their peculiar climate, and the general harmony of the natural world, all speak, in glowing language, of the visible power of God. But there is a hidden, *secret power*, which surpasses all these in grandeur and beauty. The fierce glow of the volcanic fire, cast forth from its boiling bed, the swift lightning, the hoarse bellowing of the thunder peal, and the rumbling of the earthquake beneath us, the silent hand that gives life to the vegetable kingdom, the freshness of spring, the beauty of summer, the shades of autumn, and the chilling influence of winter, speak of the *secret power* of God.

Deep in the earth beneath us, separated from us only by a thin surface, there exists a boiling, seething mass of liquid fire, restrained by *this* power from bursting forth and destroying everything that has life. The air we breathe, when decomposed, contains the most destructive elements. From the power of sustaining life, they degenerate into that which destroys it. The water which we drink with so healthful an effect, in a very slightly different combination, would be a messenger of *death* instead of *life.*

We walk unwittingly among the messengers of death every day, and yet are preserved by the silent power of that being, who is invisible to us, yet never fails to care for us. Surely, these are but the "hidings of His power." These are but the workings of His power in the *natural world.* Yet the unseen power that governs and controls the *political* and *moral* world, are often of far greater importance. The fate of empires is often guided by an invisible agency, so that the result shows a complete contravention of the schemes and plans of designing men. When they would establish tyranny and despotism, and everything bids fair for the accomplishment of their ends, they are met and silently thwarted in their designs. By this unseen power, the most diabolical means are often overruled to the accomplishment of a good end, and all through the influence of this power, *silent* in its operations, but *mighty* in its results. The "still small voice" that speaks to the human heart, is none the less powerful because *still,* for it often has power to subdue the hardest heart, and make the stoutest tremble. "God is a spirit" and *invisible* in himself; and it is perfectly *natural* that he should work by invisible means. He has implanted a love for the *mysterious* within the mind of man, and well does he gratify it in the mysterious working of His laws.

SICULUS.

TO MEN ALIVE.

I WON'T give up the luxury and ease
Of thinking, writing, speaking as I please;
The voice of my own nature I obey,
My own sense, thoughts and likings mark my way.
What! can a man a true discoverer be,
Who sails but charted highways of the sea?

Augments he aught mankind's or his own wealth,
Who copies others' acts by toil or stealth ?
Counts that mind aught or nothing which displays
But borrowed forms and foreign fruits and ways ?
Fulfils it God's command and Nature's charge
Not from without but from within t' enlarge ?
Blessed the bold, uncopying, natural mind,
For treasures new and worthy it shall find.
Cursed the slavish, common-plodding crew,
Who mock God's wish, and produce nothing new.
Ye will not model me by any rule
Of any human teacher, creed or school:
I shall never be made as boots are made,
(Though this, O college masters, be your trade,)
On one blessed block a thousand pairs are cramped,
Rubbed to one shape, with one impression stamped !
How worketh God ? Behold the forest trees !
Hath nature from one pattern cut their leaves ?
Hath God boxed stiffly up and made them grow
Each trunk and branch alike, or in a row ?
Nay ! ye shall search the breadth of earth in vain,
For two alike in growth or shape, or twain,
That differ not, though to one single race
They all belong. But each in its own place,
Willow and oak, ash, maple, beach and pine,
Elm, cedar, cypress, palm and fruitful vine,
Stand gloriously and grow, as God has given
To each good soil, with rain and suns from Heaven.
So will I grow as showers and dew and light
Have fallen on me, nor shall man my right
To Nature's course deny, though I be small,—
As God makes me I joy, though least of all !
Yea ! so may all men grow, that, like the trees,
Each give a different music to the breeze,
That when the wilderness of mind is stirred,
A million-noted harmony be heard.

THE RULING PASSION.

It is the grand distinguishing characteristic of all animate nature, that there is a motive and design for every action. In the beast, it is instinct ; in man, it is reason.

The motives which press upon men are as various as the different pursuits in which mankind are engaged, but they can be resolved into the two ruling passions of the ambitious, wealth and honor.

The first, in different degrees, is common to all. The second, manifests itself in various ways, with different degrees of intensity.

With the warrior, the ruling passion is glory, honor and widespread renown. For this, he is willing to deprive himself of the sweets of domestic life; for this, he will wade through seas of blood, and trample down the blood-bought privileges of thousands; for this, he will engage in the heat of conflict and gory strife; lead armies upon armies of noble and valiant men to subserve his ambitious designs, but who will reap no reward for their deeds of valor, except that their blood shall fatten the field of battle, and their bones shall bleach on the remnants of the scene of direful carnage. Some there have been who have fought for liberty and the freedom of their country, but they stand out among the circle of conquerors, as almost isolated instances of a true and lofty patriotism.

With the politician, the love of glory predominates, but in a different way. All the distinctions of rank and station, all the self-congratulations and self-complacence of being the head of a glorious empire, the respect and obeisance of thousands; and finally, the satisfaction of having his name handed down from generation to generation, as an object of admiration and wonder, all these and many more are held out as the reward of the successful striver after political advancement and glory.

But no profession or occupation has so many inducements for the ambitious and aspiring, as that of the student. The farmer behind the plough, the blacksmith at the anvil, the mechanic at the bench, the operative in the manufactory, the seaman on the mast, the merchant in the counting-room,—all these pursue their respective occupations simply for the sake of the remuneration which will accrue from them.

But the scholar, besides this, has something higher and nobler to spur him on to lofty endeavor. The examples of the famous and renowned of former times are placed before him—their labor and their zeal, the toilsome but successful progress. And, again, the reward of his industry will be of a lasting and eternal nature. Not for the day, nor for the hour, but forever and forever, will the mind of man exist. And, as its proper improvement will enable it better to carry out the design of its creator, the student eagerly seizes every opportunity of enriching and storing it with useful knowledge.

And, moreover, he studies for the ensuing pleasure of it. One of the greatest of these is an enlivened imagination. As he by degrees becomes acquainted with the history of the past, his mind naturally reverts back to those distant ages. He pictures out before him the turmoil and commotions of the Roman populace, listens with rapture to the soul-stirring eloquence of Cicero, sits in awful silence during the deliberations of the senate, mingles in the heat of conflict and din of arms, and rides in triumph into the Roman capitol. He delights to imagine as present before him, the fabled gardens of the Hesperides, to soar even to the very summit of Olympus, and behold the God of thunder in his native abode, to sit down with Juno and Minerva at their festival scenes, to partake of the ambrosial food and sip the pleasant nectar.

Such are a few of the motives that actuate and encourage a student in his toilsome course. Other pursuits may have less enjoyment and less labor, but we can have this consolation, that if we follow any honorable calling, with a worthy motive, we shall experience pleasures of which before we had no conception, and, at the same time, fulfil the end of our being. ANNOTATOR.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A rugged, steep, stony path is life's journey to the author and the poet. A desert of gloomy fears — barren — with but few sparkling oases from which he can quaff deep draughts of encouragement, to refresh the wearied traveller and impel to greater effort. He has his nights of sleepless toil, and even in his slumbers, dim spectres of disappointment and poverty crowd around his bedside, and phantom images of misery and cheerlessness flit around his pillow, and seem to mock the workings of his brain. For years of toil and hardship, he receives, perhaps, the slight applause of the people — but oftener the scoff — the severe and unmerited criticism, and the unwarranted scorn of thousands. These are the remunerations, the priceless gifts for all the trials of a literary life. But there are exceptions. There are also lasting gleams of sunshine cast along his path, that cheer him to greater effort. Then what joy steals over him, dispelling all the gloomy clouds of fear and despondency, and causing the sun of his happiness to rise with undiminished lustre, and shed around him a light of hope and success.

Go bid Elia, Coleridge, and hundreds of other bright stars, that once flashed in the firmament of literature — go bid them speak and tell you, how great are the trials and remunerations of a literary life! and methinks they will tell you, that although great the labor, and small the reward, still, the satisfaction of having tried to accomplish something, for the instruction of mankind, will more than recompense for all the trials and disappointments of the author's life. Some there are who like the lofty mountain, tower above the smaller peaks around them, and defy all access, as well aught but admiration. The sun seems to shine upon them with greater brilliancy and cheerfulness, and the radiant stars confess their majesty.

The hard pine chair, and the dusty garret are thought to be the poet's peculiar property. But no—methinks the shady dell, with the babbling, pebbly brook, whispering at his feet, and nature's carpet as a resting place, under the clear, blue sky, is the most suitable haunt for the poet. Give to the student the rusty chair and table, and the dusty garret, but to the writer give the open air. With nature's myriad voices around him, there is an indescribable charm linked to every effort. The warbling of the feathered songster is not to him " unwritten music," for each and every note is traced upon his mind in letters of living fire. Even the sighing of the winds among the forest trees, or the rustling of the withered leaf, does not pass by him unheeded. The blue canopy above him, the burning stars, the tiny warbler of the wood, the forest wild flower — all created things, he can but admire as harmonious adjuncts, or well-timed episodes in Nature's sublime Oratorio. Each and all are pregnant with glorious suggestions. The poet, to be a poet, must be an admirer of nature. Such was Milton, Pope, Wordsworth. Such was Byron. Byron — one of the greatest prodigies the world ever saw. Truly nature excelled herself when she gave birth to Byron—and nations looked and wondered. Such as he, " who, seated on a lofty eminence, 'cloud-capt,' or reflecting the last rays of the setting sun, and to whom all approach is cut off, not more by elevation than distance, are seldom seen. And they, even who, by the might of their own genius compel, like Byron, even nature herself to bow, and to whom "nature must sit for her picture, who do not go to her, and whose efforts glow like a flame and scorch," receive but a feeble recompense for their wearied, labored life. Ingratitude is too often heaped upon them. But their labor is not always in vain. Their names will be immortal. Such poets as Milton, Byron, Pope and Campbell, will never be forgotten — they wrote for immortality. What rapturous emotions, what transporting feelings fill the breast, in the perusal of works such as theirs. "The poet's cemetery is the human mind, in which he sows the seeds of never-ending thought—his monument is to be found in his works."

> "Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven,
> No pyramids set off his memory
> But th' eternal substance of his greatness."

Π. Σ. Φ.

THE ASTROLOGER.

Silently strode he to and fro,
And his mien was grave and sad;
Wild and wan as he'd come and go,
He paced in a measured tread.

And uttering many a broken word,
He stood where the lamp shed dim and low,
His hair by the zephyr gently stirred,
Silvered as white as the pearly snow.

And he sighed as he stood there all alone,
And he mused in a gloomy strain;
He beat his brow with an inward groan,
And he paced the room again.

He thought of the thoughtless life he led,
And his boyhood on the Tweed—
Of hopes and joys forever sped,
The cottage and the mead.

But they've laid him low, forever low,
In the village of his birth;

Yes, " Life is all a fleeting show,"
The end of which is earth.

And on a gray old tombstone
You'll read this epitaph—
Ponder it as you gaze above,
Forego a tear or laugh:—

"Here lyes a manne who read the stars,
And horoscoped a Knyghte,
Who delt grime destiny and wars,
May God protect ye ryghte."

RESIGNATION.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.
J. G. WHITTIER.

As hope is the great mainspring of all human actions, and should ever be with man to buoy up the soul in his darkest hours; so should resignation, the most beautiful of all christian virtues, ever be with him, to shed a hallowed light around his pathway, to mould and fashion him into the image of the Son of God. Yet when disappointments, trials and misfortunes overtake him, how seldom do we find him resigned to the will of his Maker—trusting the gracious promises of his Redeemer — knowing that this light affliction which endureth but for a moment shall work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

It was in the spring of 18— that I called to see a friend who had been suddenly prostrated with a severe and distressing illness. She was far from her home and kindred with none as it were but strangers,

" To smooth down her lonely pillow,"

and breathe into her ear those words of hope and consolation, which a mother's love or a sister's affection can only supply. She was in the bloom of youth, and looked forward upon life with anticipations as bright and joyous as many others. But in a moment she was stricken by the hand of God, and doomed to pass many wearisome days and nights on a bed of pain and suffering—in languor and sore distress. Yet as I entered that sick room I readily saw that no gloom was there, but the pale face of the sufferer was calm and peaceful, and beamed with radiance and light as did the setting sun, which was just then flinging its last lingering rays into the apartment, and as the evening zephyrs gently fanned her cheek, and lifted the raven tresses from that fair brow, I saw in those lovely features an expression not of remorse and regret, not of revenge or despair, but an expression of sympathy and love, of cheerful hope and calm resignation; an expression which was clear to every one, that she had not lived in vain; that if her short career on earth was now so soon to end, she could depart with joy and not with grief; that it would be for her but a reunion of kindred spirits in a holier and happier land, where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

And as I stood at that bedside and caught with a listening ear those words which fell from her lips, I said to myself, It is

"Not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die,"

for they were words which only a christian could utter, words which showed, although the gentle spirit was soon to pass away from its frail tenement, there was prepared for it a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Truly here, thought I, is brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory, mortality of life; here is revealed the patience and faith of the saints; and here the unsearchable riches of Christ.

When I left the apartment, the sun had set, and the moon was shining in all its resplendent glory among the innumerable number of glittering stars with which the heavens were spangled over. All was peace and quietness, and nothing was heard to break the stillness, save the winds as they sighed mournfully through the tall pines, and the ever murmuring stream that went meandering through the valley, and seemed to be saying, God is love.

Ye who buffet the storms on the ocean of life, and stem the tide of sorrow and distress, why are you fearful, O ye of little faith? Trust in Him who said to the waves, Peace, be still. Visit the abodes of the humble and afflicted, and learn a lesson from the woes of others. Cease to make mountains of mole-hills, nor multiply to yourselves tribulation and anguish, from the petty trials of life. But follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. Seek to benefit all mankind. Love thy neighbor as thyself, remembering that blessed is the man whose strength is in the Lord, in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

When nature sleeps, and Heaven's lamp
Is high suspended, o'er her starry zone, and all
Is still as Death; save when at intervals
The plaintive cry of the Whip-pö-wil is heard,
Or the ceaseless dashings of the murmuring brook.
When slumber sits brooding on the eyes of men,
And the azure vault of Heaven is ripe with stars,
There is a fit hour for man's meditations,—
Fit hour for man to hold communion
With himself, and with his God, and wonder
At the skill, the matchless skill, of Heaven's Artificer.
The toils, the trials, and the pleasures
Of the day are over. No wearing, grinding
Thoughts disturb the mind's serenity,
For all partake of nature's joy.
Then let man go forth, and 'neath
The studded blue, immeasurable arch above him,
Heaven's canopy, star-spangled,
Ask himself, "Why am I here?
Why am I left to still live on,
While thousands, good as I, have been
Snatched by death, the nation's conquerer,
To the narrow limits of the charnel-house?
Thoughtless as they, poor, wretched, blind,
I still live on! For what? Am I
A benefit, or a curse to those around me?

Am I a poisonous seed, dropped from the hand
Of Time, to blight, blast, wither the things
Around me, and choke with my growth
The flowers that bloom within my reach ?
If not, let me increase in goodness ;
May each moment with manly deeds
Be pregnant. But if I am the wretch
I think, let me throw off this base,
Inglorious bondage ! Let me grapple by the bridle
Death's pale horse,—upon his haunches
Throw him back, rise, and once more be free !"
—E'er the final message comes to bid adieu
To scenes and joys of earth, let man
But realize the full fruition of a well-spent life ;
That he can wear a diadem, that angels wear.
The safest port is Heaven only, where
The richly freighted casket can surrender
Its immortal jewel. The christian's life
The smoothest sea to reach this haven,
And faith, the strongest anchor
To bind us to our moorings.

Π. Σ. Φ.

THE TRULY GREAT.

Truth is the universal standard by which the motives and deeds of men must eventually be measured. If weighed in this balance, how many of the great and eulogized of earth would be found wanting. He alone is *truly* great who answers the great end of his existence ; who lives to raise, enlighten and ennoble his own soul, and the soul of the great human family who most fills it with love and benevolence, and raises it highest towards God. The selfish, whatever their attainments may be, are not truly great, for the sceptre of their power is exerted against the cause of truth ; against the interests of man, and like the sirocco breathes desolation upon the soul. Voltaire, with his renowned genius, was not *great*, for he lived not to do good ; his noble talents were misapplied ; his life instead of raising the standard of virtue and making mankind wiser and better, tended to despoil the mind and heart of man of its noblest virtues. With all his power of intellect, what did he for the world? Wherein was he great? No strong arm did he put forth in the cause of virtue and truth; no helping hand did he proffer to assist the weak and strengthen the timid in an upward progress; no consolation for the afflicted; no sympathy for the erring; no love and benevolence for any. As his heart was cold and devoid of human kindness, so was his life barren and unfruitful.

On the other hand, let us look at the page of the *truly* great, and among others, see, in unfading lustre, the name of Addison. He was the man of genius, the polished scholar, the truly accomplished and christian gentleman, whose time, talents, and influence, were on the side of truth, religion and benevolence. He delighted to sow the seeds of love and good will among his race; to lead mankind by his persuasive voice onward and upward. He presented to the world pure pictures of morality and loveliness, and allured us by their beauty to follow charity, truth, high minded principle, genial sympathy and good will. He was a benefactor to his race, and has handed down a name great and glorious to posterity. And, again, the well-known name of Washington greets our admiring sight. Truth, too, was his aim. Freedom the lofty principle for which he struggled. Was he not *truly* great, as he lost sight of self and devoted every energy of his noble heart and towering intellect to truth, his country, and his God? Ah! the universal chorus proclaims his greatness, as they yield him their grateful tribute of love and admiration, as they hold him up as an example to all who would be truly great. This greatness may be possessed by all, for the christian is at all times *truly* great.

> The man who rules his spirit, saith the voice
> Which cannot err, is greater than the man who takes a city.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, may alike be great in principle, in action, in charity, and good will to men—may win a lasting fame on earth, and in heaven.

THE UNBROKEN SLUMBER.

Yes, I shall rest! Some coming day
When blossoms in the winds are dancing,
And children at their mirthful play,

Heed not the mournful crowd advancing.
Up through the long and busy street,
They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else,—it matters not,—may rave
The storms and blasts of winter's weather,
Above the narrow, new made grave,
Where care and I lie down together;
Enough that I should know it not,
Beneath, in the dark, narrow spot.

For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep
As ever graced a child reposing,
Awaits me in the cell so deep,
Where I, my weary eyelids closing,
At length shall lay me down to rest,
Heedless of clods above my breast.

Asleep! how deep will be that rest,
Free from life's fever moving wildly,
That when is past the earth's unrest,
Its bosom shall receive me mildly;
For not one dream of earth shall come
To invade the slumber of that home.

O, deep repose! O, slumber blest!
O, night of peace! No storm, no sorrow,
No heavy stirring in my rest,
To meet another weary morrow!
I shall heed neither night nor dawn,
But still, with folded hands, sleep on!

Sleep on, though just above my head
Prowl sin and misery's haggard faces!
For the deep slumber of the dead
All sense of human woe erases,
Palsies the heart and cures the brain
Of every thought of outward pain.

Armies above my rest may tramp!
'Twill not disturb one rigid muscle!
I shall not heed their iron stamp,
More than a leaf's complaining rustle;
Nay, were the world convened to break
My leaden sleep, I should not wake.

And yet, methinks, if steps of those
I'd known and loved on earth were round me,
'Twould tame the might of my repose,

Shiver the iron cords that bound me,—
Save that I know this cannot be,
For death disowns all sympathy!

Well, be it so! Since I should yearn,
Anxiously watch for their appearing,
Chiding each lingering, late return,
And ever sad and ever fearing,
Living life's drama o'er again,
Its tragedy of hope and pain.

Then mourn not, friends, when ye may lay
The parent earth above my ashes;
Think what a rest awaits my clay,
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes,
Glad that the resting form within
Has done at length with care and sin.

Think that with me the strife is o'er,
Life's stormy, struggling battle ended,
Rejoice that I have gained that shore,
To which, though weak, my footsteps tended;
Breathe the blest hope above the sod,
And leave me to my rest with God.

FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

It is one of the necessary evils of life, that we should be subject to continual change of condition and prospects. Sometimes, these changes are for the better, sometimes for the worse. Indeed, we are subject to constant alternation of prosperity and adversity, of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows.

No one can pass through life without experiencing these. Some are quite successful, while others appear to be born for misfortune.

Ascend a lofty eminence, which commands a spacious view of the surrounding country, and cast your eye on the extended prospect that lies open before you. Mountains and plains, hills and valleys, woodland and pastures, in varied succession, everywhere meet the vision. So human life viewed from some elevated standpoint of experience, appears a confused medley of deeds of "high emprise, of heroic valor, of romantic generosity," of despicable meanness, of dastardly cowardice, of traitorous perfidy, of ups and downs, of successes and defeats, of happiness and misery. Some are happy, more are miserable; some are prosperous, many are unsuccessful; some are rich, many are poor; some are learned, many are ignorant.

This principle holds throughout every department of life. As we walk through a forest under a clear sky, the trees reflect on the ground beneath their own shadows, while the sun darts its rays through the narrow openings, in palpable contrast with the darkness and shade around. So there are lights and shades in the experience of every one; the sun of prosperity lighting up the cloud of adversity with here and there a solitary ray, which scatters joy and happiness in its cheering course.

And there is an end to be gained by all these reverses and changes. They constitute the discipline of life. They prepare us to renounce the world with its follies and pleasures, its delights and amusements. We come into this world ignorant and helpless. At first we are, and expect to be, happy. We are comparatively free from sorrow and pain.

As years advance, we become engaged in the pursuits of life, cares and troubles thicken around us, increased enjoyment brings increased anxiety, and so on through every phase of human life.

Fortune fills us with joy and hope, and raises our spirits. Misfortune clouds our prospects, and darkens our hopes.

Fortune makes us cling with increasing tenacity to the allurements of life.

Misfortune, by administering the bitter cup of adversity, loosens our hold of all fleeting, uncertain good. Fortune, if wisely improved, gives us a spirit of love and benevolence. Misfortune, if sanctified to us, will

"Its milder influence impart,
To soften, not to wound the heart—
The generous spark extinct, revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive."

ANNOTATOR.

LOVE FOR OUR COUNTRY.

It is no new thing to speak of the many strong endearments which attach us to our country. The true patriot delights to boast of her excellences, and her superiority over her rivals, and still more, to bless the day that gave him birth in this most favored land. The poet, the historian and the statesman, have never failed to set forth its virtues and merits, but, all alike have shouted aloud, in one harmonious strain, the glorious anthem of freedom. Yet we find that *other* countries are not devoid of attractions. How sublime in the annals of history, to muse upon the grand old empires of the Old World. As we renew the recital of their conquests, their royal splendor, and their progress in philosophy and science, as we muse upon the records of their past greatness, we can heartily sympathize with the inhabitants of those ancient cities, as they proudly gazed upon their lofty towers, peering to the clouds, and their gorgeous palaces, presenting to the eye of the observer, the most ingenious and imposing works of architecture.

In Egypt, where the pyramid still stands, though bowed down with age, and clothed in their dusky attire, rudely painted upon their impenetrable sides, by the fingers of time, are still held in reverence by the native and the traveller. The ruins of Greece might speak to us in a powerful language. If they so charm us in their decay, how loveliest of all lands must she have been to her people, who laid the corner-stones of these once new fabrics. The cathedrals and obelisks of Rome remain as examples of the mighty works of art, filling the soul of the beholder with wonder and admiration. Such were the objects of surpassing interest in the Old World. Then it was a proud thing to say, "I am a Roman citizen!" But beautiful as is the memory of the grand old empires of antiquity, we would still prefer our own land to them all; a land whose name was unknown to the monarchs of the Old World, who wept when there were none to conquer, and who trembled, when the goddess of peace proclaimed the glad tidings of blood-purchased liberty. Yes, this our country, where we will ever bask under the shadow of the broad, mighty tree of liberty. Although at times, as at the present, the arrows of the enemy fall thick and fast about us, yet standing firmly under the glorious ensign of freedom and independence, we shall escape unscathed. Doubtless this country was designed for a great people. For this, has the grand and beautiful scenery been developed. For this, has the Niagara been set as a sentinel to the great lakes, and the broad prairies of the West, spread out in teeming luxuriance. For this, has the majestic Mississippi been styled the father of waters. For this, are the mighty ocean, the rapid river, and the gentle brook, made the engines of commerce and manufactures. And for this, have the primeval forests, the verdant mountain sides, and the fertile valleys granted a home for the persecuted, joy to the sorrowful, and sustenance to the needy. Such and so precious are the fruits of freedom's soil. We love her rock-ribbed mountains, her sublime cataracts, and her slumbering lakes. We exult in her progress, and, if demanded, would fight for the preservation of her liberties. The ancients could once well boast of their countries. But their day of glory has passed away forever. Westward the star of empire has taken its course and pours its effulgent rays upon our country, dispelling the darkness of tyranny and desolation, and lighting up the domestic fireside with the quietude of peace. Proudly can every son of freedom exclaim, I am an American citizen!

UPWARD ASPIRATIONS.

With frequency in thought I've been
On seraph wing,
To that pure land where angels are,
And heard them sing:

And then I would forget this grief
Which causes sighs,
While gazing on that glorious band,
With tearless eyes.

I would not live in this sad world,
Forevermore!
My spirit would be free from clay,
And upward soar.

It gives me joy to know that death
Is but a sleep,
And that I shall awake again,
No more to weep.

I know that this is not my home,
This house of clay
Will soon be vacant, and my soul
Will fly away!

And I would live so that I may
Heave not a sigh,
When all this life is past, and I
Am called to die.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Another term has rolled quickly away. It seems but a few days since the last number of the *Mirror* was issued. Since that time, however there have been many things to engage the mind and absorb the attention. Within these few fleeting weeks, there has been a varied succession of joys and sorrows, of happiness and misery. There have been tidings of peace and tidings of war, scenes of trial and scenes of mourning, notes of love and notes of distress.

The weather, also, type of all earthly things, has been continually fickle and changeable. At early dawn,

> " Nosque ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis ;

the sky is darkened with gathering clouds, the light of the rising sun is obscured, and all nature forebodes a storm ; but soon the clouds begin to scatter, and, disheartened, one by one, retreat from view, while the orb of day shines forth in radiant splendor. But ere he attains the middle of his course, *dark* clouds will come,

> " Et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris ;"

the more unexpected, because so often deceptive. But enough of this.

Again, dear readers, we lay before you another copy of our *Mirror*, trusting that it will meet the approbation which we hope for all our issues. And now, for the benefit of all our patrons and friends, who hitherto have shown so great an interest in our paper, and in short, for the information of the many who have taken an interest therein, we have thought it proper to prepare, as far as we have materials, a brief

HISTORY OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Previous to the formation of this Society, there existed in the Academy what was called the Social Fraternity. The earliest records of this date back to 1817. In the year 1825, a few individuals joined together and formed the Philomathean Society, and from this period dates its foundation. The first Anniversary was held that year. The first year, seventeen members were enrolled; in the year following a few additions were made, and from that time for a number of years, it continued to encrease in influence and numbers.

The Social Fraternity still continued on, likewise, yearly gaining fresh accessions, and endeavoring in every way, to rise superior to its sister society. Thus they continued to rival one another with various degrees of success, until the downfall of the Social Fraternity, in 1849. Previous to this time, the interests of both societies had gradually begun to decline. As the Social Fraternity was composed only of members of the Senior Class, it was customary to extend an invitation to the Middle Class to join the society, in time to continue it on. At the commencement of the summer term of this year, the Middlers, as usual, were invited, but as not one of them accepted the invitation, the blame of its downfall must rest upon them. The effects of the society were disposed of at auction, and its records were deposited in the library of the Philomathean Society.

Then, the Philo, left without a rival, being increased in numbers and enlarged in its operations, soon began to rise in importance, and improve in the tone of its exercises, until the summer term of 1852, when, by the energetic efforts of the President, and the other officers of the society, a still greater impulse was given to it; and the plan of operations were adopted, which, with various alterations and improvements, exist at the present day.

The Library was established in 1825, (the same year with the formation of the society,) by donations from all the members, and at first, consisted of only twenty-eight works. It has been increased from time to time, in various ways, and from different sources, until it now, in conjunction with the library of the Society of Inquiry, numbers upwards of eight hundred volumes. A valuable collection of choice works was presented by the senior class of 1853.

It now consists of excellent treatises on all the common subjects, valuable histories and biographies, a fine selection from the most distinguished poets and orators, together with miscellaneous works of all kinds and descriptions. A printed Catalogue was issued in 1854.

The *Mirror* has existed nearly from the time when the society was first founded. It has usually been committed to the charge of four editors, but in the summer term of 1855, the number was reduced to three, which is the present existing arrangement. The first printed number appeared in the fall of 1854, and was composed of selections from the *Mirror*, and the orations that had been delivered during the term. Since then, the orations have not been included. The first term, but two hundred and twenty-five copies were sold, but in consequence of the increasing demand, from three to four hundred have been printed, each succeeding term.

Such, then, are the principal facts of interest, connected with the history of our society. Many facts might have been mentioned concerning the particular changes in the Constitution and government of the society, etc., but judging they would be of little interest to any one, we have omitted them, hoping that what we have said may be satisfactory to all our readers.

There is much in the early history of this society, that serves to show an interesting principle of human nature. It is a noticeable fact in the history of all associations of this nature, and even of colonies and settlements, that on their first formation, it is always felt to be necessary to preserve order and obedience, and maintain the purity of their principles, by specific, arbitrary and severe regulations. This principle was exemplified in the persecutions of the Quakers and other sects, by the Pilgrim Fathers, and it was this same feeling which prompted the original founders of this society to adopt such measures as we find in the record books.

In the Constitution framed in 1825, we find the following provision :—" *The transactions of the Society shall be kept a secret.*" Not long after, we read the following : — " Voted, that ——— be dismissed from the Society as an unworthy member." This vote, however, was soon after rescinded. Such items as these frequently occur : " Voted that ——— *converse* with ——— for absenting himself from the meetings of the Society." These extracts are sufficient to show the prevailing feelings of the members at that period. But those days are past and gone, and we readily pardon the few errors into which they may have fallen, in consideration of the great benefits they have bestowed on their successors.

That the advantages of such a society are inestimable, no one can doubt; and the names of the original founders of this society will ever be remembered with gratitude and respect.

We do not claim for this fraternity *all* that can be said of similar ones at college, or where they may have a wider sphere of influence. But we do claim, that it has done much to prepare its members to engage with greater freedom and advantage in those higher spheres. We do claim, that it has done much to mould the intellectual character of many of our eminent professional men. We do claim for it a respectable rank among similar organizations and institutions.

It has giventhe first impulse to many noble men, who are in various parts of the world, scattering the seeds of Truth. It has sent forth teachers who now in turn shed their influence on many of the youth in our land. In short, it has produced men in every rank and profession, who now in their various spheres, are wielding an influence which will tell for good, on unborn generations. It is said that a stone thrown into the sea, will cause an imperceptible movement of the waters, which will go on and on, until it reaches the remotest shores of the ocean. So in institutions of this nature, the good effects of the practice and discipline obtained by them will act and act on coming posterity, until it far surpasses the power of the human mind to estimate their influence.

Living, as we do, in this enlightened age and under such institutions, it is evident that labor and toil alone will fit any man for eminence in any literary career. Distinctions of rank and birth will be of little avail, if they be not accompanied by individual personal exertion. And none can doubt that these societies should form an important part of our preparatory discipline. They present a broad field wherein to obtain a knowledge of history, of science, and of human nature. They give us that freedom and ease so necessary for those who would sway the public mind. They give us courage and strength to bear the trials of life. In short, if rightly improved, they give us that enlargement and expansion of mind and soul, which is indispensable to the full accomplishment of the end of our being in this world, and the complete realization of the joy and bliss of the world to come.

We hope then, all the members of the Society will join together, with ready hearts and willing minds, to perpetuate the reputation it has already obtained. May all, whether accustomed or unaccustomed, participate in its exercises, and endeavor to raise its standard still higher.

And may the Society still continue on, strong in numbers, and influence, stronger still, in the blessing of Him, who upholdeth all things by the word of His power.

MISCELLANY.

Undoubtedly, Virgil little thought when he composed the Æneid, that his interesting prediction of the Harpies would ever be the groundwork of a future poem. But here it is. Short, indeed, but pointed. "Let us not despise the day of small things."

The Harpies told Æneas that
His tables he must eat,
And he trembled when he thought
That he must perform the feat.
But if you read the story,
You surely there will find,
That when the Harpies told him,
They didn't say what kind.
Then 'twould be easy to do it,
For surely all are able,—
At least they ought to be,—
To eat a *vege-table!*

The following, though by no means equal to the original, will yet serve for an imitation. It convey ssome idea of the sentiment expressed by the distinguished orator, though his masterly delivery is indispensable to make it fully impressive.

SUGGESTED BY MR. GOUGH'S DESCRIPTION OF WATER.

In the mighty ocean
Once quiet never,
Though in commotion
Beautiful ever.

In the snowy sea foam
Darkly tinged never,
While the surging waves come
Beautiful ever.

Sparkling in the dew drop
On the verdant heather,
Which the timid deer crop
Beautiful ever.

In the glistening snow flake
Unlovely never,
Falling in the calm lake
Beautiful ever.

In the pleasant shower
Untimely never,
Though clouds darkly lower
Beautiful ever.

In the young man's goblet
Basely mixed never,
Pure as the violet
Beautiful ever.

A good companion for the preceding, you will say. The authors must have been brothers, both to have selected a kind of poetical imitation.

Some of our correspondents appear to take a great fancy at hitting off names. We trust no one will be offended, if we insert the following.

The following puns were very punnily punned by a puny little punning punster, viz:

The man who was carried away by enthusiasm, and staid over Sunday, turned out to be the same one, who was knocked down by an argument, and carried off in a train of thought.

Who is a very short man mentioned in the Bible? Ne-hi-miah.
Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Bildad, the shoe-hight.

How unfortunate it is to have a punable name! It seems as if such persons were always fated to be picked on, whenever any wit or jokes are called for. Indeed, they seem to be a kind of old stand-bys, to whom "punsters" and joke-crackers can resort in case of necessity. Truly, "the more we have, the more will be required of us."

The following quaint and simple poetry very aptly sets off many a "little Johnny." If any such a one may chance to read it, he will have a chance to gain some insight into his own character.

Buzzing little Johnny
Now indeed is still,
Takes it rather hard,
Goes against his will.
Roguish looking fellow,
Doing something bright,
Guess his deeds will shortly
Come forth to the light.

Tutor's smiling blandly,
Looking very sweet,
Is quite as good a teacher,
As ever you can meet.
Gives a boy a verb,
For him to conjugate;
He'd rather much "decline" it,
But now it is too late.

Hanging down his head,
Feeling rather "green,"
Has'nt got his lesson;
Can't say a word, I ween.
Tutor's thinking now,
If he shall send him surely
To his room away,
So very prematurely.

Jabbering over latin,
Dozing over Greek,
Getting rather easy,
Falling fast asleep.
Dreaming of the lesson,
Keeping very cool,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Going here to school!

It is sad to think of parting. It is sad for those who go, to leave behind so many near and dear friends; it is sad for those who remain to be deprived of their sweet companionship. One correspondent expresses the same sentiments, in reference to the graduation of the senior class.

Now, we would fain burst forth in strains of grief and sorrow, as we remember that the manly forms we now call "seniors," are so soon to leave us, and these happy scenes. That so soon their deep, yet sparkling minds must cease to ornament, with choicest gems of philosophic thought, and wit, and sentiment, the pages of our time honored paper. That so soon the echo of their full and copious voices will die away in Mother Philo's Halls. That so soon we shall miss the sound of their measured tread, when the slowly tolling bell at early dawn and dewy eve, shall call us up to prayer. Yes, noble souls! on every hand we shall miss your wonted presence! But departing you will leave the memory — not only of deeds of courage and valor, but also of love and kindness, safely treasured in the hearts of those who remain. 'Tis ours to bid you God-speed; but to say the final adieu is reserved for another more worthy to perform the solemn duty.

And now, dear readers, if you have had the patience to peruse the *Mirror* through, we bid you farewell, and thank you for your kind attention. We hope, however, to continue our paper, and trust we shall meet you again from time to time.

Another term will quickly speed away, and another *Mirror* will be issued, and another, and another, and so on. And now, to one and all, we bid a long FAREWELL.

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

VOL. 3. NOVEMBER, 1856. NO. 1.

ALLEN C. BARROWS,
SAMUEL I. CLARK, } EDITORS.
MELVILLE C. DAY,

IN presenting the following pages to our friends and patrons, we have no apology to offer for the paucity of profound thoughts, striking metaphors, poetic gems, and beautifully rounded periods. Our productions are not those of sages, bards, nor philosophers; but merely of *boys in their academic course.*

At our present stage (and so may it ever be), our primary object is not to *display,* but *acquire* knowledge.

Our pieces were designed not so much for publication, as for reading before the Society. Hence, without the editors' intonation and glance, many a "happy hit" may seem like the dew-pearl without its gleam, a mere drop of water.

COM. OF PUBLICATION.

PREJUDICE.

Few habits there are — if any at all — more derogatory to the human character than that of forming a premature judgment of men, of measures and of causes, before they are leisurely, carefully, and impartially investigated. And though all cultivated, rational beings will freely admit the truthfulness of this statement, few, very few, can be found prepared to adopt it.

Why is this almost universally and invariably the case among not only the illiterate, but the intelligent? Can it be possible, that a custom as revolting as it is absurd, has its legitimate origin in the organization of the human mind?

To this last interrogatory, we give an emphatic, negative reply. For, if this fault were attributable to some unknown and radically defective construction of the human mind, we could not produce so many satisfactory proofs of individuals lovingly clinging at one stage of their existence, to what they zealously abhorred and condemned at another.

Singularly various are the phases of prejudice among the different nations, races, and communities of the earth — an infallible proof in itself of having its true origin in nothing save ignorance and bad youthful training, the ever fruitful sources of evil.

Consoling would be the reflection that none but the neglected are taxed with this unclean malady — but such is not the case; with it, infected alike, we find the educated and the uneducated — and not unfrequently the former more than the latter.

To discover the cause of so strange a state of affairs is sometimes perplexing in the extreme to the candid hearted — as the custom has been, and is, to charge all such short comings to the account of ignorance; but these are unacquainted with the phrase entitled the ignorance of the learned.

And why are the learned guilty of continually committing a blunder so unpardonably stupid as that of pronouncing judgment upon anything before they think well on it — knowing, as they must, that every effect is the offspring of a cause? And therefore, that if they would know the whereby, and wherefore, they must go to the fountain head.

Two reasons only can we adduce for this: — firstly, bad influence of youthful associates; and secondly, an indifference to high-mindedness and liberality in mature years. For, *what on earth*, but such, could induce men and women to be heavily burthened with that unconscious hallucination which urges them to receive on *trust* charges of any nature, against any people, or individual, or cause, or measure — to love, or to hate, with the intensity of religious fanaticism before they urge upon themselves the necessity of being divested of all contempt or prejudice, previous to the formation of a decided decision, or, before they rigidly comply with the Apostle's beautiful injunction "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

So firm a hold does this early imbibed prejudice take, that, if strenuous efforts are not made to be divorced from it, it will grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, and quit us only when our spirits, in obedience to the command Divine, take flight for the boundless realms of shades and shadows; leaving us, while upon earth, beings one-ideaed, one-sided, led all our days by the nose, by the scheming politician, and the conscience-seared preacher — having hearts, but cherishing not, having minds, but discerning not, and eyes, but seeing not.

A state so lamentably infatuated, from which the generous and true would pitifully exclaim, "Good Lord deliver us!"

Difficult would it be to describe the injury done by this many-headed, many-sided monster, to the cause of truth and progress; on it, and on its keepers, must be laid the blame of all the impediments thrown in the way of the philanthropist, the patriot, and the reformer, in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

So much does it terrify men, that very many of them frequently give up their honest convictions, and suffer themselves to be hurried along by its devotees, and also to cry aloud in the strength of their lungs, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" rather than face the storm, and fearlessly obey the promptings of their own consciences and the dictates of their own minds.

But to their credit be it said, and to the praise of human nature be it recorded, there are those who dread it not, but boldly march up to it, and smite it to the ground, as did Hercules the dread Hydra of Lyrna, or failing, manfully perish; preferring honor and indigence to competence and abject slavery in an atmosphere of guilt and gall; though, indeed, they are "Few and far between, like angels' visits."

The names and forms which prejudice assumes are legion. Some of them manifest themselves in a contempt for the lofty talents and glowing genius of certain men because they belong to a certain people; when, on the other hand, if they belonged to a more favored one, they would be lauded to the skies, and be greeted at all public assemblages with a deafening hurricane of cheers. At another time, in a dislike, if not in an abhorrence, for others, for the marvellous offence of being the sons of an oppressed land, the scions of a noble stock, whose liberties were struck down in a dark and evil hour by the intrigues of a politic, blood-thirsty tyrant, and his murderous hirelings. Further still, they manifest themselves in a disrespect for a certain class, because of their political and religious creeds being opposed to those of their neighbors, be their appearance ever so noble, their manners ever so amiable, and their qualities ever so commendable. Let those who may feel disposed to doubt the orthodoxy of these statements, only keep a steady eye to the revolutions of the political world on its axis, and they will be fully satisfied that we state the truth, and nothing else; unless, indeed, they may belong to the befogged, judgment-perverted and mind-warped order of worthies.

How absolutely necessary then, that all, when they reach the age of manhood and womanhood, should examine their creeds and the teachings of their youth, and understand well in what tactics are they educated, in what armor are they clad, ere they pitch into the great wear and tear of life's unceasing strife; cast away, unceremoniously, everything that cannot stand the test of rigid scrutiny, and cling, as does the vine, to everything that will. By this course only, can individuals get clear of habits which are disgustfully disparaging to human nature — by it will they be able to manufacture an invigorating salve, which will cleanse them from all diseases contracted in youth — fit them for a healthy manhood, and a cheering old age.

Oh, for the time when this course of action will become fashionable, and the land where it will be acted out! For then and there, will men, measures, and causes, be viewed through the focus of merit, and not through that of race, creed, country or station. And then and there, will honor and chivalry be freely admitted to be confined to no one nation or people, but to be cosmolitans, to be the priceless, but free gift of nature's God.

Then and there, will all, rich and poor, old and young, be heard to say:—

> "What tho' on homely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden gray and a' that;
> Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that."

J. D. M.urphy

THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY.

He, who prosecutes his researches in the true spirit of an antiquary, derives a pleasure from them which can scarcely be surpassed. It is a continual source of the purest enjoyment, and one which can never fail. An indescribable charm lingers around the relics of former days, linked with the most delightful associations. The mind is carried back over all modern improvements and innovations, to a period when these few relics of former ages existed in all their primitive beauty and elegance; but which now, by their silent influence, connect former ages with the later periods of the world's history. What is it, we ask, which gives to the classics their principal charm? Why is it that the mind delights to dwell upon the writings of ancient poets, or the more solid productions of their philosophers, sages, and historians? Not because we find beautiful thoughts, and fine imagery, painted in their immortal productions; not because we can find in them the elements of sound logic and deep reasoning, or because we can trace the principles of rhetoric in the words of her eloquent orators. No, for none of these, although they invest them with many additional attractions; but because they speak with the voices of antiquity, softened by the lapse of intervening years. It is this that invests the Old World with its greatest attractions. It is this which sends a thrill of emotion through every fibre of the soul, like strains of long forgotten melody, as the traveller gazes upon the old dilapidated, and decaying castles of Europe, remnants of the feudal ages, when every man's house became his castle. To the stranger, as he passes over the classic ground of Asia Minor, every spot is replete with interest. Well has it been called "the battle ground of the World," for within its borders have been displayed the noblest specimens of true heroism and bravery, chronicled on the pages of history.

In the midst of the active cares of life, surrounded by productions of modern genius and talent, the mind becomes engrossed by the strong influence which these exert. But it is pleasant and refreshing to turn away from these, and contemplate the mouldering relics of former days, touched by the decaying hand of time, but still charming us by the air of antiquity which hovers around them. It is pleasing when we look at the change which has taken place in our own land within the last two centuries, and the progress and energy which have characterized it, to examine the few remaining evidences of the greatness of the nations, which formerly roamed over the hills and valleys, with hearts free as air, and natures as untamable as the zephyrs which swept over their mountains, or ruffled the surface of their glassy lakes. But gradually they have faded away before the advancing step of the white man, and soon the last weary warrior will take his departure to the hunting grounds of the blessed beyond the setting sun. It is gratifying, we say, to look upon these. It reminds us from what a small beginning our present greatness has arisen, and also how we may descend from the eminence to which we have attained; and our glory be remembered only like that of ancient Greece or Rome, as a thing that was, but is not.

H. P.

THE PURPOSES OF LIFE.

That a man may be really useful to society and the world, it is certainly necessary that he have a good *determination*, a fixed *purpose*. When an architect is about to build an edifice, he does not at once commence to lay the stones, but his first thought is, after what plan shall the building be erected? So he draws a plan, and after that *plan* erects the building.

On the other hand, an unfixed purpose is illustrated by the parable of "the man who began to build and was not able to finish."

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who was noted for his resolution, says: —

"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY, — INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION — a *purpose*, once fixed, and then *death* or *victory*. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and *no talents, no circumstances, no* OPPORTUNITIES, will make a *two legged* creature a MAN without it."

It was by this same resolution that our fathers obtained our liberty. They *resolved* to be free and independent, and they became free and independent.

So in order to build up a good character, it is requisite to have a fixed determination. Youth is a period of hope. This hope is natural. We hope to be useful members of society; but this *hope* will not avail. Resolutions must be made, and that *now*. Most of our greatest and best men commenced their career while young. They then took a definite aim, and with that, gained much of their eminence. But it is folly to make a resolution, however good, while no effort is made to carry it out. It is useless to anticipate happy days, while nothing is done to bring about that end. No current will bear us on to the desired haven of an honorable and useful position in the world; but we must tug and strive against obstacles, and without this exertion we shall not only not attain the position, but even be swept from it.

A purpose merely ambitious, is not a good one. Certainly there is an ambition which is commendable; but when it gets the mastery over the man, it is selfish and proud. The ambitious man, then, is not to be our pattern. Nor must the plans and purposes of life be laid for pleasure alone. A life of pleasure is a selfish life. It is neither productive of good to self or of benefit to others. It is vain to aim solely to be rich. Solomon says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

And if our pattern may not be the ambitious man nor the man of pleasure, nor the man of riches, what pattern may we take as our guide to usefulness?

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Take this man as our pattern, and we shall become useful to e d blessings to mankind.

D.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

Pale Luna with her silvery light was shining
Upon the marble at my Sister's grave ;
And I, with arm upon the stone reclining,
Listened to learn the lesson which she gave.

Weep not for her who now in peace is lying
Beneath these sods, with sweetest voice she said,
Weep for *thyself*, but cease this anxious sighing
For one who's numbered now among the dead.

What though my gentle beams are now revealing
The characters which tell her early age !
Thou shouldst not grieve, but cherish e'er a feeling
That soon the grave shall be thy heritage.

Thou shouldst not sigh, since she is sweetly singing
In notes angelic her Redeemer's praise,
But heed the summons which her voice is bringing,
And loud hosannas to thy Maker raise.

Pluck now a branch from off the weeping willow,
Which here in silent meditation stands ;
And learn, when passion rages like a billow,
To think of her who's joined the angel band.

Hutchins.

WORKS OF MILTON.

No one who has ever read the sublime productions of Milton, can forget the beauty of thought which is so clearly manifested in every portion.

The mind soars aloft on the wings of his bold imagination, piercing beyond the stars, until we stand as it were at the very gates of heaven. Or descending cleaves the darkness which envelops the lower world with its midnight shades.

We cannot adequately admire the force and sublimity combined with the utmost delicacy of expression, with which he invests every thought, however ordinary or commonplace may be the subject. In this respect he strongly resembles Homer, noblest of all classic poets; and after him "the Mantuan bard," whose works present to the classical student the finest models of ancient poetry. Doubtless all who can appreciate the fine qualities with which the works of Milton abound, will concur in placing him first in the ranks of modern poets.

For where can we hope to find such beauties as continually present themselves at every stage of his Paradise Lost?

The sublime conceptions shadowed forth at every step, the originality of design, and the perfection of execution, all bespeak a mind well developed, and a capacious intellect, combined with talents and genius of no ordinary character.

His works have stamped his name with the indelible impress of immortality. Ages with their revolving years will pass away, generation shall succeed generation, but still "the blind poet" shall live in the memory of man, encircled with all his pristine freshness and purity, and his fame shall be coextensive with the lapse of cycling years.

The subjects which he chose as his lofty themes are noble and sublime in their inherent nature.

Their chief characteristics, touched by his brilliant imagination, shine with a two-fold splendor. He himself, possessed of a nature sensitive to an extreme degree, and glowing with all the ardor of a strong poetic genius, has infused into his writings much of the enthusiasm which burned within his own soul. His strong descriptive powers, which are of the highest order, bear us along almost unconsciously, while the easy change of subject and scene, affords the mind a pleasurable excitement, and awakens emotions, which vibrate within the soul, long after the words which clothe the sparkling gems of thought have faded from the memory. In him we find combined all the qualities which contribute to form a *poet* in the highest signification of the term.

From a mind highly gifted by nature, strengthened and refined by cultivation, there springs a peculiar energy and force, purity and grandeur, which incorporated together, present him to us as wearing the brightest and fairest laurels of English poetry.

H. P.

THE INDIAN MAID.

Within a forest deep and dark
  The Indian maiden stood,
In hope to find her warrior's bark
  Come floating down the flood;
" His foes my lover swart has fought,
  Upon the shaggy heather,
And stays the trophy-scalps to knit
  In gory strings together.

He's ventured waves more rough than these,
  And thicker tempests breasted,
And followed up the wolves' long howl,
  When other warriors rested.
Then fear I not, though tempests rave
  Upon the open heather;
For he who bravely meets his foes,
  Need fear no stormy weather."

A distant yell from out the vale —
  A nearer rushing in the leaves —
A panting, right across the stream —
  A splashing in the waves—
Half-famished wolves shall stain their jaws,
  And gayly feast together;
While tempests wash the warrior's wounds,
  Stretched, lifeless, on the heather.

Barrow

THE THEOLOGY OF NATURE.

There is a system of Theology, which can be traced throughout every object of nature, animate or inanimate. There is in truth, a revealed religion, a code of laws not given amidst the thunders of Sanai, but appearing in a varied form in every object of the material universe, which meets our gaze at every footstep. It is impossible for any one to look over the face of the natural world and not be convinced of this: who will not feel the evidence of this in his own heart, and not feel the impulses of his soul flowing out, responsive to the eloquent evidences of a Divine Supremacy, which the natural world presents, clothed in such living characters, that conviction is irresistibly forced even upon the most reluctant minds.

One of the greatest professed infidels who has ever lived, said that he could never walk forth at evening and view the open canopy of heaven far above him, and the whole universe of stars and planets revolving in their courses, without feeling convinced of the existence of a Supreme Being. It was impossible for him to view them in all their sublimity, beauty and purity, and reflect upon the laws which governed them, and kept them undeviating in their courses, without being compelled to acknowledge the existence of a God.

If on this day all written Theology were removed, there could still be sufficient evidence drawn from the created universe to establish the existence of a Divine Being possessed of supreme power. This could be proved not merely from the character of created objects, but still more fully from the harmony which everywhere exists. Such a world as ours, such a universe as that in which we dwell, could not be created by chance. It would be a moral impossibility. By chance a heap of crude material might be thrown together, but no systematic arrangement could be given to them by such agency; nor could it by any means produce that universal concordance, which exists so visibly not only throughout the earth, sun and moon, but even extends to the remotest stars, which come within the most extensive field of astronomical observation. The universe could not exist for a day, nor an hour, without the controlling hand of Divinity to govern it. Every planet, sun, moon, and star, which studs the heavens or crowds the illimitable expanse which the intellect shrinks back from in the conception, and finite mind fails to comprehend; can only be kept in its course by such a Supreme Ruler. Remove this power but for a single day, and dark primæval chaos would ensue. But controlled by his guiding hand, the complicated systems of the sky speeding through the heavens, with an inconceivable velocity, revolve in the orbits which have been assigned them, and with such perfect harmony, that it could well be said, "the stars sing together for joy."

Nothing save a being possessed of absolute power, could create a world like this; it bears upon its very surface, the impress of the skill of its Divine architect. We discover this especially in its adaptation as the residence of man, and not merely for man only but even for the lower orders of creation. The means of supplying their absolute necessities have been furnished with a liberal hand; nor has Divine goodness ceased even here, but has consulted their happiness and enjoyment also. For him the earth clothes itself in early spring with a mantle of soft green verdure, and the trees are crowned with a dark green coronet of leaves, which bow to him in every passing breeze. For him the fairest and most beautiful of flowers bud forth and open their petals to his sight, diffusing sweet perfume on the surrounding air, that he may enjoy the pleasing fragrance. For him the groves of Southern climes yield their richest fruits, and under his generous culture, the kind hand of benificent nature seems to clothe the earth in the long lost beauties of Paradise.

With such evidences of a Divine superintendence, the mind must indeed be sceptical, which, throwing aside all these, still chooses to cling to its blindness and disbelief.

I. P.

THE STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As from the Latin Commons passed
A youth who bore, within his hand,
A paper with this stern command,
"Go and see Uncle!"

His brow was sad; his eyes beneath
Blinked like the fire-flies on the heath;
And, like the mourning cow-bell rung,
As if that paper had a tongue,
"Go and see Uncle!"

In other rooms he saw the light
Of study-lamps, gleam warm and bright;
He heard his comrades' jeering tone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Go and see Uncle!"

"Oh, for the Nuns!" a Middler said,
"Bright shines fair Venus over head;
And Pomp's Pond glistens deep and wide!"
Yet still that paper's voice replied,
"Go and see Uncle!"

"O come! this time," the "Fem. Sem." swears
"You shall not look at empty chairs!"
A tear stood in his sunken eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Go and see Uncle!"

"Beware the Dragon-guard of Styx,
And Uncle's room at half past six!"
This was the Senior's last good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Go and see Uncle!"

Barrow

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark! — Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can hope to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs on my ear;
If in *this* heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow and cease to burn.
But bid the strain be mild and deep,
Nor let the notes of joy be *first*,
I tell thee, minstrel, *I must weep*,
Or else this heavy heart will burst:
For it hath been by *sorrow* nurs'd,
And ach'd in sleepless silence long,
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.

"Juxta."

UNIVERSALITY OF BEAUTY.

Men will travel round the world, undergoing the dangers of a passage over sea and land, for the sake of seeing new and, as they think, more impressive manifestations of the beauty of the world; scorning to wonder at the train of clouds that just dragged a grumbling thunderstorm along the horizon, greeting the earth with streams of fluid fire; and call it boyish to gaze with calm emotion on inland lakes or spreading meadows, familiar as scenes of daily toil. For such as these there is no beauty, and the true aim of their travel is to satisfy an indefinite longing for the excitement which contact with familiar scenes fails to arouse; and many a man is better pleased with a desert, provided it be situated in Asia or Africa, than with the most graceful American landscape. But beauty is universal; no confines can bound it, no spot can claim a monopoly. It is spread as a garment over the rock-ribbed earth, and the terrible sea, and has its habitation fixed in the heavens, and he who will open his eyes and heart, shall behold it smiling upon him from every point. Walk, if you will, over the hills and the valleys of New England; note the springs that cleave the rocks on either hand, the trees that line the path and whisper along its windings, the rivers that bubble and hasten on their pilgrimage to the ocean; or mark the plain, neat, and substantial farm-houses, that shine from among the rows of shade trees, and the lofty well-sweep, inviting from afar the traveller to partake of refreshment, and decide whether greener valleys, more mossy brooks, or more happy homes rest on the bosom of favored Italy. Stand beside some familiar lake, and suffer yourself to listen to the gentle rushing of the waters over the pebbles, see the lilies rising and sinking with each breeze that presses upon the glassy surface below; and more particularly note that wavy path of tinsel flame, following up which the eye reaches the resting place of the setting sun; — and then well may you doubt, whether clearer waters sleep in any pebble-jewelled basin, or receive more gorgeous tints from the setting sun, though surrounded by the boundaries of much favored Switzerland.

It will not be denied that some objects are more impressive in their beauty than others, and awaken feelings which none others can. There is a beauty in the ever-rolling sea, unknown to the dwellers on the land. There is a beauty in the snow-capped mountain, in the volcano sending forth its smoke and fire, as it were an eternal altar of the whole earth to Jehovah, which the inhabitant of the plain has never known. There is beauty in the craggy iceberg, as it floats an image of purity, unshaken by the boisterous Arctic; and in that northern vegetation which combines, within the space of a square inch, a half-dozen species of larch, and pine, and moss, all perfectly developed, with which the sailor of tropical seas is unacquainted. But after all, these are not the most important instances, for the worth of beauty must be judged by its influence on the mind, its tendency and power to render us more spiritual and less material, to refine and exalt the imagination, and to call forth the love of the good. And judging by this criterion, we shall often find as much beauty in the familiar scenes of our childhood, yea, often far more in the home of our birth, than in all the "wonders" of the world.

Let us then cultivate the spirit of love, which alone can appreciate beauty. It was not in vain that the Creator robed the distant woods in an emerald hue — and carpeted it with flowers so fragrant and peopled it with birds so musical and gaudy of plumage — though no eyes were to be greeted with this beauty, and no ears were to drink in this harmony, save those of the one Creator and his angel legions. He loved beauty, and therefore spread it so profusely over his creation, that no man can be excused if by the beauty of the world his soul be not lifted up above the sensualism of the present, and become not a temple warmed with the sacred flame of devotion, and fit for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

LANGUAGE.

The proper study of words is among the most interesting and instructive pursuits. What a world of thought is thrown open to our minds, when the every-day words which we have used from our earliest childhood, begin to show themselves to the imagination in the shape of living realitiés, and we begin to see in each familiar sound the embodiment of an idea, and look with wonder on these priceless pearls hitherto trampled, as it were, beneath our feet, simply because we were unable to appreciate them. He who lives and dies without becoming interested in the history of the words which are every day dropping from his own lips; his most intimate companions, without which he cannot *express*, and hardly can *conceive*, a single thought, neglects the richest sources of pleasure and enjoyment. He hourly gives utterance to sentiments embodying thoughts all unknown to himself. The existence of a great mass of words is nearly contemporaneous with the existence of man. They have the impress of the various changes through which the world has passed, stamped upon them in characters that cannot easily be mistaken. A large portion of the world's history might be gathered again by a careful grouping of words, even if all other records had been lost. There was a time when the old Norman and Saxon languages existed side by side, but distinct from each other. We may conclude that the Norman finally prevailed over the Saxon, for how else can we account for the fact, that without scarcely an exception, words signifying *state-honor*, *royalty*, *nobility*, *power* and *dignity*, have their origin from the Norman; while, on the other hand, words denoting *labor*, and in common use among the lower classes, who were obliged to perform the manual labor, have been derived directly from the Saxon.

Thus the word "*table*" comes from the Norman, while "*board*" is formed from the Saxon. Which has the more aristocratic sound, the "table" of the noble lord or the hospitable "board" of the humble peasant? As these two races mingled together and became identified with each other, the languages could not long remain distinct from each other, and it is natural to suppose that those words which were most constantly on the lips of one and least used by the other, would be adopted, while the corresponding words in the other language would gradually become extinct. Thus we should come to the conclusion which history gives us is the correct one, that the chief power was in the hands of the Norman race. There is no more certain indication of the moral condition of a nation, than that afforded by its language; for where we find no words in a language for the expression of certain ideas, we may be sure that no such ideas exist. Our missionaries complain of this as one of the greatest obstacles in the way of performing their labors. There is almost an entire absence of suitable terms to express the nobler feelings of the heart. Moffat speaks of finding a tribe in South Africa from whose dialect the word expressing the name of a Supreme Being had almost entirely disappeared. Formerly the word "Morimo" signified to them "Him that is above." But while Mr. M. was among them he found that it had become almost obsolete. A few old men were to be found, who, from the faint shadows of their early childhood, could recall the name of "Morimo."

As the language of the savage is a sure indication of his depravity, so it is the most effectual barrier to prevent his rising above the degraded position to which he has fallen ; for he cannot easily comprehend an idea which is not expressed in suitable words. In our own mother tongue we see sad proofs that the tendencies of the human heart have ever been downward, and that man has also dragged with him in his downward career the words which he has been accustomed to use, and made them partakers of his own shame. The word *silly* is said to have been derived from the German *sileg*, meaning blessed. It was used among the early English writers as an affectionate epithet applied to children. What an age of depravity it must have passed through, ere it came to mean foolish. Also "simple," and "simpleton," from "simplex," which once meant unmixed, pure, presenting the strangest contrast between its former and present meaning.

Clark

LOOK SHARPLY!

Without accuracy a man distrusts his own conclusions, wherefore he hesitates and wavers, whereby he loses time and courage, and hence falls behind and becomes either useless or a fool. For if any man is known to be inaccurate either in knowledge, deeds, or argument, he is not trusted in what he says ; hence his words have no force ; hence, in many respects, his mental power is a cipher. Or if without accuracy, a man is self-confident and trusted also by others, lies are thereby propagated, and his mental power is evil. At the bottom, therefore, of every man's Mental Worth in Life's Work is accuracy. For this is the *right*eousness of the intellect.

The world has advanced somewhat towards accuracy by the toil of its life, and this is the main reason why it has grown better.

So you see accurate machines now, blessed makers of good garments for men, of maps of earth and heaven, of books, of things useful and pleasant innumerable, measurers of time and space, handlers of the lightning, painters as infallible as the sun-beams, helpers and glorifiers of man's toil. For you see his ships sent over the wide sea without path, or sun, or star, yet always on the true track, because there is an accurate compass, navigation-table, and mind at the helm, which keep safe by accuracy the lives, joys, and business of men. So too, with the cars, the swift working engine, the smooth clear track — on they sweep without danger; but, woe to all if a rail quiver, if a valve break, or the accurate rein on the swelling steam be lost. Yet, if want of accuarcy kills, so accuracy can cure. For the surgeon's knife and the healer's medicines have come to have keen eyes, and know their track in the dark flesh, and go not blindly at the heart any more. So, it is a truth of history, that accuracy has frightened ghosts, demigods, witches, satyrs, dragons, terror, servility, suffering, crime, brawling, deceit, bigotry, pride, fools and fanatics out of half the world; yes! certain it is, that accuracy has hunted down lies, glorified hard-judged innocence, given victory to truth, value to speech, power to dead men, stopped wars, created suns at midnight, established safety, progress and religion.

Does any man doubt that these are works of accuracy? Why! if the accurate types, the accurate eyes and care, of sharp scholars, had not hunted out and preserved what we do know, the world would be all afloat again as of old, and worse off too; for then they had more faith without proof than we. Our all depends on accuracy. This is coming to be the foundation of all belief. Ten errors in the Bible which could not be explained would overturn in a week the faith of the wise. Men now-a-days have hearts shielded by intellects which cannot be pierced by any crumbling, shaly spear, but only by the keen, flinty steel of accuracy, every atom of it fact and proof tried in the fire. Daily also groweth the accurate man's work in magnitude and necessity, for the past continually is taking what must not be forgotten, and the future evermore opening what must be known.

Wherefore get accuracy if you would do well. Go not to sea with a loose bottomed boat, for there are rocks, and storms, and much darkness; wherefore unto no ship save the tight-caulked, and oak-ribbed, and copper sheeted shall the world trust its passengers and its hopes.

Therefore take lanterns and blazing lights, and let us go into the holds of our ships before we leave port, and see what seams are open. Here we are! Look sharply — this is the ship of the writer and speaker. Here is one dangerous opening: to use words that fail to express your thoughts thoroughly, precisely, and perfectly. Here is another: to guess at dates, facts, words of quotations, pages, or proof-matter of any kind, and not to be accurate in all these things to the very last degree. Here are others, — look at them, everywhere! To have your least important manuscript any less accurate in every point, than any copy which types and printers could make of it; to come to any conclusion which time or research can change; to express any opinion decidedly without accurate knowledge of great proof, (that is a terribly dangerous seam,) to lean on any man's opinion without knowing its foundation; to be too proud to be corrected, set right, and made to confess your error by the poorest bearer of truth in the universe, (that opening has sunk many ships;) to use words, gestures or looks that misrepresent your heart; to be any less honest than the sun-light; to attempt to know more than you can arrange and retain clearly, (that is a wide entrance for the waters;) in short, to be only as accurate as full nine-tenths of writers, speakers and scholars are. See! while we have been looking, the water has entered; this ship is not sea-worthy; its seams keep a man bailing and pumping when he should be steering; either close every opening and seal them all with oakum and brass, or go not, good Captain, from the sight of land.

For accuracy is exactness, clear certainty of knowledge. Very little accurate knowledge, we have got then; even the best of us to do our work with! Certainly, and do not our works, always as feeble and few as our knowledge is uncertain, show the same? To the end of our lives they will show it! Therefore it is a good thing that the portals of the mind be like the door-way to eternity, open wide always to receive the incoming, but letting no traveller return, or die, or be lost; and also that there be a judgment of all that enters, which shall separate the good from the bad, and establish each in its own place. For in that road lies accuracy.

"And," says some lazy genius, "you will find there, too, in this degrading attention to particulars, what will check the eloquent flow of the soul, and produce constraint and littleness of mind!"

Brother, the ground trembles! A tempest is abroad in the heavens! Look out! there are thunders, and lightnings, and blackness of darkness, and pouring of rain, and roaring of wind, and swaying of mountain-oaks, and breaking of valley lilies! Voices, terrible and eloquent are in the air; signs, majestical and fearful are in the elements. Yet these clouds are made up of atoms, and of atoms of atoms, each rounded, and accurately finished, particularly perfect for the rain and the lightning. These trees, which are tossing and sighing, are full of cells infinitely small, yet altogether perfect, through which the sap goeth up,a chamber is each one with a fountain bursting up from centre to ceiling. These lilies, which are bowing in the rain on the valleys, have a yellow dust upon their bosoms, and each atom of dust is like a bunch of grapes, an atom made up of atoms, and in each atom is a liquid, and in this liquid animalcules have been discovered, and in each animalcule perfect limbs, muscles, teeth, hairs, and in the hairs nerves, and in the nerves veins, and in the veins blood, and in the blood particles, and in the particles, what man has not yet seen, and yet all accurate, entire, without blemish! In all, now mind and mark this: The accurate finish of each invisible drop and atom,takes nothing from the power or freedom of the whole. This is what I wish you to see. That in nature attention to particulars, takes nothing from the eloquence or beauty of the whole. Who then has been so infinitely accurate in things invisibly little, save the King Eternal that has made all space, and all universes of universes? Is HIS mind degraded by attention to particulars, or constrained or made little? That is all I have to say to your objection. *If to unite accuracy and greatness on so large a scale is possible, much more in that smaller scale to which we can attain.* Never think because you have seen men with great powers of accuracy who were alone distinguished for that and had no heart, soul, or reason, that these things cannot go together. Such men have taken care of but one part of what God gave them, and have grown awkwardly.

Brother, there is nothing better for us than to imitate the Highest. Education ought to make a man's mind like every one of God's works, perfect in every little thing, yet strong in all great things. And this is only what we were made to do and to enjoy.

Cook

THE TOLLING BELL.

Sad and solemn sounds the bell,
As echoes round the parting knell
Of some spirit fled away
From this dreary house of clay.

Tolls the bell with mournful peal,
Thrilling e'en the heart of steel,
Bringing sadness o'er the soul,
As we listen to its toll.

Sadly steal the echoes round,
Softly floats the doleful sound,
Sadly winds the mourning throng
Up the narrow streets along.

Bear him onward to the tomb,
Let him sleep in peace and gloom;
For the spirit gone before
Shall bask in light forevermore.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO IMMORTALITY.

Softly, tread softly, for it is the bed-chamber of a fellow mortal that we are about to enter! Ah! here is the entrance; — open the door slowly and easily, lest you should disturb the spirit which now wavers between earth and heaven: a spirit not of earth, because its thoughts are in the spirit-land — not of heaven, because it has not yet been received to its final resting place. But we have entered — how still is all! — Nought save the low breathing of the victim of death is heard: — the house-dog, crouched in the corner, seems by his look and stillness, to be aware of the solemnity of the moment; — the fire burning low seems to cast, instead of its usual brightness, a gloom throughout the room; — not a breeze stirs the tranquil air; — and the setting sun seen from this place alone withholds its joyous rays, as if it would not leave a single cause of regret to the last moments on earth of the voyager now about to launch a skiff in the sea of eternity.

But let us near the bed-side of her who is soon to be, to us, no more. A maiden of that age in which beauty has the most charms, and virtue shines the brightest; in which expectations begin to quicken and hopes to brighten, is now stricken down by disease. The happy scenes of earth, in which she has been wont to linger and shine forth in beauty, animation, and virtue; the many friends by whom she has been so dearly respected and beloved, and finally, everything pertaining to earth, are now, to her, as nothing.

But upon that countenance there still remains a beauty, not human but angelic; a placid resignation of things past; a beautiful hope of the future. But hark! does she not breathe slower? will she not wake from that slumber in another world? Ah, yes, she has breathed her last! The soul has taken its flight to immortality. She has left things earthly for things heavenly — companions mortal for companions angelic. Nothing is now left but the mere frame; the spirit has departed. Therefore, though she be an only sister, do not lament, for while you are yet sorrowful, she is singing songs of joy with the angels in heaven.

UNION BETWEEN MAN AND NATURE.

There is between man and nature a much more intimate connection than would be supposed at first thought. Earth was created for man, and for him she brings forth those numerous productions which gladden and beautify his existence here. For *him* the trees put forth their buds, and open their blossoms, and perfect their fruit. The waving fields of grain; the many beautiful forests scattered here and there all over the earth; the noble rivers watering and fertilizing the land wherever they go; and the vast expanse of ocean — all are made to minister to the various wants of man. Strange would it be, then, if an intimate connection did not exist between man and nature. Man was first created pure, spotless, and holy; fit to be the companion of gods. Nature was also made, like unto him, resplendent in its glory, and lavish in its productions. But as the baser passions gained the mastery over the man, and partially dethroned his nobler feelings and propensities, we find the connection so intimate, that the earth, which gives him his daily support, must needs undergo a similar change. As the one having sinned was cursed on account of it, so must the other suffer for its master's curse. The connection is still observable.

For go where you will, among classes of men who have degraded themselves towards the lower order of brutes, by giving way to the baser passions of the heart, and neglecting those monitors that would point to something higher and nobler in their nature, you will observe, that that part of nature's vast domain which he has under his particular dominion seems to shrink, as it were, from his very touch, and to assume an aspect of mourning over the downward course he is pursuing, the very winds sigh dolefully over his head; and if he goes out early on a bright summer's morning, there, perchance, he will see the trees themselves shedding bright, sparkling tears. Nature feels his neglect, and in her turn refuses to flourish under the baneful atmosphere of his pollution. But the man who sedulously cultivates the nobler feelings of his own heart, and pursues noble objects, befitting his own immortal nature, may be assured that the created works of God around him will wear a more pleasing aspect than where vice prevails. She does indeed show gratitude for the care and attention bestowed upon her by man. By the former all her attentions are disregarded, and when she would be fruitful and productive, yielding a rich reward for labor bestowed upon her, man virtually refuses to receive it, by neglecting to give her that labor and care which she so well deserves. From the latter she receives all that she requires of him, and in return she yields up her fruits in rich abundance.

Many would look upon this in the mere mercenary spirit of the world, and say, she only does this because he gives her the proper amount of care and labor. But the thought is too beautiful to be lost, that in proportion as the world grows better, as its inhabitants cease to revel in guilty pleasures, and turn their attention to the cultivation of the nobler qualities of their nature, in just such proportion does nature throw off her reserve and appear in a state approaching to her original glory; and when all kinds of wickedness shall cease from the earth, then shall we behold her in all the resplendent brightness in which she appeared to its first inhabitants.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Literature is, or should be, to every man a source of pleasure and improvement. We love to read those truths which the more refined minds of others have sought out, and are benefited by working into our own nature the mind of others wiser than ourselves. For this reason, it is, that in our schools and colleges, so large a portion of the attention of the student is directed to the classics, viz.; because that among the works of the ancients, those which were unworthy of remembrance, have passed away together with the breath of the authors. And for this reason again, we are disposed to laud too highly the Greek and Roman authors, judging that nothing produced in our own time can equal their standard of excellence. Theirs was a worthy literature; but if we look at that piled upon the shelves of our New England homes, we may see a style of literature, which may challenge comparison with that of former ages; and affording us a new charm from its being in our own ancestral tongue.

As the world has been ruled at intervals by some dominant race, so has there ever been a dominant language. The Greek and Latin, have each, at different periods, enjoyed this preeminence, and at the present day, we claim it for the English. For this is the language which absorbs all others, whose vocabulary lays ancient and modern tongues all under contribution, and summons every other speech to furnish some idiom of peculiar beauty, which it may adopt as its own; the chalk-hilled coast of England, no longer is its limit. Those who offer up their orisons in its words, have already civilized and peopled a new world. More than half the sails that speck the Atlantic, or challenge the whiteness of the Arctic iceberg, are reefed and furled in obedience to its utterances. And the volume of Holy Writ, is read in its English version throughout either continent, and on the islands of the sea. The language is like the people on whose tongues it lives, restless, active, progressive. As the Aborigines of this land have disappeared before us, leaving behind them no trace of their former greatness, may it not be that other languages shall disappear before ours, until the Babel curse shall be partially overcome?

We are struck with its versatility. Some languages seem to be made for one style of composition alone; but not so the English. It furnishes a medium for the expression of the most solemn meditation, and the most soul-harrowing tragedy, the loftiest poetry and oratory, the conversation of humble life, and even the foolish simperings of fashionable society. The editor may relate the occurrences of the day, and the historian picture the scenes of the past. The philosopher may deal with abstract truth, or the lecturer, by familiar illustration move the hearts of the people, without breaking the rules of our language. We may marshal our sentences with as much manly vigor as the German, or reason of philosophy with as even a tone as the Frenchman. We may offer our prayers to Heaven with as much reverence as the Spaniard, or may wake the sigh of love as tenderly as the Italian. Like its speakers again, our language is not fashioned according to any one rule; but the passions and feelings of men have had their influences upon it, and different circumstances and climes, have impressed upon it their own mark, and yet in a common fraternity it links together all those who pronounce its magic words.

We note its power and life; for it is not of the refined and gentle South, but the rigid, earnest North, whose atmosphere blasts everything but that which comes doubly warm from the heart. Its greatest author, was the son of an humble wool dealer, taught only in nature and his mother-tongue; yet in his hands has it proved pliant as wax, able to depict scenes of pleasure and frolic, or of awe and terror. While these writings, and the works of his inferior, yet great successors are admired and cherished by the people, we need never fear that the true Anglo Saxon spirit will fade away. The poet hardly exagerated, when he said:—

> "We *must* be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake!"

THE SILENT RIVER.

There is a silent river,
  The rolling river, time,
In summer's rosy blushes
  In hoary winter's prime;
It floweth, floweth ever,
  In whatsoever clime.

And well trimmed barks are sailing
Upon its silent tide;
With golden treasures laden
The little vessels glide;
And faith, and hope, and action,
And love, are side by side.

And, O! a host of others,
Compose the little fleet.
Anon, the waves are heaving,
Now *wild* the *billows* beat.
Gray mists steal o'er the waters —
The mournful mists of fate.

The polar star grows dimmer:
The scattered vessels driven,
All wild in disapointment
Unto the waves are given;
And faith alone remaineth,
To bear the soul to heaven. —

How is it shown that "Mother Philo" has been guilty of using the razor? *Ans.* "Because she has lost her *Beard!*

Why should the members of this Society be hale and hearty? *Ans.* Because they have a good *Cook.*

We hear a great deal about the flexibility of the Greek, but the following seems to show equal flexibility in English: —

"Come, Miss Fuller, let me seat you at that piano."

"Oo no, me unskilled fingahs have nevah lunt that heavenlee aht to waken stwains of celestial hahmonee from that melodyus enstyoumint!"

"Well, but you sing, at least?"

"No, nevah en me life, except, that I sumetimes wahble a few notes fau me papa!"

What is the difference between a woman of eighteen and eighty?

One is happy and careless, and the other cappy and hairless.

CHANGE.

Change sweeps over all things. It is written in mossy characters on the tomb-stone, and traced by the trailing ivy on the mouldering wall of the deserted castle. It nestles softly on the falling leaf, and beautifully in the fading flower. It began its work when this ponderous ball first swung into space a shapeless void. It upheaved these granite hills, whose everlasting summits rise clothed in grandeur toward the arching sky. It sunk the valleys deep, and sent the river meandering to the sea, whose hollows and caverns were made by the same mighty agent. It wears away the solid rocks, causes rivers and mountains to change their places, and islands to rise from the depths of the ocean. It has, in the lapse of time, submerged one shore of a continent and elevated its opposite. All history is but a record of its doings. It has, subdued armies, prostrated cities, and deluged the nations in blood. *Time* is but its agent. Look upon the shores of classic Greece; listen to the tale of her Marathon and the deeds of her heroes. Where are they now? Time, the mighty agent of change, has settled over their greatness silently, but as surely as the billows of the ocean engulf the ill-fated ship. Perchance *Troy was*, and there were Trojans; but change has left us but the mere legend of their existence, and the light of truth has never pierced the veil of obscurity that envelops them. The Rubicon and Tiber are but way-marks in the onward stride of change, for the memorable passage of the one and the proud history of the other are known but in the records of the past. Rome has fallen, and if we turn to more modern views, no different aspect is presented. The mouldering castles of feudal times — the crumbling pyramids — the departed glory of Spain; these all claim a place with the legendary tales of Greece, and the departed glory of Carthage. It has blotted from our continent a whole peculiar people, to whose fabulous origin change has left no clue. The touching incidents of their past; the rise and decline of tribes, are to us a sealed book. This mighty element will never cease its work while time shall endure; but will leave its impress on the sands of time in the continual decay of empires, the tottering of thrones, and on the tombstones of the mighty and great of the earth.

Fullerton

ARE YOU PROUD?

Cursed be pride, because it hinders thought,
And chains the going forth of heart and mind.
Could man describe a landscape to one blind,
Or hidden from it, and look off the scene
Each other moment, watching the effect ?
Could children pluck the orchards and rest oft
To prize the fruit ? or reapers gather grain,
Though God had clothed the hills in golden seas,
Who stop in proud dispute to number sheaves ?
Would men fear him who in the battle's front,
Should look behind to count the fallen dead,
His steps towards victory, to tell it to his mate ?
No more can he who looketh back in thought,
To proudly mark the battle's gains be strong.
The sheaves of the proud harvester are few :
While he who labors humbly, gazing not,
Save up and onward, hath plenteous joy at eve.
No more can he who looks upon thought's fields,
Both paint them well and watch his hearer's praise.
Can mind divide ? Can vision split in two,
And cross-eyed see both self and subject ? Can
Thought's mine be worked, the open shaft go down,
The mountain's golden bowels gained from God
For man, when pride, e'er standing at the mouth,
Calls up the workmen every hour to see
How huge a pile they've heaped ? Never ! woe to pride !
But thus the work is joyless, checked and hard,
Oft-times abandoned. Pride's accursed calls
Thwart and infatuate the workmen so,
The native riches of that mine are hid :
Instead of digging deep and opening up
Those veins that have no end, until the world
Might joy in solid gold and long-sought wealth.
The mental workmen sit with Pride content,
Around some sorry splinters staved from off
The outer dross, whose scattered specks of gold
They show and look upon as all of Ophir !
Out, then, from meditation's train for aye,
Let Pride be cast as Satan's subtlest curse,

As thought's eternal foe, ready with chains
Of gold and sweet-toned lies to steal from man
His birthright in the treasures of his being;
Rend'ring every thought unnatural and false.
Aye! making such a fool of man its slave,
That being poor, and ignorant, and bare,
He sees not either, but contented deems
His thoughts well-clothed, the wisest, and the best.
Yes! cast out Pride. For God will dwell with man,
To give him thoughts and wisdom, joy and strength
For heaven's cause; but when Pride is there, God
Will habit never while earth stands. So Pride
Within is God without, with whom is all.
  Behold the humble mind! how glad, how free!
His thoughts are natural, just, and powerful,
Sincere, and rich, and yet not labored for!
They flow a golden stream, exhausting not
The spirit, yet blessing and renewing ever!
Whence come these waters? Is the fountain man?
Ah! dwelleth not God's spirit with the poor
In heart and humble? When they speak, 'tis God
And no more man that giveth strength and wisdom,
On dying beds where earth and pride come not,
In those last moments when the soul is filled
With greater thoughts, how oft great words are found
Upon the lips and oracles of Heaven
That there in life had never dwelling. Why —
Why may not life be one continued scene
Like full in awful utterance of truth
As this last hour, and life's vast energies,
In humbleness made meet, be fed and moved
By th' indwelling Spirit of that God,
Whose presence is Omnipotence in truth
And joy!
  O, that God would take away my pride,
And break it as the ocean tide
Breaks the light sea-weed on the rocks
Of the lone isles by surging shocks,
Thrown back and forward, dashed upon the shore,
Whirled and dismantled, powerless mid the roar,
It breaks and separates, and is no more!

Cook

ERIN'S OWN BARD.

The terms British Orators, and British Poets, are as familiar to most of us as the early, and fondly cherished scenes of our childhood, but how few are there among us all, who reflect for an instant, upon the gross inconsistency of making such a classification as represents the flower of Irish scholars as sturdy Britons. And yet nothing is more common, even among *well* educated people· With these reflections, we make up our mind to dwell upon the life and writings of a man, who is *eminently* and *peculiarly* Ireland's own.

Thomas Moore, was born in Dublin, — the birth-place of Grattan, Burke, Sheridan, and Shiel — on the twenty-eighth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty, and at the early age of fourteen years, became a student of Trinity College, in his native city, where he took his degree in seventeen hundred ninety-nine. He then went to London, entered the Middle Temple, and in due time was admitted to the bar; at which, we believe, he did not do much. In eighteen hundred and three, during his absence from England, he made a flying visit to the United States, which gave rise to a series of somewhat bitter odes and epistles, on society, and manners in this country. Owing to an attack, made on these by Jeffrey, the poet sent the critic a challenge. The parties met, but the police prevented a duel, and the pistols, on examination, were found to contain paper pellets, which the seconds had carefully substituted for bullets; a circumstance alluded to by Byron, in his English Bards, in a manner which provoked a remonstrance from Mr. Moore. The Poets, however, soon became intimate friends, and continued so till the death of Byron. We have noticed these points in the life of our Author, because they give us a sort of key to his character.

By this time, eighteen hundred sixteen, Mr. Moore, has taken a foremost stand among the poets and accomplished men of his age; for, already, his Sacred Songs and the Irish Melodies have appeared, together with Lalla Rookh, the four tales in which, and the frame-work which unites them, were compared in the Edinburgh Review, to four beautiful pearls, joined together by a thread of silk and gold. Were we to give expression to our feelings as they glowed upon the first perusal of this immortal work, we fear we should come under the censure of those, who look upon the feelings prompted by the reading of such works, as indicative of mental weakness; suffice it to say, that we never read a work which came so near our conception of an Oriental romance in all its grandeur and beauty.

But what shall be said of the Melodies — The Irish Melodies, which will live as long as there exists a true child of Erin; not that they can vie with the lofty march of Milton, Blair, or Young, or abound in the practical maxims of a Shakspeare; but rather, that they express better the feelings of the human heart, and more especially those of an Irishman's heart.

Throughout these exquisite peices there is apparant, one feeling of sadness, a fovorite theme of his from his earliest — to his latest strains — a feeling which he utters in every suitable form of verse, through every variety of imagery, in every cadence of intensity, and with a success so marvellous, so uniformly and absolutely perfect, that we believe no other poet ever attained or approached. We allude to the feeling which arises in the mind from the contemplation of the pursuits, the companions, the friendships, and the aspirations, and whatever else there may be of the features and associations of days long and forever past, of scenes we can never again behold, and, also, what interests often as touchingly, though not as painfully, the mighty deeds, the golden pomps and glories of bygone ages, seen like those old round towers, through the waves of time in which they have been so long engulfed.

We sometimes hear a comparison drawn between our Poet and Burns; but there is a refinement of imagery, feeling, and language discernible in the lyrics of Moore, which we look in vain for in the Scott. It is true, both are simple; but those of Burns are simple to a wider circle. He expresses the feelings of our common nature in the most intense and moving manner. Moore does the same, but infuses into them such a refinement and delicacy as are lost upon the uncultivated. Both are, beyond a doubt, the two first Lyric Poets of our literature. The empire of song is theirs.

But we must speak of him as a man, and as a patriot. We are informed he was deservedly popular in society for his amiable qualities and fascinating manners; he had shared the intimacy of all the greatest men and writers of an age more prolific in great men and great geniuses than any since that of Shakspeare, and Raleigh, and Sidney; and divided his time between the quiet charms of domestic life (which was doubly more endearing to him, since it had been his good fortune to have been united to a lady whose great beauty seems to have been but the reflection of the natural goodness and nobleness of her heart) — and the smiles of the most elevated society. After struggling hard "to make ends meet," sometimes with only a few shillings in his pocket, he was never guilty of one mean or unmanly act. His temper seems to have been one of unvarying sweetness. All the world admired his genius, and all who knew, loved the man. His character must have been beautiful as his genius. But, after all, it is as a patriot — that Moore claims our highest admiration and profoundest homage; for, surely no one save a devout lover of his country, could write strains like his, had he not been inspired by this love, never could he have occupied a consecrated spot in the hearts of his countrymen. In conversing, in imagination, with "his own loved Island of sorrow," how beautifully and touchingly he sings:

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lone as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, — great, glorions, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

Such is his language, and what if he does not occupy such a conspicuous figure in his Country's History as the immortal Grattan! Was he not surrounded by every circumstance which might influence a man to forget the land of his nativity, and, yet, do we ever find him swerving from the right, when woven in with the interests of his own land? and does he not live to this day, and will he not continue to live through all time, to rouse his heart-stricken countrymen, through the secret, but all-telling influence of his song, to deeds worthy of a Wallace or a Tell? Thus have we endeavored to pen a few thoughts which we hope may be the means of leading some one to this great fount of classic poetry.

John Boyle.

FACTS OF THE SOCETY.

From the books of the Secretary and Treasurer and from the President of the Philomethian Society of Phillips Academy, for the fall term of 1856, we gather the following facts, to show how said Society has sought " improvement in Argument, Eloquence, and English Composition.

I. *Members.* Whole No. of, 109. From Fla. 1, La. 1, Iwa. 1, R. I. 1, Canada 1, Prussia 1, N. J. 2, Ireland 2, Me. 5, Vt. 5, Penn. 5, Ohio 7, Conn. 6, N. Y. 10, N. H. 16, Mass. 45.

II. *Officers.* Flavius J. Cook, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., President; B. M. Fullerton, Vice President; D. H. Brown, Sec.; F. H. Morgan, Treas.; F. E. Bundy, A. M. Richardson, D. N. Lane, and W. H. Goodale, Executive Committee.

III. *Mirrors.* The numbers of this literary paper have been as follows: the first, by A. C. Barrows, 20 minutes; the second, by S. I. Clark, 30 min.; the third by M. E. Day, 40 min.; the fourth, by A. C. Barrows, 30 min.; the fifth, by S. I. Clark, 45 min.; making 2 hours 45 min. Eng. Comp. this term.

IV. Critics. The criticisms have averaged 15 min. in length, the special points of each critic being as follows: D. H. Brown, *Argument and Style;* A. H. Hardy, *Order;* G. H. Taylor, *Good Taste;* R. G. Hutchins, *Style and Argument;* L. T. Chamberlain, *Preparation for Debate;* B. M. Fullerton, *Voices;* J. Boyle, *Style;* W. W. Dow, *Depth of Thought.*

V. *Extempores.* Average length 10 min.; *Ireland as it ought to be*, by J. D.Murphy; 2. *Benefits of Classical Studies*, by R.S. Peabody; 3. *The British Press*, by J. Boyle; 4. *The West Indies*, by R. B. Steele; 5. *The Merchants of N. Y. City*, by H. H. Stebbins; 6. *The Living Reformers of the U. S.*, by J. H. Hutchinson; 7. *Journal Keeping*, by J. H. Bixby.

VI. *Debates.* The number present at any one debate has not been below 50 nor over 150, and the length of the debates from 1 to 2 1-2 hours.

1. *Is an accurate Knowledge and Observance of the rules and forms of Elocution desirable for him who would be a natural and powerful speaker?* No: 24 to 14. Sept. 12.

2. *Have the Expeditions to discover a North-west Passage been worth their cost?* Yes: 34 to 12. Sept. 19.

3. *Is it best to Shave the Beard?* No: 51 to 8. Sept. 26.

4. *Ought Representatives to be Bound by the Will of their Constituents?* No: 39 to 22. Oct. 3.

5. *Ought the Standing Army of the U. S. to be Increased?* No: 32 to 17. Oct. 10.

6. *Ought Capital Punishment to be Abolished?* No: 38 to 12. Oct. 24.

7. *Have the Allied Powers gained more advantages than Russia in the late Eastern war?* Yes: 27 to 22. Oct. 31.

8. *Is it likely that England will become a Republic within the next* 200 *years?* No: 24 to 16. Nov. 14.

The above votes represent the opinion of the Society: the decision of the President on the weight of argument was opposed to that of the Soc. on the 4th, 6th, and 8th questions.

VII. The number of regular debates in which members of the Soc. have appeared are as follows: * *A. M. Richardson*, *N. P. Gage*, W. H. LIVINGOOD, H. S. MERCHANT, *J. W. Gould*, J. H. CROSBY, *E. D. Halsey*, E. A. JEWETT, A. R. Seagraves, *W. A. James*, D. S. MORGAN, A. C. BARROWS, J. H. Bixby, J. DANIELSON, *E. S. Powers*, T. BLAGDEN, A. H. HARDY, R. H. Gilmore, J. F. STONE, J. B. HAMMOND, F. R. JONES *in one:* Messrs. R. S. PEABODY, *E. Stewart*, S. A. BENT, B. M. FULLERTON, F. E. Bundy, F. H. Morgan, D. E. PARIS, *R. B. Steele*, D. H. BROWN, *M. C. Day*, W. H. GOODALE *in two;* Messrs. S. I. CLARK, E. N. Andrews, W. W. DOW, L. P. Martin *in three;* and J. D. Murphy *in five.* Of these 37 debaters, most of those last named made two, sometimes three speeches in each debate in which they appeared; the number of *speeches* on debate is about 60.

VIII. *Change of Exercises:* 1. Oct. 17, instead of the essay and debate, a series of dialogues and declamations, serious and comic, in which 18 members took part. 2. Nov. 7, instead of regular exercises, a Moot Court, case of arson, 37 took part, Messrs. Barrows, Hutchins, Fullerton, and Brown, as lawyers. 3. Nov. 19, Election. 4. Nov. 21, instead of the President's address and election, the following: 1. Oration by L. T. Chamberlain, subject: *Whither?* 2. Oration by S. I. Clark, subject: *Regularity of Nature compared with the inconsistencies of men;* 3. Poem by R. G. Hutchins, subject: *Peace;* 4. President's Address, subject: *The Truth-Teller;* 5. Hymn by W. W. Dow.

IX. *Parliamentary law and Precedents.* To secure correctness and uniformity in the practice of the Philo., the Soc. have, 1. supplied themselves with 53 copies of Cushing's Manual, pp. 189; 2. Placed in the hands of the Pres't Cushing's Law and Prac. of Legis. Ass., pp. 1083, as the law of the Soc.; and 3. the following points, with regard to which there has been much want of uniformity, and consequent division, have been strictly regarded: (a) *Conduct of members.* No passing in, out, up and down or across the aisles or room during the performance of any part, but only between the parts, except to a point of order or privilege;

* Seniors in SMALL CAPS, 21; Middlers in *italics*, 9; Juniors in Roman, 7.

no stamping with the feet, or hissing, but clapping with the hands under restraint of Pres.; no reading, or writing, or continued whispering, except such as is to result, the same night, in a speech or motion. (b) *Motions.* None seconded except by member rising and addressing the chair; order and precedence of, fixed by rule of H. of Reps. of U. S.; statements of other business to come before the house only allowable remarks on motion to adjourn; motions always divided and only one proposition voted on at a time; no motion to rescind or reconsider any vote allowable on the same day it was given, or if not moved by one who voted with the conquering party. (c) *Vice Pres.* to post up conspicuously a list of questions, one day previous to the choice of the Soc. therefrom. (d) *Secretary* to record all regular votes of the Soc. whether in Aff. or Neg., to enter on record-book, before each meeting, the adopted records of the preceding meeting, by special rule to enter also on record-book the surname of every member taking part, or making any motion (except to adjourn) on which the Soc. votes, to furnish to the chairman of all special committees, on the day succeeding their election, copies, signed by the Pres. or Vice Pres. and Sec., of all votes of the Soc. relating to their duties after that period.

R. G. Hutchins,
J. D. Murphy, } *Com. of Pub.*
M. M. Meggett,

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

VOL. 3. MARCH, 1857. NO. 2.

Joseph A. Scranton,
Edward A. Jewett,
Edwin Stewart,
Editors.

The good providence of God has permitted us to offer our friends another number of the "Mirror." And shall we not do well, as the last hours of the term are passing away, to make the inquiry, have we progressed, as our teachers and friends expected, in those essential branches of our education, for improvement in which our Society was formed,—"Argument, Eloquence, and English Composition?" In presenting this number of the "Mirror," we make no comments,—it was our duty only to select and arrange,—but we would remind you, as you have often been reminded before, that these are not the productions of adepts in the art of "driving the quill," but rather the first fruits of young trees, which, when matured, may produce fruit for the instruction and benefit of mankind.

Committee of Publication,

Samuel I. Clark,
Frank E. Bundy,
John J. Griffith.

THE ART OF GRUMBLING.

Many are the learners and practisers of the Art of Grumbling, but very few of these, are they who know its importance. Very few, are they who know how rich a store of future happiness they are laying up for themselves and others, simply by practising the Grumbling Art in youth. The mechanic may be wide awake, and swing his heavy sledge with exact regularity to form the iron bolt; but, did he know what disaster and woe would ensue, if, when the mighty engine was fearfully rushing along its track, that bolt should not exactly fit, and slip, or give way, how much more careful would he be, and with how much more interest would he examine into the perfection of everything! Even so, did we know how much depends on a knowledge of this art, we should spare no labor to perfect ourselves in it.

Grumbling is a necessary attendant, or most efficient cause, of happiness. For, do not prosperity and grumbling go together? Are not the most wealthy and powerful also the most continuous grumblers? The rich man, lord of an expensive mansion, buttoned in and almost clothed with jewels and gold, whose will is law among a thousand dependants, without pain, sickness, or labor,—quietly dozing away the days when others toil, and dancing out the nights when others toss in fever and delirium,—does *he* not grumble at everything, and at every time?—does he not grumble himself out of bed, and into it again? grumble while he eats and drinks? grumble at everything which causes him pain, or at which others laugh? In short, is not grumbling a second nature to him? Does not all that mighty pride of wealth, ease, power, and honor, find vent through his tongue in fault-finding, censoriousness, and grumbling?—so necessary seems the practice of this art to prosperity.

Grumbling will make you a pleasant companion; for, as long as men are proud, so long will they love to hear you find fault with others. And how dry and insipid becomes that conversation where there is no sarcasm, no bitter wit, no complaining; where everything is imaginary peace, and the woes and ills that compose life are thrust aside! Who would not feel humbled to sit for an hour with a man who had not spirit enough to grumble at his tight boots, though he bought them of his own choice? of the weather, though, till his footman told him, he did not know whether it was pleasant or cloudy? at his wife and children, because he had forgotten to leave with them some directions? or at himself, because he had not talent enough to find anything else to grumble at? For grumbling and fault-finding are the spices of conversation, without which your company will be flat and uninteresting.

Grumbling will secure you honor and fame. For he who grumbles at everything, and will not take what is allotted him without complaining, he is the man, says the popular voice, who will not tamely submit to the thongs and tethers of the past, — he is the genius, spirited and original, — he is the philanthropist, whose motto is improvement and advance. His grumbling shows that he can sympathize with us, although we are the ones he complains of, and he shall be our leader. And, therefore, at his heels the crowd follows, hurrahing and shouting, who, but for this one invaluable art of grumbling, would have sunk in infamy, not having soul enough to feel the wants of mankind, nor intellect enough to prove his manhood to his worshippers. If, therefore, grumbling will do much to procure for you prosperity, affection, and praise, what expense is too great, what labor too arduous, to attain to perfection in it?

And how? Simply by practice. Though your tongue has not yet learned to rattle and clatter at everything, still, if you endeavor, you *can* make it complain. Difficult at first will it be; for in proportion to the value of an attainment, is the difficulty of attaining it. But step boldly up to this Herculean task, and the victory will be yours. *Grumble at all times, and let every place be witness to your complaining,* — this is the sum of the matter. When you rise in the morning, if early, grumble because you can sleep no longer; if late, because you have overslept. If the day is busy, grumble because you must work; if not, because the hours lie heavy on your hands. Grumble at anything and everything, and be assured that when you begin the day with this determination, you will find enough to grumble at. Find fault with your friends and servants, with your bookseller and tailor, with everybody whom you meet, or with whom you have anything to do. Have a word of censure for every one you meet, particularly your intimate friends, and find fault with the one you last passed to the next one you meet. Let no opportunity for grumbling escape you;

for, though the means of improvement in this art have been spread lavishly around, yet they will be of no value, if you do not improve them. And if, at the close of each day, you find that you have not grumbled to-day more than you did yesterday, set it down as a day unimproved; and if, during the day, you have neglected any opportunity for grumbling, make it up then in your room, and, before you close your eyes, add, to complete your day's work, a general curse to mankind. By such a course you will rapidly improve in this invaluable art, and lay up for the future, stores of happiness unknown to most. Our conclusion is: Let every man who wishes for prosperity, respect and fame, earnestly endeavor to obtain — what will confer them upon him, or, at least, sweeten them in possession — the Art of Grumbling.

SKALLIWAG.

BABYLON.

"Say, what is Babylon, low sunk in earth,
Or what Palmyra, in the dreary waste,
To man in ruins?"

As the traveller pauses upon the banks of the Euphrates, and casts his eyes upon either side of that venerable river, to behold the ruins of that ill-fated city, Babylon, his heart is filled with emotions of reverence and awe.

For history tells us that it was called the "mighty Babylon," so celebrated in antiquity, — that Babylon, of which the prophet said, "They transformed the wandering hordes of nations into settled abodes, and built up the palaces of the land."

And, now, all that is left to mark the "pride of the East" are heaps of rubbish, with here and there a half-ruined monument, over which the ancient splendor of Babylon still seems to hover.

Such is the ruin of that great city; a barren waste, transformed into a wild, where the hunter might await his prey, where the beast might flee before his pursuer, and where he still makes his habitation. Thus the words of the prophet have been fulfilled: "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; owls shall fill their houses; ostriches shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there; jackals shall howl in their palaces, and wild hounds in their pleasant places." They tell us of Palmyra, too, as once being mighty in wealth and power, adorned with all that Art and Nature could unfold. But what is she now?

"Dark and solitary,
Where people thronged, and joy and tumult reigned:
Like a lorn widow, she in silence mourns
Her sons, her grandeur lost,
A stinking morass, and a barren steppe."

But what are these, and many others, if such there are, to man in ruins?

Behold man in his original state; mark out minutely every vein and artery which pulsate throughout the whole body, every filament, fibre, tissue, organ, apparatus, and system, which constitute the body; mark out also the admirable function each performs, and the wisdom and goodness displayed in its mechanism, and you will behold a wonderful structure, which far eclipses the grandeur of those ancient cities.

There is a spirit, and a mind also, intrusted to man, of which one has said: "Men will cross the sea, in order to view a mountain or a waterfall; but there is more grandeur in the human spirit than in all material nature. There is a glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars; but the glory of one mind is greater than all."

Man also bears the exact image of God; and to him that vast chain of being is subordinate, of beast, bird, fish, and insect, which fill this air, this ocean, and this earth.

"But if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall."

Ah, what a fall is that! Deprived of his high estate, he stands like a blasted flower on the heath, over which nature stands weeping. Mark this, oh ye who dethrone yourselves by yielding to the vices of this life! ye who revel in licentiousness, and debase yourselves by the varied forms of intemperance! and tell me, what is Babylon or Palmyra, to man in ruins?

Sorrow fills our breast, as we look upon the ruins of Babylon and Palmyra; but there is a greater sorrow, when we look upon the ruins of man. And we need not cross the ocean to see them, for the world is full of such ruins.

In my short pilgrimage, mid the ruins of men, mine eyes did rest upon one who had fallen, the veriest victim to the alcoholic cup. He was beyond the reach even of hope; despair was written in his countenance; and, trembling like an aspen leaf, fain would cry —

> "How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
> What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

The smiles of nature witnessed his heart, — her music was madness, — for virtue had written her anathema upon his gloomy brow, and conscience still presented to his averted eye the branded name of *villain!*

I looked for a moment upon that pitiable ruin — I turned my eyes upon a beautiful landscape before me, and fain asked, Why is it so lovely? But soon the silent teachings of nature taught me to know that it was but a painting to decorate the great public mansion of nature. And for whom? Reason answered, for man.

I then looked toward heaven, and beheld the sun in its meridian splendor, with a full conviction that it was shining to bless mankind. I then thought of such men as Luther and Newton, who stood as princes mid created things, — and then again I gazed upon the ruin before me, asking, with all the anguish of my soul:

> "What is Babylon, low sunk in earth,
> Or what Palmyra, in the dreary waste,
> To man in ruins?"

VIVANS BONUS.

Why is an elephant like a brick? — Ans. Because he can't climb a tree.

LINES TO THE QUINEBAUG.

Thy name, Quinebaug, is too harsh for the Muses,
Thy features too rough for the limner to paint;
The roar of thy waters soft fancy confuses,
Yet thy child may address thee without a restraint.

I love e'en thy rudeness, most beauteous river,
Which makes thy perfections more lovely appear;
And as oft as I view thee, I thank the Great Giver
That with gentlest of aspects thou still hast severe.

I love the great force of thy strong onward flowing,
The foam on the crest of thy pure sparkling wave,
Far more than the silence of streams that are glowing
'Neath Italy's sun where the fairy-gods lave.

I prize, too, the view of thy fine fertile valleys,
Through which in my childhood so often I roved;
While memory still, fondest scenes often rallies,
Enjoyed in those meads with the lass whom I loved.

I love thy fine coves where I oft played the angler,
And worried the fish in thy pine-shaded breast;
I love *every spot* where, jaded with languor,
I reclined on thy banks for the coolest of rest.

In the fairy moon's light I have sat by thy waters,
And watched the bright stars in thy mirror-like face,
And thought of those stars whose beauty still loiters
In my dreams, though their owner has left my embrace.

Flow on, noble stream, past the home of my childhood,
By the tombs where the loved ones now silently lie;
And when I sleep sweet 'neath the shade of thy wild-wood,
Let my grave be kept green by thy soft dewy spray.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

If there is any one thing, in its nature purely abstract and separated from reality, which yields pleasure more than another, it is the power of association. Much, and indeed most, of the imaginative part of us, owes its life and power to this very thing. Without it, where were the "charm of the antique?" Contemplating the sunny land of Italy, we derive most of our pleasure from the RUINS of the *past.* And what were *they* but for the memory of those who once were there, who moved among these silent mementos of a bygone age, when the palaces were ringing to the voices of mirth, ere the scathing hand of time swept over their freshness, and their tinselled beauty was exchanged for the more honorable but mossy adornments of age and decay? Standing on classic ground, millions of voices borne adown the stream of time, starting from the plains of Troy, and gathering strength at Marathon, and still increased by the recollections of days when Rome was young, break on the ears of his imagination who lingers there, in subdued tones telling him, if he will but heed, the wisdom of the centuries. His soul is wrapt in retrospection. He heeds not the present ruin; he is living in the past. Floods of recollection roll upon him. He hears the clash of armies and the shouts of victory. The eloquence of the forum charms his listening ears. The gorgeous display of the Roman triumph passes in review before him. The captive is led in chains along the crowded streets, and the joyful shout rings out aloud. What recollections throng upon him as he proceeds! He stands upon the pier where, with mingled rage and awe, stood the Carthaginian ambassadors, and, noblest of all, the form of Regulus, bowed by age, and yet all manly and strong, because of the strength of his devotion to his country. He proceeds; and on the rocky cliff, reached by a toilsome ascent, beneath the humble stone rests all that remains of the once noble poet, whose works will be read while there remains an admiration for the literary examples of the past. Crumbling ruins are interesting, only as remembrancers of the days that once *were.* To turn from the contemplation of the honored past, what memories linger, like the sunset rays about the mountain, around our youthful connections, calling back the wandering affections to the dearly loved spot of home! There the birds sang sweetest, skies were bluest; there the bee hummed most intently, and the waterfall dashed wildest; the towering pine rose more symmetrically, and the meadows laid in more quiet greenness; brooks sported freer; butterflies seemed gayer; clouds sail swiftly away without it. Where were the interest which thrills the heart of the returning wanderer to the home of his youth? E'en though he welcomes not a familiar face, though the hand of affection be cold, and the smile be transferred, a flower to bloom above, yet still will the wanderer linger in deep though saddened interest around the haunts of his earlier days. There, even yet, rolls the river, or foams the cataract; the fir trees still fleck the hill-side; the flocks rest in quiet still, and the birds, as of yore, flit from bough to bough of the same old forest trees. He has, perchance, been an exile beneath the skies where hangs the Southern Cross. Now, in all the freshness of youth, he views the well-remembered days when, beneath the moon's pale light, he studied the worlds above him, and took his first lessons in the power and glory of that Being who sustains them. The moon sheds the same sombre light on all around, throws the same darkling shadows from the forest trees, and shimmers in the gently undulating lake as when his years were few. To the sailor on the mighty deep what memories cling! The dashing of the ocean spray, the screaming of the sea-gull, the lowering sky and angry billows, are fraught with interest. The creaking cordage is a reminder of the storm and tempest. So lingers association among the heart's choicest treasures.

TO MY SOUL.

Guest from a holier world,
O tell me where the peaceful valleys lie!
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?
Where the green pastures that the blessed roam?
Unearthly dweller in thy clay-built home,
Where is thy heavenly rest?

On that immortal shore,
Those realms away from earth and time, I know,
A land of bloom, where living waters flow,
And grief comes nevermore.

Faith turns my eyes above;
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;
Night watches o'er me with her starry eyes,
All tremulous with love.

And as entranced I gaze,
Blest music floats to me from distant lyres;
I see a temple round whose golden spires
Unearthly glory plays.

Beyond those azure deeps,
There is thy home — a mansion kept for thee
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key
Death, the kind warden, keeps.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Come, my friends, with me to one of the most cherished and sublime spots upon earth. It is to no mighty pyramid, vieing in magnitude and grandeur with the hugest of mountains; — it is to no great monument, in size formidable, in bold inscriptions astonishing; — it is to no royal palace, the home of luxury and opulence; — it is to no place rendered memorable by rich parade, or by gross and insincere flattery; — no, it is to none of these that I would now take you, but it is to the simple, unpretending, unadorned grave of a man around whose ashes the mind delights to linger, and whose actions we ever desire to recount. No one stands waiting to usher us into the presence of departed life, at the same time fabricating praises that cause us to wonder; neither does a marble monument, bearing a long catalogue of noble and heroic deeds, meet our gaze to astonish and amaze us; but here stands a plain tomb, inscribed with two simple words. And those two words shall live and be fresh in the minds of men, when monuments, pyramids, palaces, towers, and all the relics of departed grandeur, shall be crumbled to dust by the wasting power of time.

Yes! as long as liberty shall be cherished by men, as long as freedom shall be an acceptable boon, and as long as the equality of the human race shall be maintained, so long will the name of

George Washington, the noble citizen, the valorous chieftain, the virtuous and upright statesman, the devoted patriot and Christian philanthropist, be cherished among men.

Come, then, ye tyrants, who hold under your iron sway the sacred rights and liberties of your fellow-men, — come, I say, and blush to acknowledge the lustre and glory of patriotism; — come, Oppression, in your manifold and unjust forms, and tremble as you read the despot's final doom, and as you contemplate the source from which all arbitrary power shall yet derive its final overthrow; — come, ye who are down-trodden and oppressed, and find hope and consolation at the fountain-head of liberty, whence the star of freedom may yet find its way to your own firesides; — come ye, too, who enjoy the blessings of independence, and pay your devotions at the shrine of him who was the author and protector of your present happiness; — come ye, also, who admire justice, valor, and Christian integrity, and ye shall find an example worthy of all approbation, and suitable to be held out as an eternal model for imitation.

To say that Washington was perfect, would be to ascribe to him powers more than mortal; but we cannot but believe that the world will yet ascribe to him the highest of honors among men; and surely heaven cannot be unwilling to receive the patriot Christian to its holy realms. Every year adds new lustre to his name, and gives new glory to his works. An humble patriot he lived; and an humble yet immortal grave marks the cessation of his life-long exploits. And what a story will that tomb tell to millions of men yet unborn! Who can tell the renown it is yet destined to have? or who can foretell its influence?

Then sleep on in the happy sleep of death, O glorious liberator of your country! Fear not that your fame will be lost in obscurity to the future; regret not that you have not done more for your country, — you have done your duty. Virtuous you lived — virtuous you died. If, living, you had enemies, now you have none. Your wisdom has made your country free; your country has made you immortal. Do you ask for an inscription upon your tombstone, the liberty and prosperity of your descendants is all you can ask for; do you ask for a monument, behold your country. Happiness in heaven be your reward; for your good deeds upon earth have made your tomb-stone immortal among men.

THE HUDSON.

Of all the varied forms in which nature is so beautifully spread before us, none is more adapted to awaken in our minds feelings of wonder and gratitude at the power and benevolence of their Author than some noble river, as it wends its way in silent majesty to the ocean. All rivers are beautiful; yet to some the mind turns with peculiar interest, attracted not merely by the clearness of their waters, or the beauty of their banks, but also by the associations which cluster about them. Thus it is with the Hudson, which nature and history have united in rendering interesting and beautiful. The first vessel that ever rested upon its bosom was the Half Moon, which ascended it in 1609, under the command of Hendrick Hudson. We may faintly imagine his feelings of mingled wonder and admiration, as he beheld the varied and magnificent scenery of either bank. The Palisades, presenting their bold and rocky front, must have attracted his notice; while the sight of the Highlands could not have failed to awaken in his mind some doubts as to the possibility of navigating the river to a greater distance. But what must have been his delight, when, having left their forms in the dim distance, he beheld those islands which add so much to the picturesque beauty of the river! But let us leave him to pursue his way towards those greater wonders which have ever invested the regions shadowed by the Catskills, and retrace our course only to follow some modern traveller as he ascends the same stream. The same Palisades meet his gaze, and gratify his imagination; the same hills line either bank as when Hudson looked upon them two centuries ago. But to their natural beauty, art and industry have lent many charms. As he beholds the varied residences which meet his eye, he will be apt to single out one, not more beautiful, it may be, than the rest, yet possessed of more than ordinary interest. It is upon the right bank, built in the old Dutch style,—once the mansion of Baltas Van Tassel; now the home of Washington Irving. As he ascends, the Highlands present to him the same beautiful appearance as they did to their early discoverer; but history has environed them with new interest. Just within them, upon the left, lies West

Point, where still may be seen old Fort Putnam; a stronghold of our army during the Revolution, and the scene of Arnold's treachery. Still higher up, is Newbury, rendered memorable as the place of Washington's residence during a part of the same war. And thus we might mention other places of equal beauty and interest upon this noble river; but space will not permit, and we must close without even visiting the Catskills, or reposing amid those scenes which for twenty years exerted so narcotic an influence upon Rip Van Winkle.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Drifting o'er life's restless ocean,
  Though dark surges round me roll,
And the billowy, mad commotion
  Sends fierce horror through my soul;

Yet, amidst the gloom and sadness
  Of this stormy night of woe,
One bright star brings joy and gladness,
  While the waves of anguish flow.

Though the icebergs of temptation
  Hem me in on every side;
Yet that star is my salvation,
  Ever my unchanging guide.

When the darkest clouds of sorrow
  Gather o'er and veil the sky,
And all hopes of each to-morrow
  Quick before the tempest fly;

Then that heavenly star shines brightest;
  Then its beams more lovely seem;
Then it makes my soul the lightest;
  Then I prize its *every* gleam.

Precious light of God's sustaining!
  Holy star! — *a mother's love!* —
All thy kindness still retaining,
  Guide me to the port above.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER.

Character is a book upon which the practised eye may read lines, as distinctly marked as upon the written page, the study of which affords as prolific a source of improvement and enjoyment as the speeches of Cicero, or the poems of Virgil. Character has its seat in the mind, we might say, or it is but the outward operations of the hidden principles of the heart. A man is miserly, because the principle of avarice largely predominates in his mind; he is generous, because his Creator has endowed him largely with the spirit of benevolence; he is a philanthropist, because he has a warm and sympathizing heart; he is hopeful or despondent, according as cheerfulness or melancholy rule his heart. Nature lays the foundation of character, and leaves it in the hands of the individual himself to complete and beautify it.

And as to principles of the heart: Our Maker doubtless intended we should distinguish for ourselves between the good and evil; just as, in the vegetable kingdom, he has created promiscuously that which is wholesome and palatable for food, and that which is destructive to life, and left man capable of choosing for himself. And if he chooses poison, he always suffers the penalty due for his violation of nature's laws. So, if man chooses to cultivate the low and debasing in his nature, and persists in it, his whole moral nature feels the shock; the baneful *effect* of the poison remains in him through life, becomes a part of himself, and grows stronger, through the never-ending ages of the future. The foundation of character in such men as Washington, Adams, Franklin, Clay, or Webster, was very much like that of other men. If, then, they had the same disposition and talents, differing only in degree, why was it that they towered so much above their fellow-men in intellect, character, and moral greatness? Evidently because they studiously cultivated the noble in their natures. Why is it that men like Bill Poole or Morrissey formed such noted characteristics as gives them notoriety all over the land? Simply because they *gave way* to the brute instincts of nature. For there is this difference between the pure and upright in man, the low and debasing, — the one requires an effort, a strong and determined effort, to succeed in its cultivation; and the other, if left unrestrained, will cultivate itself. In this we see the reason why there are so few who lead virtuous lives, in comparison with the many who travel in the ways of vice. It is because man is too much inclined to live at his ease: he prefers to sail down the current, rather than breast the stream; he prefers to go with the crowd, rather than mark out a passage for himself, and follow it perseveringly. In the formation of character, there are two strongly opposing elements: one tends to draw downward, the other to elevate. The novel will administer to a diseased intellect; the game of chance tends to corrupt an adventurous mind; the wine cup will add fuel to a depraved appetite, and in time set the fires of fiendish torment to raging with ceaseless fury. But we need not listen to the song which enchants but to lure to destruction. But, although the sweet sounding voice of the tempter would bid us come with him, and tries to lure with bright promises of pleasure, and inclination would sometimes bid us follow him, yet there are stronger and brighter allurements to lead us to the cultivation of higher and purer thoughts, and more perfect characters. Who, that loves the beautiful in nature, can go forth alone, and commune with himself, and reflect on his own deepest interests, withdraw for a time from his customary pursuits, and go where all is still, or where he hears nothing save the harmonious voices of nature tuned to the sweetest music, and not feel his mind inspired with noble thoughts and pure desires! Then will he feel that he was created for some noble purpose, and that purpose has not yet been fulfilled; then often will he begin to feel some faint longings for a nobler character, and a purer mode of life; and, if he follows the whisperings of the good angel as she beckons him onward, he will turn, and try to accomplish the noble end for which he was created.

A correspondent says, "that transcendentalism is the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility, connected with concomitant ademption of oncolumnient spirituality, and etherialized contortion of subsuttery concretion." We think so too.

ABOLITION SONG.

Americans! — last name of hope — the day, the hour is nigh,
When cries the voice of God and earth, "March on, to do or die!"
No longer spare the sickly eye, that dims your country's sight;
No longer spare the palsied arm, that cannot grasp at right;
No longer nurse the cankered sore, or strive to *ease* its pains,
That sends a fetid, deadly pox, through head, and heart, and veins;
No longer, from the hills of Maine to blue Pacific's waves,
Be heard the clank of slavery's chains, or seen the toils of slaves;
No longer o'er these spreading plains, along these rivers' ways,
Within these forests, darkly spread around the mountain's base,
Let buffalo and deer and fish, squirrel and bird, be free,
And man alone, of all the king, be bowed in slavery;
But Freedom's mantle, which ye wear, o'er every form be cast,
Till, flying from its virtuous touch, Oppression breathes his last!

No longer see the drink of death stream widely through the land,
To steep in guilt the human soul, made pure by God's own hand,
When madness fires the drunkard's heart, and, through the nightly street,
The screams of trampled innocence stop every pulse's beat,
And haggard Famine grinds his teeth above the pallet low,
Where children moan the night away, in tossings to and fro!

No longer War's red banner wave its deadly pall on high,
And Strife and Murder yell their tones defiant through the sky,
When Battle rolls its clouds aloft, to hide the waves of gore,
Which, for a sovereign's wounded pride, the breasts of thousands pour;
But Peace, between the parted clouds, reveal her beaming face,
And sow the seeds of joy and wealth for every human race!

And ye, who on this soil, blood-bought by Freedom's pioneer,
With blushless face and iron heart, Oppression's groans do hear,
And buy and sell the captive slave, or lift the foaming cup,
And bid thy simpler brother take, and drink the poison up;
And ye, who break the blessed bonds that make all nations one,
Beware the arm that Vengeance lifts, — beware its work begun!
Behold! the boiling fires below their mountain bars have broke,
And heave from yonder cratered hill black clouds of cindery smoke;
And, streaming o'er its chasmy rim, the melted lava roars,
And, boiling down the precipice, a fiery cat'ract pours;

Fair Nature shrinks from its touch, and rivers cease to pour,
And mountain-pines and forest-oaks are touched — and are no more!
So rushes burning Justice on, adown the slope of time,
To sweep from off the soil of earth the stubborn growth of crime,
And, boiling from Jehovah's throne, his vengeance swells abroad;
And wilt thou prosper, traitor, wretch? Then thou art more than God!

S.

CURIOSITY.

The principle of curiosity is very often a potent element in promoting growth in knowledge, and the cultivation of the fine arts, and holds by no means an inferior rank among the kindred faculties of the mind. If trained to act in its appropriate sphere, it performs its functions to a degree more admirably adapted for propagating the finer and nobler sensibilities than almost any one internal power. In youth, we first acquire knowledge, and gratify our curiosity, by taste; next by the eye, then by the feelings, and then by the ear. These are the only avenues through which we first seek to gratify our curiosity. As the life of man is like a vapor that vanishes away, — as he comes into the world entirely ignorant of everything conceivable, — it is a wise provision of God that he shall not only learn as he lives, but that his curiosity shall ever make him awake and eager to learn. If there were any pleasure in ignorance, one might be fully content to pass his existence like the brute — dumb to everything pure and noble. But most men naturally scorn the shackles of ignorance, and are eager to learn something new every day, — to roam over the vast field of thought and research, and seek out the hidden and unknown. In short, any acquisition, however small, is fraught with pleasure. This principle of curiosity is innate, and begins with life to act. A child will frequently destroy his play-things, to see how they are made: more than one child has been sufficiently precocious to break open his rattle-box, to discover what it was that made the noise. Not only does this secret power manifest itself in youth, but continues to expand with age, and to grasp every available means of gratifying its insatiable thirst. It is never at rest; but when one hidden truth is sought out, a discovery made, or a principle demonstrated, it serves as a new impetus to increase the fire of its ardor. At every waterfall, — on the line of every canal and railroad, — on the deck of every ship that navigates the high seas, — on the farm of every intelligent husbandman, — in the workshop of every skilful mechanic, — in the office of the lawyer, — in the study of the physician and clergyman, — at the fireside of every man of intellect, not less than in the professed retreats of learning, — there is an intellect, a *curiosity* to seize, to weigh, and appropriate suggestions belonging either to the world of science, of principles, or of morals. The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds, by discovering new truths, and multiplying its uses. He who enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, unavoidably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore should *ardor* in the pursuit of knowledge be cherished, knowing that a blighted spring makes a barren year. Imagination gives to airy nothing "a local habitation and a name;" but curiosity, if not perverted, is prolific of good results. What but curiosity can lead a man to undergo perils and hardships, that he may view the ruins of some ancient city, or walk upon the plain once reeking with carnage? Nor yet is he satisfied with the mere sight, but is curious to learn of the past history of those places which were once the seats of splendor and power, and whose remains are fraught with associations that almost defy the loftiest flight of the imagination. What but curiosity could have induced the Arctic explorers to peril their lives in those ice-bound regions? Why is so much time and money yearly spent in making new discoveries in the broad and interesting world of science, — in discovering the component parts of minerals, and tracing the various strata of the earth, and even in exploring the heavenly bodies? It is the principle of curiosity implanted in the mind of man, which takes no rest, neither is weary.

"It came from *Heaven* — it reigned in *Eden's* shades, —
It roves on *earth*, and every walk invades:
Childhood and *age* alike its influence own;
It haunts the *beggar's* nook, the *monarch's* throne, —
Hangs o'er the *cradle*, leans upon the *bier*,
Gazed on old *Babel's* tower, and lingers *here*."

MAYLIE.

SPIRIT AND PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

Among the noblest endowments of man's nature, we discover the perception of beauty. It is indeed a quality inherent in his spiritual life, yet one so seldom appreciated to its real extent, that its presence is sometimes scarcely perceived, or, if known, is almost wholly neglected. This, when judiciously cultivated and cherished, becomes one of the purest sources of enjoyment, and one which can always find means for its gratification. To assist us in its cultivation, every object of the natural universe contributes its aid. The heavens, the earth, the seas, all teem with objects of most exquisite form and grace. The mountains, with summits crowned with waving forests; the vales beneath, bathed in the pure rich sunlight of heaven; the rivers rolling on with majestic sweep towards the restless, heaving ocean; the bright and sparkling lakes, reflecting from their glassy surfaces the forests which encircle them, — all speak, in eloquent voices, of the inspiring presence of beauty. The cultivated taste will discover in every object which meets the gaze a true enlightening spirit, and, either from their external and visible beauty, or from the perfection of every part, and the harmony which exists in every feature, will cull a brighter and more perfect image of natural beauty. Descending from the larger objects of the created world, we discover this all-pervading presence, in even the most minute objects. It dwells in the varied and many-colored flower; it speaks from the delicate hues of the shell; and, deep beneath the surface of the land or ocean, it gleams out from the many and diversified objects created by the master hand of nature.

This mysterious charm is not confined alone to the natural world. True, we there find it in its greatest perfection, but it is by no means exclusively confined to this. The works of art are fraught with its presence. We discern it not only in the paintings of the old masters, or the finely chiselled statues of the sculptor, but also in the literature of present and past ages. A gem of thought, clothed in glowing and appropriate language, is a gem of beauty; and they touch our feelings with a power as obvious and as comprehensible as the most sublime objects of the natural world.

Unless this faculty is educated and refined by cultivation, this fair world in which we live is like a dungeon, filled with shapeless forms without symmetry or expression.

The mind, undisciplined, sees in nature a mere variety of objects, heaped in chaotic confusion. True, it sees the heavenly bodies, as, marshalled in bright array they hold their nightly course through the deep blue arch above, but it discerns not the laws which regulate their movements with such unerring accuracy, and guide them in their trackless course; but it is the *cultivated* intellect which, unsatisfied with the mere external appearances, seeks to know them in their full extent. That such a faculty of the mind exists, and that in many cases it is justly appreciated, is evinced by the care and attention which is expended for this purpose by men of taste and wealth, in laying out and beautifying their residences.

Especially is the English people remarkable for this excellent trait of character; and in many instances their spirit has been wafted across the Atlantic, and caught up by the lovers of the beautiful in this "New World." Nature, in its wild and unrestrained grandeur, is indeed beautiful; but, when art combines to *adorn* the landscape, but not to destroy its natural features, then indeed the spirit of beauty seems to pervade everything. With a delicate tact, the man of taste will curb the wild and unrestrained extravagance of nature, and teach the foliage to grow, not in accordance with strict mathematical rules of beauty, but in entire harmony with the suggestions of a refined and cultivated taste.

MEMORY.

Amid the varied scenes of life,
  When cares oppress and griefs invade,
The past affords a soothing balm
  By which our sorrows are allayed.
To us, fond Memory, thou art dear;
  Sweet soother of our griefs and woes!
Thy beams our cheerless minds illume,
  As sunset back its twilight throws.

When, floating down the stream of time,
  Our thoughts return to view the shores
We long have passed, the pleasant shades,
  The cool retreats, the happy bowers,
Then thou, O Memory! art our guide;
  Thy hand directs where'er we stray;
When Hope's bright prospect is obscured,
  Thy radiance still illumes our way.
With joy we oft recall to mind
  The happy scenes of other days;
Of children hastening to the school,
  Where smiled the teacher's pleasant face:
And now we say our A B C,—
  Now wear the fool's-cap for us made,
A shameful punishment, designed
  For those who naughty tricks had played.
Perchance there comes a holiday;
  And if at school we lacked for zeal,
We never failed to persevere,
  When fishing for a trout or eel.
We loved all day upon the brink
  To sit, and in the water look;
And many a fish would *bite*, indeed,
  But take the bait, and leave the hook.
Our hoop we sported on the green,—
  A *round* of fun was this to all;
Our kite we floated to the breeze,
  Or pleased ourselves with bat and ball.
The Sabbath comes. Up with the sun,
  All neat and prim for Sunday-school,
We thither go, and there recite
  "John Rogers" * or "The Golden Rule." *
And now for meeting rings the bell,
  Which calls us to the solemn place
Where people meet to worship God,
  And bless his name and sing his praise.
The parson perched in lofty desk,
  Our parents joined in praise and prayer;—
We children always wondered more
  "How in the world he got up there!"

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* Lessons in N. E. Primer.

The sun has left the evening sky,
  And twilight holds the closing day;
The father takes his Bible down
  And reads, and points to heaven the way.
Thus passed the scenes of youthful days,
  As like a river time rolled on,
Till now, alas! how changed are we!
  Our childish innocence is gone.
Our life's a mist — a morning cloud —
  A flower — or like a tale that's told:
We hasten onward to its end,
  Forgetful that we're growing old.
Yet may we, as we journey on,
  Endeavor, well to act our parts;
So learn to count our fleeting days,
  That wisdom may enrich our hearts. D.

EGOTISM.

A LOVE of self is deeply seated in the breast of mankind; it lies next the heart, and infects many with its blighting influence. Unless this passion is restrained, it soon silently influences our every action, and is distinctly perceived in the haughty bearing or the boastful conversation, of the egotist. Various are the schemes to promote self-interest, which has always been inseparable from the human nature, and is at present as indestructible as ever. But, of all the disagreeable traits in the character, of all the dark stains upon the life, of an individual, none is more prominent than that of egotism. Its spirit is infused into the social circle, only to cast a shadow upon the wonted cheerfulness, and to destroy the refining influence, radiating from it. It creeps into the sacred retirement of intimate companionship, to break the bond of endearing friendship, and poison the cup of brotherly love. The home circle, too, is not free from its taint; the god of egotism sits near the hearth, beside Discord and Disobedience, not, indeed, as friendly Penates, but as "shapes hot from Tartarus." No happiness is there, but sorrow and distrust; for the arrows of the god have penetrated deeply the hearts of the inmates. It cripples the influence of the benevolent and philanthropic, and casts an odium upon many, exemplary in other respects. For often, indeed, it darkens the lustre of the Christian character, and lessens the power of doing good.

Egotism, as a giant monster, stalks over our land, even at this refined period; and it is with wonder and sorrow that we see so many acknowledging its sway. It forces its chains upon some, while entranced by the charm of prosperity, or elated by some noble achievement. Gradually, at first, but surely, does it bind them, until, at last, not a limb can be moved but the fetters clank *ego ipse*. And while many, induced by flattery, yield to this passion, we rejoice that others wrestle hard to free themselves from the snares of so great a social and moral evil.

If such a trait is unpardonable in the distinguished and learned, surely ill does it become the young and inexperienced to conceive high notions of their abilities, and endeavor continually to impress others with a realization of them. Let the glance pass round, neither suppress the smile, if an unfortunate brother, overwhelmed with a sense of his own superiority, presumes to utter *ego ipse*. Drive such into solitude, until melancholy and chagrin shall divest egotism of its allurements, that they may be living warnings to others to beware of self-commendations.

OUR INFLUENCE.

HOW wonderful is that inherent power, that property common to all, by which an *influence* is exerted upon others! Not only is this power felt by our intimate associates, but its sphere is wide and extensive. For as the circle formed by agitating the calm surface of a body of water rolls on expanding and enlarging, and as the force of the escaping steam is not lost, but is extended and diffused, so does our influence spread to an extent almost incredible.

Influence is not confined to rank or sect. The humble peasant, in his sphere, has this same power as well as the haughty aristocrat, — *all* possess it. Indeed, there are instances of many, humble and unnoticed at first, whose latent power of influence having been developed by peculiar circumstances, they have roused the world, and have been the means of accomplishing revolutions which have shaken the earth to its centre. Although the effect of this indestructible property in a single person, in some instances, may be traced for ages, and clearly seen in the rise and decline of empires, yet all are not called to guide the "ship of state," or roll on the "car of civilization." The natures and occupations of men are unlike, and their influence will seek different directions.

Our influence, as students, is worthy of consideration; for during the academic, as well as the college course, that of each member of the little world is as strongly felt as in any relation of life. The constant intermingling of students, whose society is mainly in themselves, must of necessity occasion this.

Each one of us, then, possesses this diffusive influence, which we are continually casting about us by our *every* word and *every* action. Unconsciously, perhaps, yet surely do we exert it, not only by studied effort, but by an *unguarded* action, or an *incidental* expression.

Not only are we all gifted with this quality, but we are to improve and account for it. And when we remember that a word, once spoken, or an action performed, cannot be recalled, but its power is wafted on and on, eternally, it is alarming to reflect on our responsibility. How this should rouse us to worthy and noble conduct! how it warns us not to despise our influence, but to guard it carefully, and to turn it to good account! And though our influence will be the most direct and powerful upon those around us, yet it may silently work when we shall think it has perished, and long after we have left these scenes. Let us carefully think of *our* influence, and determine what it shall be.

THE DEFENCE.

You ask me why I strive to wreathe
The laurels of the poet,
And waste my toils upon a world
Whose heart can never own it;
Which drained the sight from Milton's eyes,
And shivered Otis' gladness,
And mocked while Collins oped the tomb,
And danced to Cowper's madness?

Because I deem the gifts of fame
  Beneath a life's endeavor,
And hope by humbler song to fit
  To strike the lyre forever:
I sing but as the robins sing,
  Whose notes die unrecorded,
And breathe but as the zephyr's pipe,
  Whose breath is unrewarded;

For something throbs within my soul
  To be expressed in singing, —
An echo of the Melodies,
  Which Nature's voice is ringing:
So sing I on, though men neglect,
  And obloquy should win me;
For, when the winter's rains are dried,
  Why parch the founts within me? Sk.

DUTIES OF PRESIDING AND RECORDING OFFICERS.

[From a series of "Conversations on Parliamentary Law," read before the Society in the Mirror of this term, between three characters, *Champion*, the defender; *Brand*, the fault-finder, and *Whyso*, the reason-asker, we extract the following.]

* * * * * * * * *

Champion. There must be, then, because of these disturbing elements, a presiding officer at the helm of every assembly. *He* must know the books. *He* must analyze every page and line of every special law. *He* must not only understand the great principles, but every specific one. *He* must not only be deep in thought, and severe in executing law, but quick, attentive, affable, courteous. *He* must never forget himself for an instant; *his* eyes must be everywhere; his ears open always; his mind attentive to a score of things at once; his influence respected; his character marked for accuracy, energy, depth, versatility, dignity, self-control, uprightness, earnestness, religious principle. In his body, all these elements must speak; in every tone, look and gesture, must be displayed calmness, authority, manliness, dignity, certainty, grace, power. His chair is more or less disgraced by even the least display of inattention, ignorance, impatience, inaccuracy, lightness, confusion, partiality, injustice, or weakness of any kind. To all these duties he must and can only come through laborious research, long practice, the hearty support of the assembly, great self-confidence, and completeness, activity, and entire control of every power of intellect and character. He is not a member, but the servant of the members; yet a servant with the soul of a fearless prince, because serving them with high motives and for important ends, having the good, the intellectual improvement, the individual expansion, protection, and urging onward of every member and of every good work to perfection, *always* at heart, and only to be called the *greatest* of all, so far forth as he is the *servant* of all. Hear my speech through, Mr. Brand. I say that the presiding officer must not be like *you* in knowledge. *He* must not only have the iron ore-bed in the mountains around his home, but, sir, he must have the ore — that is, the great underlying principles of parliamentary law — ready worked up into all possible shapes, fitted to all possible positions and circumstances of the assembly. In orderly ranks about his chair must hang within reach axes, nails, gridirons, sleigh-shoes, wagon-tires, bolts, screws, ploughs, cog-wheels, saws, chisels, augers, flat-irons, planes, gouges, forks, scythes, hammers, files, gimlets, crow-bars, spades, kettles, harpoons, muskets, cannon, and whatever else he needs. In this invisible armory he is to stand, like giant Briareus, hundred-handed, to perfect in every part the construction of the separate articles of business, as they pass, sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly, now in simple form, now in complexity, before the chair. And of that man in whose work there shall be found no botch or blemish; in none of whose constructions, of whatever form, can be found one flaw or imperfection; in whose armory no possible form of iron is wanting or out of reach, — of *such* a workman only shall it be said, that he was a model presiding officer, and used his ore-bed well.

Brand. Bravo, Champion! If the members, in conduct, and the president, in ability, come up to this standard, then surely will they perform something valuable, and worth recording. What say you, then, of the recording officer?

Champion. The secretary is a pane of glass, through which must shine out all the light of the present which goes down to the future. Through him is the passage-way of every ray that reveals to the time to come what was done in time previous. First of all, therefore, this pane of glass must be *broad and clear*. There must not be one wrinkle, or crack, or roughness, or one irregularity in the whole of it, either in corners, sides, ends, or centre. The light must go through it as through pure air, unrefracted, certain, trustworthy. Every day this glass must be washed, the dust blown off, the specks removed: not a bird must fly past it; no frost must gather on it; not a fly shall dance over it. Punishment be to the man that fails to guard it — that allows upon it one mote to jar astray the passing rays. For the eternal daguerreotype of facts in the assembly is thus made in some respect an eternal lie; and who knows the value of these smallest facts? In accuracy, neatness, carefulness, knowledge of right forms, promptness, labor, experience, must the recording officer be especially watched and kept perfect. If bad things are done, such a pane of glass will daguerreotype them none the less; knowing which, members will be careful, or put a curtain over the glass, and thereby confess their shame. Let these officers love their work.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE THE BEST.

Γνῶϑι σεαυτόν. — Solon.

'Tis said that Solomon, the great and wise,
To all his sages offered once a prize, —
A robe of purple and a golden chain, —
To be bestowed upon the wisest man.
So, on the day appointed, many came,
Of every nation and of every name;
From Persia's council and from Egypt's court;
From every kingdom and from every port.
The king in splendor sat upon his throne,
Arrayed in royal robes and jewelled crown.
He bade the sages each his wisdom tell,
And many spake, and served their master's will;

In terms of eloquence their knowledge showed,
And told of wondrous things, both great and good;
Some of the languages the nations speak,—
The Hindoo Sanscrit and the flowery Greek;
And some of Science made their greatest boast,
And taught to numerate the heavenly host:
Each claimed the prize, and all their hearts were glad.
But *Wisdom* this was *not.* The king was sad.
At last arose a man of courtly mien,
And told the many wonders he had seen:
How billows on the sea in grandeur rise,
Bedew the very stars, and wash the skies,
Then fall, embracing with a dreadful roar,
And onward roll and dash upon the shore;
How, in Sahara, 'neath the burning sun,
The dews are scalded, and the birds have flown;
Or how, in regions of the chilly North,
The distant sun forsakes the wintry earth;
He spake of ships that on the ocean sail,
Of Ophir's gold, of Orba's twisted shell,
Of Egypt's linen and the silk of Tyre,
Of air, of water, and consuming fire.
King Solomon replied, "This man is wise,
But let a nobler speak, and take the prize."
Then came another forth. His ruddy cheek
Ambition reddened as he rose to speak;
The fire of Genius glistened in his eye,
As he aspired to gain the victory.
He sang the wonders of the Holy One;
Told how the trees of lofty Lebanon
Lift high their heads to kiss the evening ray,
And drop the morning dew like pearly spray;
He taught them of the beasts that roam the land,
And all created by th' Almighty hand;
The darting fish that make the sea their home,
And through its coral groves and gardens roam;
He told them, too, in sweet and lovely words,
How heaven is melted by the songs of birds;
He spoke of Chaos and the smiling Earth,
Of glad Creation, and of Nature's birth;
He sang the golden tresses of the Sun,
He knew the silver radiance of the Moon,

And to the winking constellations soared;
The Milky Way and Mazzaroth explored;
Creation's lovely song he sang again,
In many a tender and harmonious strain.
"Bestow on him the gift," the king replies;
"He is by far the wisest of the wise."
Now at that time, in humble raiment clad,
Another man stepped forth. His heart was glad;
A sweet smile sat unconscious on his lip,
So sweet that bees might honey from it sip.
His silvery beard hung down upon his breast,
His hoary locks an aged man confessed;
And as he leaned upon his shepherd's staff,
Amidst the gay assembly's sneering laugh,
A youthful blush stole o'er his aged cheek,
When Solomon commanded him to speak.
"I've nought to say," exclaimed the man of age,—
"I *know* I'm vain and frail; I am no sage."
The countenance of Solomon arose,
As morning with Aurora's radiance glows.
"I charge thee, by this sceptre, ancient man,
"To speak!" And he obeyed, and thus began:
"My study is *myself*, my *thoughts*, my *deeds;*
All haughtiness before *my* mind recedes;
I learn how frail I am; and thus I know,
That I *alone* no toil could undergo."
He spoke of Man, his body, mind and heart,
His never-dying soul, the better part;
He sang of Nature, of the modest trees,
The feathered songsters, and the toiling bees;
But when his pious soul above would soar,
He bowed his hoary head, and spake no more.
"I give to him," said Solomon, "the prize;
HE KNOWS HIMSELF, and is most truly *wise*." D.

MUSIC.

MUSIC is not confined simply to that which man produces. If it were so, what a vast deal of enjoyment, of true happiness, would be removed. Music pervades all nature; it is conversant with all of God's creatures. Who does not love, on a still summer's evening, seated under the open sky, to listen to the roar of the distant waterfall, as it is borne along on the still air; to hear the robin, pouring forth his notes of sweetest praise; the tinkling of the sheep-bell in the neighboring meadow; the hum of a thousand insects, above and around him; the ringing of the village church-bell, summoning the worshippers to evening service, — all, *all* uniting in one grand harmony, without the least jar or discord? Whose soul, on the other hand, has not been thrilled with emotions of pleasure, on hearing the sublime music of the thunder storm, as, riding through the open plain, he encounters one? Dark clouds rise from behind the mountains before him; the lightnings flash; and, as if to apprise all nature of his power, the thunder rolls, peal after peal, over his head, echoing and re-echoing through the mountains, and dying away in the distant hills, only to be repeated in a more grand and sublime manner. And who has not listened with admiration and awe to the music of the ocean, as it swells upon his ear, now louder and louder, now softer and softer, till it is almost imperceptible, still never resting, never ceasing?

There is a seductive charm in music. "It seems, at times, as if a thousand delicate, invisible fingers were feeling down into our inmost souls; and finding there our tenderest heart-strings, they play upon them with tremulous touch, until we are filled with the thrilling melody."

Many an individual, after a long absence from home, has been melted to tears, on hearing the pathetic strains of "Sweet Home," or of "Home Again." Many a fierce passion has been subdued, and many a spirit aroused, by music. Music is heavenly; it awakens all the nobler impulses and tender emotions of the soul.

That man who delights in music is noble, generous, and whole-souled; while, on the contrary, he who dislikes it, and can take no pleasure in the music of nature and of art, is narrow-minded, selfish, and wretched. Oh, music!

"Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom cells;
Something that finds not its answer here, —
A chain to be clasped in another sphere."

POLIS.

THOUGHT.

Thoughts are the gems of the soul, and are as varied in their nature as the nature of men. They are the offspring of immortal spirits alone. "Who knoweth the spirit of a man, that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast, that goeth downward into the earth?" Even He who can analyze the thoughts of his heart. How mysterious, how complicate, are they! Time nor space present them any obstacle; for they fly away into the past, and anon try the veiled depths of the future. They roam with the whirling suns and trailing comets through the regions of space, visiting far off spheres, bearing the spirit on their untiring wings, or descending into the ocean's depths, in immortal energy; search out unfathomable caves, learning of the burial-places of those "who go down to the sea in ships," who "do business upon the great waters," or tracing the track of the huge monsters of the deep; explore fathomless wastes, where the coral insect begins his work, searching out new and exhaustless founts, of whose pure waters the soul may drink, never tiring, never ceasing their flight. The body, subject to the vicissitudes of a mortal life, may impose a stricture upon their continual flight; and the clay tabernacle wearied, the soul must give it rest. Not so when the vestment of the spirit is put off; for then the free spirit shall soar away, nor furl its pinions until resting in the green fields of heaven, beyond the swelling Jordan of death. One moment our thoughts, starting with the flow of time, float down its tide, till landed on the shores of the present. They summon before us the dead of forgotten nations, filling the soul with unutterable emotions, as it standeth in the presence and council-chamber of the world's dead. Tired of turning backward, and cloyed with the realities of the present, in uncertain courses they pursue the airy phantoms of a coming day, which advancing time but holds farther away, and cheats us with a hope which the future's present will never realize. Our thoughts are our bane and our pleasure, our solace and our despair, our wisdom and our folly. Who is poor, but the man who does not think? The deep thinkers are the rich in knowledge. Their books are the ever new and varying scenes and phenomena of nature; their classics the ever open volumes of the works of God; the prize, infinity of knowledge; the garner-house, a soul of boundless capabilities; and truth the reward. Our thoughts may be our truest friends, or our bitterest enemies. If eternal principles of truth be our contemplation, — if that underlying strata of the soul that tends upward toward the throne of God be brought out and cultivated, — then will the thoughts afford the purest pleasures, and be the unfailing solace of life. But if the soul is enslaved to passion, then, in despair, ere long, it will rave around the walls of its prison-house, self-murdered, and racked with tortures self-inflicted. The government of these, then, presents a question, second to no other in importance, since they will be the fountain of the purest pleasures, or an eternal source of pain. Behold the working of one mighty thought. At first it struggles in the breast of an individual. It may be a reforming one. It gains access to the world, which may not be ready to receive it. There it stands, a lone agent, pitted against all the conventionalities and prejudices of society. Will it prevail? It is a truth, and must. So saith the sure word of prophecy. Behold it, as it assails the foundations of error, and storms ignorance in its fortresses. Soon a tottering is felt, — the fabric of error heaves and falls. Thus has one mighty thought, which at first was small in power, moved a great nation, and whole fabrics of traditions are swept before it. It is the province of the student to bring out new gems of thought, to bless the world, and shape the old to the fashion of his time. Winged birds of the soul, be thou pure as the morning light, powerful as the noonday beams. Embodiments of the student's labor, go forth and bless the world.

The phrase, "live on nothing, and find yourself," has been politely rendered "exist upon the apex of nonentity, and discover your whereabouts."

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THE BATTLE FIELD.

As we approach the spot where one of the world's mighty men has been cradled, where he has been brought up and his character formed, and where, at the close of his life's work, he has died; as we near the surrounding grounds, a portion of which his own hand has planted, and where he has many a time formed, and made ready for execution, some of his greatest plans; as we now stand by the spot where rests his body, how instinctively are we awed, and led to exclaim,—Surely this is no *common* place. We naturally find ourselves engaged in a review of his life. His deeds of might we forget not; the good effected by his stay on earth is remembered, and its influence we perhaps feel upon ourselves. As we turn from this spot, how many new thoughts find birth within us, and for how long a time do we remember the home of that master spirit!

Yet there is a spot, to visit which, occasions feelings far above those awakened either by the spot where once lived, or by the spot where now lies, one of earth's mightiest: It is the *Battle Field!* The thoughts begotten there are such as beggar expression, and which bid us be still, and think within ourselves. As one approaches the field where a battle has been fought, and the victory secured by *his* country's soldiers, his mind is occupied with the cause of the struggle, until he is convinced that it was the *Right* and *Liberty* for which the hard fight was entered upon. As he approaches, unmindful of ought else, he views the whole field round,—'tis just as though the battle had been fought but yesterday, except that the shed blood has, as it were, enriched the soil, causing the green grass and blooming flower to spring up. The fort, perhaps, remains pierced with the enemy's bullet and cannon ball; there, perhaps, stands the very tree 'neath which one of the many heroes gave up his sword, and ceased to act on earth's battle fields. How suggestive is the scene surrounding him.—He seems to see the soldiers drawn up for battle, and resolution and firmness become the expression of each face. He then seems to see the approach of each force, and the slight preparation before the deadly fire proceeds from either side; the words of encouragement he seems to hear, and the effect to see in the onward and quickening march of each soldier, and the beating back of the enemy. He seems to see many fall,—the general and the private share the same fate, and fall together. The groan of the dying man seems to fall upon his ear, and then the roar of the cannon. After this comes the victorious shout, the triumph of the *good* cause. As he seems to see many leave that battle field preserved, he fails not to remember that some sleep there, not to be awakened by any power on earth. They have laid down their armor, and the battle field has been apportioned them, as their abiding place. With these thoughts upon his mind, he seeks for the resting places of those who came to tarry not, but who were met and struck down by an adversary more powerful than any enemy of earth, and past all subjugation. He sees no tall and costly monuments to show the burial place,—this would ill become a battle field. Perhaps, while he yet seeks, he unconsciously stands upon one of those peculiarly sacred spots, yet he does not depart without being arrested at one and another of these sleeping places of the once active, which, perhaps, are marked by a slight rising of ground, upon which the tender, unpretending flower blooms in grace and beauty uncommon. It is the flower of God's own planting, and one to which he delights to impart growth. It is the very emblem of humility. It seems to be *there* placed as a witness for God, of the purity, the freedom from pride and low aspiration, of those whose dust it crowns. It is indeed a living witness. Can one turn from that spot, and direct his steps from that battle field, without being long impressed with the throughts awakened there? And in the review of those thoughts, must not a salutary effect be produced? Let no man consider the battle field as a place of unimportance. The battle was indeed terrible, but it effected the birth of many sacred rights; and the field of its fighting remains as a fixed and enduring monument of the truly heroic. MINIMUS.

THE POET'S DREAM!

A fairy uprose in a dream one night,
And she said, "Come, go with me!"
So I got in her chaise of pale daylight,
All streaked around with a moonbeam white,
And swiftly away went we.

We sped o'er the tops of mountains bare,
Where they slept in shades of night;
And bounded away through the trackless air,
Till we came where the sun was rolling there,
In his robes of burning light.

Then we sailed 'mid the silvery spheres of night,
On her ebon brow, that glow;
When a comet passed in its rapid flight,
And a meteor burst in a flood of light,
On the startled world below.

And still we kept on our furious race,
Through the blue and yielding air,
Till far in the depths of the boundless space,
We came to a bright and shining place,
Where glistened a palace fair.

Then a ravishing scene burst on my sight,
In the fairies' brilliant hall;
And my senses reeled in the dazzling light
Of a thousand beings, surpassingly bright,
As though 'twere a carnival.

Oh, their's was a beauty more richly rare,
Than the brightest here, I ween;
They had delicate locks of golden hair,
And figures more light than the thin, blue air,
That floated around the scene.

Then to hear their silver voices pealing,
Like an angel's far off shout;
Oh! it gave my sense a sweeter feeling,
Than music-tones on the night-air stealing,
And dying upon their route.

I was next led out by the one most bright,
To join in their merry dance;
And I knew no sense but a deep delight,
For it stopped my ears and it quenched my sight,
And my soul was held in a trance.

There came a bright flash! The hall was rent!
And it shut me from the scene;
But I heard their shouting, as down I went
Through the boundless space of the firmament—
It's naught but a POET'S DREAM.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Of the Fine Arts, Music, more than any other, seems to be the immediate production of Nature, and, doubtless, can boast the greatest antiquity. For we read of Jubal, who belonged to the sixth generation from Adam before the flood, that "he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." With regard to the invention of musical instruments, we have no definite history; but tradition says, that "Jubal found upon the beach, the upper shell of a tortoise, in which, though the flesh of the animal had perished, the integuments remained. These at his touch trembled into music, giving forth sounds that suggested the idea of a stringed instrument. He mused awhile, and forthwith came the harp out of his hands." This first discovery of music among the children of men, Dryden has thus beautifully celebrated:—

"When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well."

There is nothing so intimately connected with poetry, as music. Throughout the ancient writers, both sacred and profane, nothing seems to have been considered so poetical, as when connected with music. In the beginning, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In the service of the sanctuary, the Psalmist would "praise him with the sound of a trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp." So among the profane writers, the muse always played upon the harp or lute, and Apollo was proficient with the lyre.

The *power* of music was no less appreciated than the art itself. It was David's harp that dispelled the sorrows of Saul. It was the fabled Orphean lyre that led the admiring woods and stopped the rivers in their course. Nor was that fabled power wholly a myth; for in our own day, nothing attracts greater audiences than a celebrated musician; and even a squeaking hand-organ in the street, will draw the attention of many a listening ear.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," for the war-beaten soldier, whom nothing else can subdue, is melted into tears as he listens to a simple *song* of home. The hardy Portugueso sailor, in a foreign country, although the recital of the death of friends does not affect him, yet the "fountains of his tears are broken up," to hear a *lay* of home. An Oriental prince, once having taken a city, by a long siege, commanded the inhabitants to be put to death, at the gates; and an awful carnage would have ensued, were it not for a poor harper, who played to the king, and by his sweet and touching strains, so calmed and subdued him, that he repealed his command and made the city free.

The power of music is felt everywhere, except in the realms of perdition. What would this earth be without music? A solitude. The chirping of crickets, the warbling of birds, the bubbling of brooks, the rush of rivers, the rumbling of cataracts, and the roar of oceans, accord in one grand and imposing harmony. Above, "they cease not day or night" to sing, melodiously, upon their harps, the praises of him who "was, and is, and is to come." D.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING HOME.

In the spring time of life, my friends,
I've left my childhood's home;
Before the stern, cold world I knew,
'Mongst strangers I have come.

I've listened to the parting words,
By those who loved me, spoken;
The warnings to protect the chain
That binds to home, unbroken.

I then beheld my father's face,
Betraying hope and fear,
Which the first parting with his son,
Had deeply written there:—

Hope that my contact with the world,
May leave no loathsome trace,
No dark spot quickly to bring down,
His gray hairs in disgrace.

And I have also watched the rise
And flowing of that tide,
Which showed my mother thought of me,
Thus going from her side.

I cherish well my love for her
Whose kind, supporting arm,
Surrounded me in by-gone days,
And shielded me from harm.

I will shun him, whose evil words,
May tempt me to despise,
A mother's deep, unchanging love,
Which never, never dies.

In all my journeys through the world,
Wherever I may roam,
I'll never meet a heart like hers,
Which beats for me at home.

IGNORANCE.

We are often constrained to say, like one before us, that ignorance, as well as slavery, "Is the sum of all villainies." Under so many advantages for acquiring knowledge, what one is there so unwise as to lull himself into a disregard for that which Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, has declared to be, "More precious than rubies, and more to be desired than fine gold." And yet how many there are, in this enlightened age of the world, who are ready to denounce an education as an entirely useless, and profitless affair; and are ready to cite instances of men who never devoted any time to the pursuit of those branches which contribute so much towards laying a foundation of success; and declare that such men are better adapted to reform mankind, and check the progress of vice and crime, than those who have pursued a thorough course of mental training. It is thrown out, at the same time, that the best part of man's life is spent in the education of the mind, while they err, on the other hand, in devoting the best portion of their life to that which tends only to lessen their power and influence in later years. Can any one remain in ignorance in this enlightened period, and not be held responsible for a gross error? Even the most destitute and forsaken person, may abound in the wealth and luxury of knowledge; this can lift him from his low position, and place him on a level with the most profound and enlightened.

The man of business, even, who has met with disappointment and embarrassment, finds a treasure in the education which he perhaps acquired in early youth, upon which he is assured he can throw himself; and his knowledge, like the mariner's compass, points him to a haven of high enjoyment.

But the great amount of ignorance, which is discoverable in the world, is attributable, no doubt, to the erroneous ideas that very many young men entertain, that youth is the only time for pleasure and enjoyment. As the beauty of summer, the fruitfulness of autumn, and the support of winter, depend upon spring, so the happiness, wisdom and piety of middle life and old age, depend upon youth.

If the farmer does not plough his land, and scatter the seed in the spring it is too late afterwards. So the young man that neglects to cultivate his heart and mind by sowing the seeds of knowledge and virtue, prepares the way for an ignorant, vicious and wretched life. "The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; he therefore shall beg in harvest and have nothing." The consequence of negligence and inactivity in youth, is blame of self. How often do we hear the complaints and sighs of those who have risen to manhood, because they had not improved the opportunities afforded them in early youth.

The soil of the human heart is naturally barren of everything good, though prolific of evil. If corn, flowers or trees be not planted and carefully watched, nettles and brambles will spring up. Thus the mind, if not cultivated and stored with rich gems of knowledge in youth, in old age will become a barren desert, or a thorny wilderness.

What was it that made the great philosophers of ancient Rome and Greece, but their thorough youthful training? Education was of so much importance, during one period, that every family engaged a man who was trained in all the arts and sciences of those days, for the sole purpose of instructing the young; and the results of such training was manifest in later years. Now to remedy the ignorance of our time, we must begin at the beginning, even with youth, for as the stream of water becomes purer by its continual flow down the mountain and hill-side, so he, who is fast reaching the age of manhood, may, by continual application, at some period become distinguished as a profound scholar. M.

OUR NATURAL SCENERY.

Why flatters Nature many a British song,
While meagre themes the tuneful verse prolong?
That stinted Isle is not a world as ours,
Nor Nature there her ev'ry beauty showers.
Her hills, her streams, her rivers and her lakes,
Each of the limits of their Isle partakes;
Why "King of floods," did Thompson sing the Thames?
He ne'er had learned Columbia's river names;
If there, where streams are rippling, shallow, few,
One "boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through,"
What must they be where each a deluge pours,
And thick their floods disgorge, as on our native shores?
'Tis thine, Columbia, thine to build the verse,
Though foreign climes th' inspiring name asperse;
'Tis thine to swell the strains of rural lay,
By forest, silver banks, and meadow gay,
By rippling rill and foaming torrents rage,
By prairies vast, Creation's ampler page,
By rifted rocks in ragged ramparts reared,
By giddy heights with eve's last glimmer cheered,
By Islands peeping from their inland beds,
By Ocean battling with the cragg's high heads;
By all the scenes of every land combin'd,
That Nature gives to inspire a Poet's mind.
Where struggle sun-beams through a richer veil,
As sweeter warblers chant in fairer dale,
Than where our pebbly brooks in wanton sport
Their music lavish, and moist flowerets court?
When Morning scales fair Orient's walls with light,
And from its rolling tide retires dark Night,
What scenes e'er welcom'd forth its early ray,
As ours, displayed in blooming, blushing May?
When chilling zephyrs sultry suns succeed,
And crisping frosts are sprinkled o'er the mead,
What varied robes of every grove and vale,
In regal richness wave upon the gale!
And when in waning strength and prospect drear,
Fair Nature sickens, and the leaf grows sear,
When shrub and tree their coronal of green
To mourning changes and all their summer sheen,
Like vesture old, is laid in silence by;
When mournful breezes plaint a requium sigh
Through forests casting the autumnal leaf,
Where weeps the sympathies in deeper grief?
Where roll our rivers, where our mountains rise,
Where smile our Springs, and where our Autumn dies,
They round their brows the wreath of fame may twine,
Who pay devotions to the sacred Nine.

Delta Psi.

THE SUBLIME.

Sublimity has no one and settled dwelling-place, but is in all places, adding power to beauty and energy to mind. The moral hero is sublimity in its power. It is indeed sublime to do battle for a noble principle on the plains of this world, with the legions of error in array against the heroic defenders of right. Emblems from Nature, should be exemplars and guides to a sublime, moral course. Behold the wintry deep, when its dark expanse is lashed to hoary whiteness, by raging and conflicting winds, when foam-crested billows are rolling shoreward, and the swift waves, beaten to a mist, are tossing themselves in violence upon the jagged cliffs. When the elements are in conflict, and the dark waters, mixed with sand, are tossed to the inclement sky, then from beneath the angrily rolling clouds, see the pale night-queen look out, and cast a wierd and mysterious light on the heaving ocean and its eternal rock-girt verge. Let this hour be the still midnight, and your stand-point some rocky, lightning-rifted coast, and when the violence of the storm subsides, watch the advancing armies of waves, subdued yet strong, roll up the bay like battalions of crested warriors marching to battle. Return, and meditate of Him "who holds the winds in His fists," and have you gained no grander conceptions of His power than you felt before? Who can watch the play of the lightning as it rifts the clouds, and feel no emotion answering to this display of awful power, of terror-inspiring sublimity? The cloud rises heavy, dark and fearful, and in the far off distance, the thunder rolls and re-echoes from the surrounding mountains; soon the rain pours down; the lightnings blast the sturdy oak of the mountain; the beast flees to the covert of the forest, and majesty is abroad on the chariot of terror.

The surging ocean, resounding shore, quivering lightnings and booming thunders are but faint types of that sublimity found in the realms of mind, in those minds of Websterian mould, lofty and grand in thought as their own native mountains, strong as nature's fastnesses, bold as the rocky cliff, and the strokes of whose energy tell in the conflict of embattled hosts of thought, as the booming volley, dealing death in the ranks of the battle, mows down the opposing soldiery. The relation of the sublime in nature to the sublime in mind, is that of the body to the soul. There is beauty in art, but not real sublimity, such as exists in nature's forms of matter, or in her developments of mind. And the difference is not merely in degree, but in nature, in kind. There is a sublimity, yet all unfathomed, in the still march of time, down through forgotten centuries, heeding not the wrecking of kingdoms, the clashing of contending nations. A spirit settles down upon us, when contemplating the regions of space, untraveled and un known, in thinking of which, reason is baffled, fancy even is weak, and thought is powerless. Without this element, beauty would not speak to the mind of sterner mould. It exalts and energizes conception, pervades and vitalizes the imagination, and gives scope and depth to thought. Its outward and visible manifestations are but the shadow of its inward and hidden vigor. Clogged by the body, it is not given to the mind, to soar on sublimest wing, but still it may wander in a wider and wider range, and fly to loftier and more lofty heights, and thus *approach* the infinite.

D. L.

THE LATE SENATOR BUTLER.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's honors blest!"

Silently but surely do the fathers of the country fall; one by one their places become desolate; the tear is shed over their last remains, and the world plods on, forgetful that such men have lived, and their places are occupied by succeeding generations. The occurrence of the death of a statesman, poet, or orator, assures us more strongly than ought else, that time here on earth is fleeting and evanescent, and more truly still that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." As we read the account of the death of some distinguished man, we feel more forcibly that we are not mere stationary beings, put here to act a certain part and then vanish, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," but we are to decide whether that part shall be honorable or not; whether our names shall be lost in oblivion, or inscribed high on our nation's scroll. And in this great battle of life it is for us, if we will, to take the places of the fallen. Such are the thoughts suggested by the news of the death of Senator Butler, of South Carolina. Mr. B. was in '47 elected to fill a vacancy in the U. S. Senate, and since his admission has been a prominent member of that body. His greatest characteristic, perhaps, was his strict consistency of purpose and resolution to stand to his principles, right or wrong. In this he sets an eminent example to those weak and spiritless politicians, who desert the ship as soon as the battle looks doubtful. For this he is entitled to all praise. Mr. Butler's general deportment towards political friends and enemies, has always been gentlemanly and polite; different from those politicians whose whole life is embittered by their fierce and partisan warfare, and whose friendships are often blighted. But whatever may be said in Senator Butler's favor, he will always be remembered in connection with that unhappy event which transpired a year ago. Whatever may be said of him in other respects, that will always remain to his discredit. We see it stated, that grief for the death of his "gallant relative" hurried on his own; which showed him to have been a man of strong feelings and affections. There is in the event of the death of Brooks and Butler, a strong proof that "man proposes, but God disposes." Who would have thought ten months ago, that they two would now be in their graves, while their victim should be alive and recovering? No one, we answer, would have dreamed of such a thing; but one year has passed, and now Brooks has fallen, and Butler has been gathered to his fathers. Truly, "His thoughts are not as our thoughts." Mr. Butler was the great champion of the doctrine of State Rights, first promulgated by his illustrious predecessor, J. C. Calhoun. However much we may disapprove of such principles, we give Mr. Butler credit for always supporting them through victory and defeat; and now that he is dead, we shall look in vain for such an able and zealous defender of the South Carolina doctrines. His death causes a vacancy which it will be hard to fill. But he is no more. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Let not the venom of party attack his spirit, "and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him," but may he be remembered, not for his few faults, but for his many excellences.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

S.a. Bent

APRIL SHOWERS.

The joyous SPRING has come again,
Usurped Old Winter's icy reign,
And rules with gentle sway:
On every tree-top now is heard
The music of the warbling bird,
In many a tuneful lay.

The winter's snows are gone at last;
The winds of March have blustered past;
And now, at April's call,
The south wind blows, and clouds arise
And march like troopers o'er the skies,
And showers of warm rain fall.

The bubbling, gurgling, dashing rill,
Leaps overflowing down the hill;
And frogs their pleasure sing;
The meadows that were brown and sere,
Now in a garb of green appear,
And own the power of Spring.

What is it gives all nature birth?
And scatters o'er the beauteous earth
The fragrance of the flowers?
Our Heavenly Father's gracious hand,
Has poured upon the smiling land,
The bounteous *April showers*. D.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." As in the beginning, sombre night was divided from radiant day, and the rolling deep separated from the firm land, so, in the moral world, there has ever been, since the creation of man, an unceasing strife and a mutual blending between *its* sway and that of physical power. At one period in our world's history, we behold this fair domain entirely under the control of physical elements. Then the passions bear sway. Lust, avarice, wealth, ambition, and power lead captive the hearts of the servile throng. The world is changed into a vast battle-field, and all stand ready, armed and equipped for the contest. Not for that noble and God-like emulation which has its origin in a desire to serve God and bless the world, by the fruits of the Spirit which are "Love, Joy, Peace, and such like," but for that ignoble and base-born contest incited by a desire of rearing an obelisk of honor, though to accomplish his purpose, the devotee must wade through rivers of blood, and the manes of murdered millions shall mingle their mad melody with the torments of endless misery and woe. Such were the rulers of Assyria and Babylon. But their glory has passed from recollection, and their monuments of power have perished. Dim Legend alone tells the story of their deeds. But with the introduction of letters into Greece and the cultivation of the fine arts and their dissemination among the surrounding nations, the reign of darkness which had so long enveloped the earth, yields to the onward course of mental power. Alas! it is but the light of a day! Error, mantled in the garb of poetry and fiction, the type of truth, the shadow of a reality, it was but a day-star on the world's horizon. It pleased for a while and passed away. Fainter and still fainter grow its flickerings, until a few centuries suffice to sink the world still deeper in the slough of ignorance, superstition and misrule. Religion is despised. The idea of the reality of a Supreme Being rejected. The immortality of the soul treated as a dogma for the speculation of theorists and metaphysicians. Again ambition exalts her throne and raises high her sceptre. The weak are made the prey of the strong. The poor of the rich. The ignorant and superstitious populace are guided by the reins of despotism and fanaticism. But look! see you that faint, glimmering light just piercing yonder clouds? It is the light of the Reformation! And now commences the reign of *Reason* as based upon the principles of Christianity; the advance of Civilization as founded upon her precepts. And, though at times impeded by Reason founded upon *man's* judgment, and by bigotry and fanaticism enforced upon a superstitious populace by a mercenary clergy, and, though in our own age and clime there are mighty foes to contend against, though there is wickedness in high places and ignorance among the lowly, though God's law is still despised and men are held in chains, though wars and rumors of wars at times darken our land, and though party feuds and sectional discords arise to disturb our harmony, yet the light of truth has spread farther and still farther, and its glow has grown brighter and still brighter, and will, we trust, so continue unto the perfect day.

"There's a good time coming friends,
  A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
  Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls *may* aid the truth,
  But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battles by its aid;—
  Wait a little longer."

Truth is mighty and will prevail. God speed the right! B.

THE TIME TO LEAVE OFF.

There seems no more difficult lesson for some men to learn, than the right time to leave off; and yet there is no one thing which more concerns our happiness and welfare than a thorough acquaintance with it. There are some who seem to act in utter forgetfulness of the time-honored maxim, that "too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" they carry everything to extremes; in fine, they don't know when to *leave off.* The want of this knowledge is seen in all their ways; but especially in the case of such of them, as attempt to write for the pages of newspapers or periodicals, or even for the columns of the *Mirror.* Here is one of them: a young man of good abilities, one who really knows a thing or two; he sets about writing an article; he hits upon a happy idea and pens it down in right earnest; after expressing the thought in an elegant and forcible manner, fearing, lest those who read it or hear it read, may fail to perceive and appreciate its beauties, he adds to it dreamy reflections, *long* drawn out; he cogitates, deliberates and speculates upon it; he contemplates and ruminates by way of embellishment, and so spoils the whole. He imagines he has made a decided hit, but on sending his production to the printer or editor, he is mortified and amazed by having his *gem* returned or thrown into the waste basket, that fearful place in an editor's sanctum from which no prosy manuscript returns; and all for not knowing when to *leave off.* Give us compression, give us comprehensiveness, give us brevity, when such is possible. The man who makes one idea cover a quire of foolscap, would be appropriately crowned with a *cap* of the same *material.* We admire the young man who wrote to his father, saying: "Dear Father:—I am going to be married;" and also the old gentleman, who wrote in reply: "Dear Son:—Do it." He, therefore, who would write popular articles for publication, should, before dipping his pen, have a clear idea of what he is going to write about, and then, after stating his sentiment, as lucidly and briefly as possible, he should come to a full stop, and let others do the dreaming. Our motto should always be, "Multum in parvo."

CHALYBS.

INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Circumstances do much towards the formation of character, yet men depend too much on the influence of great events, and are not sufficiently mindful of the little events that are daily occurring around them. There is around every one a constantly changing influence which, like the incessant pattering of rain drops on the hard, flinty rock, is continually wearing away the roughness and leaving it in a different state from what it found it, or like the banks of the river, continually wearing away from one side and then uniting again on the opposite bank, changes the bed of the river. Thus to-day a man is not what he was yesterday. To-day you see a man of very powerful intellect and of noble heart, throwing his whole influence on the side of truth and justice, you remember that but a short time ago, his whole soul was bent in another direction, his life was sinful, his influence was bad, and instead of being a beacon light of truth to guide his fellow men, he stood as a false light, to lure them on to ruin. You ask the cause of this sudden change, and in how many instances will you find it in the long remembered words of a devoted mother, who did her work and departed, leaving her blessing upon her son, which has now been fulfilled.

A pious mother's influence is considered small, yet it is mightier in its effect than the hurricane or the earthquake. The influence of little events is not confined altogether to individuals, but sometimes is as far-reaching as to embrace whole nations in its grasp. The influence of Josephine was apparently small, yet when Napoleon was deprived of her counsels, all his success forsook him. When Charles II., with his religious despots, desired to force the new liturgy upon the Protestant churches of Scotland, laymen were indignant at it, ministers hurled their invectives against it from the pulpit, but the influence of old Jenny Geddes was more effectual in preventing this outrage, than all the intellect of the nation.

When the Dean of Edinburgh attempted to read it before a great multitude from all parts of the kingdom, this old woman stood up before him with her stool in her hand, and threw it at his head, indignantly exclaiming,—"Villain, wilt thou read the mass at my lug?" This was the signal for the breaking forth of the long pent up storm of wrath and indignation. The affrighted Dean fled in great confusion. The Bishop next attempted it, but in vain; the vast tide of public feeling had been aroused, and from that one woman it spread until the whole kingdom was aroused, and as a result, the whole scheme died out. The Reformation, with its long train of blessed results, turned apparently on the single circumstance of Martin Luther's finding a copy of the Bible; his active mind seized eagerly upon its truths, and soon it unfolded to him principles which his conscience told him were at direct variance with the teachings of the Romish church; and yet from that single act a train of circumstances was set in motion, which almost immediately shook the Papal power to its very foundation, and is even now felt with remarkable power in every civilized nation on the earth. Let those who would be men, wait not for mighty events, but remember that what seem to be small causes, are mighty in their results.

THE FATE OF REFORMERS.

There is something in the lives of the great and good, that enchants one. There is an element of intense interest running through all their actions; and in none, more than in those who have endeavored to stem the tide of moral depravity. Many, to whom the name of *reformer* is due, have been men far above mediocrity; more still, who have ranked,—in the world's estimation at least,—below it. But such can be no true reformers without great strength of character; and character, not genius, makes the man. As a class of men, reformers have always been considered dangerous, simply because they would rouse men from their habitual course of life. What a slave man is to habit! How hard for him to throw off the chains with which he has allowed himself to be bound for a long time! Thus it is, that when a principle of action is to be changed, it is so hard to accomplish this end; and we so often hear the cry: "You may be going too far. We did well enough in the old way, and let well enough alone." Some may term this, *caution*. If so, it is lazy caution, arising from a lack of firmness to meet the brunt of life's battle, and a spirit in league with compromises. Thus it has been in all great reformations, and the leaders of all such have been counted as extremists. Luther, a man undoubtedly appointed by God for the place he filled in the reformation, was regarded at that time as a fanatic. He was not to see the final triumph of his principles, with mortal eyes, but he felt he was right, and in the power of that feeling worked on with a zeal which the presence of the Almighty alone could give him. In life, we see him scorned and his principles pronounced heretical; when dead, in thunder tones they speak, "triumph." Howard, a name always to be recognized as one of England's greatest, as long as there can anywhere be found a heart to beat fast at the mention of philanthropy, or a tongue to tell of its progress, passing his short life in the hope of ameliorating the condition of the inmates of European prisons, was at first regarded foolish. Even that devoted life, which would seem to cast out all thought of the infirmity of its motive, has been assailed of late by one of the most talented writers. We mean Mr. Carlyle. The reason for it is very obvious. There is not enough of blazing genius, the kind that holds in sway the minds of thousands by the voice or pen, shown in his life to bring Mr. Carlyle to regard him as a god-hero. But however much this gentleman's talents may be admired, however much his voluminous work may be praised, sooner will his name and the principles he has inculcated, fade from the minds of men, than that life among the forsaken of earth, and that death far from home and friends, incurred by his merciful regard for the sick, shall lose one iota of its glory. And so it is with all reformers. Though persecuted while alive,—some more, some less,—yet when death has forever sealed their lips, they "still live" in the hearts of their countrymen. This then is their fate: that while they live, they choose to serve their country and the world in whatever way they think they can best do so; and when called away, they leave their memories forever fresh in the hearts of succeeding generations. H.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Who can sufficiently estimate the blessing of female influence; an influence which, like the rising sun, spreading its rays farther and farther, as it rises in its course, lights up the barren oases of life's dark and sombre desert. When the thick clouds of despondency and gloom are centering around the crushed spirit, what almost angelic power she possesses, by her tender words of sympathy to quell the anxious beatings of the troubled soul, and to purify the whole atmosphere, as the gentle showers of rain purify the turbid atmosphere of the hot summer day.

But look at that young man, whose life has been one dark blank. At first, perhaps, he had engaged in some sportive amusement, which he considered harmless; but, as step by step was taken, it found him more deeply involved in vice. With the frivolity of the bar-room he was not satisfied; he craves more exciting amusements; he enters the gambling saloon, that sink of iniquity, and is gradually enticed to participate in the debasing games, unconscious of the ruinous influences that it is constantly producing upon his character. He takes another step, and partakes of the intoxicating cup, which poisons both soul and body. He heeds not the daily admonitions which he feels in his own body, and to all appearance he seems beyond recovery; he now stands upon the brink of the dreadful precipice, and the yawning gulf is ready to receive him. But his perilous condition has attracted the attention of one who is amply fitted, by the purity of her character, to restore bright hopes and fond anticipations. She takes him gently by the hand, and points him to the paths of rectitude. She admonishes him to abandon his profligate course. She pleads with him. She entreats him to follow in the path of virtue and integrity, and by these few words, spoken from motives of sincerity, he henceforth lives a life of virtue. But this is but an instance where female influence is felt; we witness it everywhere in every day life. Does she inhabit a lowly cot in some retired country spot, or a lordly mansion in the crowded city, she is constantly engaged in missions of love, securing for herself a title to that simple but sublime epitaph, engraved on the tomb of Atolus: "He exported his fortune to heaven before him, by his charities; he is gone thither to enjoy it." Such was Isabella Graham, Harriet Newell, and Hannah Moore, and many other names with which are associated all that is lovely, estimable and virtuous. We can see the workings of her influence under the parental roof. The lines of the poet beautifully illustrate the enjoyment of the home circle:—

"The atmosphere of home, how bright
It floats around us when we sit together
Under a bower of vine in summer weather;
Or round the hearth-stone, in a wintry night,
While fathers, mothers, sisters smile to see
How fair the rose bud blooms beneath the parent tree."

She seems to be acting in her own true sphere, at home, by her cheerful countenance and her gracious smiles.

The home without the influence of the mother, is deprived of something which can only be realized by those who have been bereft of her benign influences.

We admire the beautiful traits that marked every period of the character of the Father of our Country; but had he been neglected in early youth, and received none of those gentle reproofs and wise counsels of his mother, how different might his course have been.

How much importance then should be attached to female influence; and how glorious will be the reward of her who has let her influence teem forth upon those with whom she has been connected, and can say,—"I have done what I could." M.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

They tell us that the mighty Sword,
Has conquered nations, vanquished kings;
That thousands, in a single day,
Have paid to it their offerings.

They say that conquerors, by the Sword,
Have made themselves a glorious name;
Have gained respect and fear from all;
Have stood upon the mount of Fame.

But ah! their honor quickly flees,
When Death, with unrelenting hand,
Calls them to yield their feeble breath,
And all their fame to his command.

But from the Pen comes that renown,
Which Death's stern hand cannot remove;
A lasting honor, living fame,
Which gliding ages long may prove.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword,
To battle all the foes of Right;
And ever may it well oppose
The hosts of Wrong, though leagued with Might.

D.

LITERARY FAME.

The path to Literary Fame is far more difficult than that which leads to fortune. If a man is so unfortunate as not to soar above the mediocrity, remorse is his portion; and, on the other hand, if he succeeds in his race for distinction, a host of enemies spring up around him, who harass and drive him upon the brink of the abyss between Contempt and Hatred.

Every man who has panted and run for the prize of intellectual victory, has left some lasting testimonial of moral excellence and well-earned merit, or of unmerited honor and despised baseness. The husbandman, in his old age, prepares the ground and plants the young, tender sapling, whose daily increasing strength and beauty he watches with interest, although never expecting to enjoy its shade, or to witness its full-grown grandeur and dignity, but leaves it in its youthful vigor, as a dying memorial, to grow up and become the comfort and solace of his posterity. Such a deed needs no record but its own. So it is with the author, who bequeaths the productions of his mind to succeeding generations. Books are with truth, the legacies that a great genius leaves to mannkind, which are delivered down to the posterity of those who are yet unborn. They are, as it were, the voices of the distant dead, which make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages, or as Dryden justly terms them, the "spectacles to read nature." It is through these alone that we are instructed concerning the creation, and all that has transpired through the long intervening cycles to the present. Who would pine for want of intellectual companionship, if sacred writers were to take up their abode with him,—if *Milton* were to sing to him of Paradise — and *Shakespeare*, to open to him the worlds of imagination and workings of the human heart — and *Franklin*, to enrich him with his practical wisdom, and *Aristotle* and *Bacon*, to expound the mysteries of the human race, and of the universe? The thought that the hand that wrote them is entombed in the grave, and the spirit that called them forth, now ranges in the sweet fields and forests above, awakens a mysterious feeling of sadness and sober meditation. But these inestimable gifts, were not obtained without profound thought and research;—*thought* that never clogs but increases the appetite, the more it gratifies it, and leaves it, after the richest feast, prepared for a still more sumptuous banquet. How many have devoted the evening of their days in recording the various reflections which they have been unconsciously receiving from the passing events, and long voyages of their life. How many in their solitary musings and researches, shut out from the face of man, and the still more beautiful face of nature, have toiled long and hard to secure immortal laurels, and to erect for their dying bequest, the pyramid of *Fame*, which, through the progress of literature and time, crumbles to the dust, and its great architect and builder is forever forgotten. Through the disappointment of anticipated fame, many a star, promising to become that of the first magnitude among literary men, has been extinguished before it had reached the meridian of its splendor. Modest merit is even despised by those who judge of the author's name, not of his work, and then neither praise nor blame his writings, but the man. And every elaborate production must undergo severe criticism, especially by those whose first emotion is to depreciate it, showing conclusively that they would never have one of their own *to* show.

In the perusal of a book, the reader expects to imbue himself with the new ideas of the writer, to court the excitement which genius offers to him and to lay up stores of incident and wise conclusions, which are the offspring of research and thought. But when the writer fails to meet his demands, he is subjected to the severest criticism, and the most unkind abuse. Few classes of men are more openly oposed than the Author; upon none has fortune been less lavish of her expenditures. The truth is with regard to great men, they have almost all been poor, and their writings are poorly appreciated. Visit the large libraries and you will find multitudes of old, dusky volumes, stowed away as mere merchandise, or as so many mummies of their authors, enshrined within these unfrequented catacombs of literature. Volumes upon volumes are left to moulder and decay in dusty oblivion. What a reward for a man to toil and sweat for days and nights over a few scraps of paper, that his work when finished, may occupy an inch of dusty shelf, and in a short time, its title lost even to remembrance. Such is fame! Such is immortality!

LINES TO MARY.

Dearest Mary, listen to me
While I sing of ardent love;
Listen, though another woo thee,
Enter then the nuptial grove.

Once when sorrow pressed me sorely,
And I felt my trouble great,
Thou with kindness stood'st before me,
Speaking words affectionate.

With a voice so soft and gentle
Did'st thou say those soothing words,
And they were so sentimental
That they touched my finest chords.

Soon the fates us rudely parted;
But my *spirit* went with thee,
And I felt most gloomy-hearted
When thy face I ceased to see.

Oftentimes I thought I'd write thee;
Tell thee that I loved thee well;
But I feared that thou would'st slight me,
And my overtures repel.

Since another's heart hath won thee,
History of my love must end,
Praying God at last to own thee,
I will ever be thy Friend.

ENTHUSIASM.

There is a certain class to whom the very word Enthusiasm is a synonym for all that is rash, futile, or inexpedient. To such it seems as impossible for anything definite to result from it, as it did to the Jews of old that any good thing should come out of Nazareth. Nor do they—when we consider the facts in the case—appear to be wholly without excuse for such an impression. There is no lack of examples of schemes promising to the panacea for all the ills to which the flesh is heir, that have most signally failed. There have been many Babels commenced besides that notable one, whose foundation was laid in the plains of Shinar, and all with the same laudable purpose of reaching heaven, but the fond anticipations of these modern builders have been checked by the same jargon and confusion, as were those of their ancient prototypes. And when we see men of talent spending life, in the pursuit of airy phantoms, we do not so much wonder at the impatient exclamation of the poet, when he says—

> " No wild enthusiast could ever rest,
> Till half the world were like himself possessed. "

Such an enthusiasm is a power which like the philosopher's man of clay —having been vitalized becomes uncontrollable, and rushes on, involving its originators in the common ruin. But the enthusiasm which we would emulate, is that, which is actuated by a deep-seated principle within—whose sympathies are aroused by a clear view of the merits of a cause, and which *acts* because to remain idle would be criminal. Men there have been who have embodied this ideal—and their names have filled many a bright page of History—who have soared above all minor considerations, and viewed with steady gaze the great centre of their efforts. Such were the Pilgrims, who fled from tyranny at home, to found a free empire among savage foes, in a dreary wilderness. Such were the Revolutionary Fathers, and such were many whose names are among the great and good of our own time. And, in view of these examples, who would not exclaim with that master of enthusiastic eloquence, " if this be enthusiasm, let us live and die enthusiasts. "

THE CHAINS OF MEMORY.

O memory! draw thy silken chains around my heart;
For in my inmost soul, I know we ne'er can part.
For thou, alone, my present path can rightly aim,

For in thy silken chains is twined my Mother's *Name*,
Composed of gems of living thought,
The Chains of Memory have been wrought;
Back to the past they far extend,
And o'er our life an influence lend.
A thousand dearest ties they bind,
Fond records of the dearest kind;
Held by the golden links of love,
Sent by the spirits from above,
They bid our minds the past behold,
And scenes beyond, of peace unfold;
When by a mother's knee we knelt,
And her soft hand in ours we felt,
A father's loving face appears,
As, parting, he entreats with tears,
That God above would bless his child,
And guide him through earth's dreary wild.
Once more we feel a mother's kiss;
Again partake that dearest bliss;
Dream all those joys once more again,
As flashing past they cross our train;
When midnight stillness reigns supreme,
Fountains of memories round us stream;
As back we cast our longing view,
We act once more those scenes anew.

W.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

We believe that there is as truly a voice in all of the works, as in the word of God. This indeed, the word itself assures us. "There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard." And he who would hear, must be still and listen, for the teachings of nature, even as those of revelation, are blessed only to those who heard the "*still small voice*;" and however the self-wise may regard it, he only can be truly wise who hath an ear for all these teachings.

In the floral realm, the fair lily is a figure and an image of holy innocence; the purple rose is a figure of pretended friendship; faith is represented to us by the blue passion flower; hope beams for us from the evergreen; peace from the olive-branch; immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the joys and triumphs of the spirit by the palm; modesty, by the blue fragrant violet; tenderness, by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence, by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity, by the oak-leaf; unassumingness, by the lily of the valley; silent grief, by the weeping willow; shuddering, by the aspen; the night-swelling rock is a figure of life, and the ivy is an emblem of dependence and reliance, as it entwines its frail stock around the stately oak, and teaches us our constant dependence upon a power higher than ourselves. These teachings, which could be indefinitely enumerated, are no unwarrantable soarings of the fancy, but are the products which the book of nature will yield to every true student. Wise, indeed, is he who is a learner in this school; for he shall be prepared for the stern scenes of this life, and when the mortal shall have "faded as a leaf," he shall be a partaker of that immortal inheritance,

"In those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDOVER.

Behold! the sun is just dipping his disc into the ocean behind the mountains, and seems to pause ere it sinks in the western brine. Why do I turn and notice it, as it is tinging the cloudlets with rays of purple, gold and vermilion? Ah! it revives the past of my Andover life. Recollections are past life and action, all tempered to beauty and pleasantness by the lapse and distance of time. The beauty of Andover scenery is a frequent remark; but remark and eulogium can never describe nor compass the deep feelings of the soul, touched by the loveliness of her dying day, or listening to nature's music in the sighing of the breezes through the tree-tops, or the murmur of the little leaping rill.

We have noticed the progress and ingathering of the crops on the sunny side of the year, and the chill blasts and whitening sleet of winter have swept past us, and Andover's scenes grow more dear as we linger on her threshhold, ere we try our life race. Her Prospect Hill, with its indeed suggestive name, from whose top you may view the works of man, and compare them with the architecture of nature, is in itself a *jewel* set in her heritage; while yonder rises a rocky eminence, and there sinks the little wood-girt lake. The eye now wanders from the ridge of Wachuset to Monadnoc's cone-like summit,—the pillars of the Massachusetts arch; then, in connected vision, scans those ranged hills leaning like battlements against the sky; while under the brow of this one, and at its foot, rests that beautiful lake, another's top is crowned by the green and waving forest trees. Down that grassy slope you see the sunlight chasing itself in waves.

Behind is the sea, though out of sight; at the right is the busy city of Lawrence, and the silver Merrimac, with the steady roar of its falls; on the left, in bold relief, upon the horizon, rises the Bunker Hill Monument; but when you gaze in front, you are constrained to overleap the hills, sail away above the smoke of busy Lowell, and, disregarding the hum of her machinery, peer away towards the broad prairies and inland cities of the West, for they lie before you.

Once we visited Den Rock, when it was enveloped in the shades of night In loneliness we wandered under the arm-like branches of those dark trees, along the recesses of those woods, stood in wrapt stillness on the crags of those silent rocks, the moon meanwhile casting a weird light around, giving a vague and undefined coloring and form to every object. Fit place, among those dense recesses, for the spirit of the storm to lurk and play its gambols, or for the melancholy owl, from its covert in the guarded branches of the hollow oak, to cry out on the midnight air. The timid soul would well nigh shudder at that hour in such a place, for there is something more awfully grand in such a scene than in aught else. But if fear brings a shudder, it is the soul drawing back from itself, for such a scene, at such an hour, would quicken every emotion and drive the spirit in upon itself, from very inability to fathom the grandeur and sublimity of nature's awful forms.

Andover will long be green in memory, when the frosts of age have stolen over and whitened youthful locks, and like waifs from a well-remembered yet long-untrodden shore, will her colonnade of stately elms, and her fountains of sacred and classical learning float on the tide of memory among the drifting reminiscences of by-gone years. Pomp's Pond, that reminder of the vanity of human greatness, since its name is all that remains of the negro servant who managed the boat that sailed on its waters, when as yet no rill had bubbled from Andover's founts of learning, will long and ever be remembered as the mirror that reflected the environing woods Sunset Rock, on which the sun's last rays seemd to smile with peculiar care and beauty;—Indian Ridge, the earthy correlate of the sparkling Shawshine's waters, and even all the depending branches mirrored on its placid bosom,—these, all and severally, will call back the thoughts of him who wanders from them, clustered as they are about every student's heart, and hidden among its choicest treasures. Andover stands queen-like and well nigh peerless among New England hills; and the splendor of her sunsets is more dear to the American's heart and more lovely in his eyes, than the mellower tints of the Italian, or the gorgeous richness of the Indian, skies.

D. L.

THE CLOSING TERM.

Let not hearts nor hands grow weary,
Friends of our society!
Great the harvests are before us,
Whitening as they round us lie;
Day is waning, night is coming,
Swift the sands run thro' the glass;
Germ of life, is each fleet moment,
Ours to claim, but as they pass.

Time his scythe unscathed is swinging,
Mower grim of thorns and flowers,
Heedless, whether joy or sorrow,
Comes to mortals with the hours;
To the hovel, cot and palace;
Life and death and joy he brings,
And to him the lowly peasant,
Is the same as crowned kings.

Soon within the tomb of ages,
Worn with strife and toil and woe,
Shall this weary term, not fruitless,
Lay its form forever low;
Shall we not its last hours number,
With such works of hope and love,
That when we with it shall slumber,
We shall enter life above?

Work to cheer our fellow mortals!
And with them our blessings share!
That the glolden tie that binds us,
Bright and brighter still may wear.
Never hearts nor hands grow weary!
Till the Maker's work be done;
Till *His* temples arch we've entered,
And eternity begun.

JUXTA.

Editor's Table.

It has been the object of the editors, during the past term, to obtain as great a variety of contributions as possible; for, only in this way can all varieties of talent be exerted. We have desired that there should be wisdom enough for the learned, wit enough for the funny, gravity enough for the sober, hilarity enough for the jolly, and poetry enough for the lover of nature. Whether our wish is accomplished or not, we leave others to judge.

The general tone of the contributions of this term, has been of a much higher standard than usual, so that, while the Society has greatly improved in other respects, in this, also, there has been a proportional advancement. The "Facts of the Society" attest what has been done in the former case; this number of the Mirror, what in the latter. We have compiled the Editor's Table from the communications and other brief articles which have been read from time to time.

The following is pretty good considering its species, and smacks a little of Dutchman:—

SERENADE.

Vake, lovely one, the moon are high,
The twinklin' stars is beamin',
Vile now and then across the sky,
A meteor are a streamin'.

Vake, lovely one, the sky are clear,
Refreshin' is the breezes;
It blows my nose while I sits here
A fiddling 'neath the treezes.

Vake, Lizzy dear, the bull frog's note
Are heard in yonder rushes;
The warbling tree toad swells its note,
Singing in them are bushes.

Vake, Wenus love, the whip-poor-will
Sings on that rail fence yonder,
Vile the owl pipes forth its hooting shrill,—
(Vy don't she vake, I wonder!)

Softly along the grassy lea
The moon her beams are pourin';
The stars looks down and winks at me,—
(By gum! if it ain't mornin'!)

Vake, lovely one, and look at me;
Avake, Squire Simpson's daughter;
If you'll have me, why, I'll have you,—
(By George! who trew dat water?)

Be Careful.—There is no better advice for any man, in whatever station or condition in life, than the words, "Be Careful." They apply not only to the engineer on the locomotive or steamship, but to every man who has a tongue to speak, a hand to do, or a pen to write. Perhaps nothing saved that eldest son from dissipation and ruin, but those words of affection in a letter from his mother: "Dear Son,—Be advised to be cautious." Let every one, then, guard even his *inmost thoughts*. *They* are like the minutes to the hour. Take care of *them*, and the actions will take care of themselves.

An Answer to a Simple Question.

"Papa, what is an interrogatory?"

"My dear, an interregatory is a very explicit method, used principally in chancery proceedings, for obtaining a correct answer to a simple written question, thus: Whether John Smith, on such a day, and at such a place, did, should, could, might or ought; or whether he didn't, should n't, couldn't, mightn't or oughtn't; or if he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't or oughtn't, why didn't he, shouldn't he, couldn't he, wouldn't he, mightn't he or oughtn't he; and if *not* on such a day and at such a place, *then*, whether at some other, and at what place and day, he *did*, should, could, would, might or ought; or whether he didn't, should n't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't or oughtn't; or under some other and what peculiar, and if not peculiar, under some other and what circumstance; and if not, why not, or how otherwise, do it?"

The following poetry was translated from the German of Friedrich von Schilier, by A. M. Levy, and is noticeable as coming from the pen of a Prussian by birth, and who has been in this country but a short time.

SPRING.

Welcome! charming lad,
  Nature's sweet delight;
With a corbel in your hand,
  Welcome! to our sight!

Here thou art once more;
  And how sweet and fair;
We rejoice right heartily,
  When we meet thee here.

Think thou of my fair one!
  Darling, think of her!
See her yonder, how she loves me,
  With a love sincere.

Many a fragrant flower,
  For the maid I've sought;
Now I ask of thee once more,
  For the flowers you've brought.

Welcome! charming land,
Nature's sweet delight;
With a corbel in your hand,
Welcome! to our sight!

ORDER.

Order, it is said, is Heaven's first law. The operations of nature are more regular than clockwork, and it is evident that the old Connecticut farmer wished that the operations of man might be controlled by a similar law, when not finding his curry-comb in its proper place one day, he put up in his stable in large legible characters the following, for the benefit of his help:—

"Cursed be he where'er he be.
And let the whole stable resound it,
Who uses a curry, although in a hurry,
And don't put it up where he found it."

Phillips' Academy, June 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—The quiet and regular life of the scholars of our school, was to-day pleasantly interrupted by a visit from one who had in the earlier days of this Academy's life been one of that number, who then went in and out, among the attractions of Andover, but who, now, in a vigorous old age, is sustaining the weight of years with manly vigor. He was introduced to the school at morning prayers, by remarks from our efficient and respected Principal, of almost unwonted earnestness, eloquence and appropriateness. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen. could not be present, on account of indisposition, but in lieu of his much desired presence, his son, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. addressed the school. His remarks were greeted with applause, as he recounted the facts and incidents of olden time; for so it seem to us; and we could but mark, with growing interest, the almost fatherly earnestness, that the sober digestion of years of thought, gave to his manner and words; and the smile, always an attendant of those, whose hearts go out in sympathy towards the young whose course of life is yet all untried, and whose future is one unbroken promise. He alluded briefly and touchingly to the Academy, in its beginning and progress, with touches on those other points of interest, with which we are so familiar. How interesting a circumstance, it might well seem to us for one, who from this green and quiet spot of earth, had gone forth into the world to mingle in its conflicts, to come back and catch the music of the same breezes felt of yore, and walk beneath yon stately colonnade of elms, in thought of the past. But, oh! those voices which would seem to float on every breeze and rustle on every stirring bough! how full of meaning, gliding into the soul, as spectres of the past, and reminding, perhaps all too sadly, of the fleeting nature of human greatness! But the example of the patriotic Quincy, laden and strengthened by the weight of nearly a century, adds the sacredness of age to the teaching of truth and nature, that a well-spent youth and earnest life only, can bring a green and vigorous old age. D. L.

MAYFLOWERS.

We wander forth through woods and fields,
To cull the flowers that nature yields,

But soon our satisfaction's gone;
The flowers are dead; their beauty flown.

The brightest Mayflowers we can find,
Are gathered from the active mind;
Sound thoughts, that never droop or die,
But live to all eternity.

A young lad just commencing the study of Latin under the instruction of a lady of seventeen summers, was asked by his teacher the composition of the word "virgin;" he answered expertly "*Vir* a man, and *gin*, a trap, Virgin, a man-trap." Teacher didn't grow pale.

The last effusion of our poetical friend, shows that he is oppressed with a severe cold which disorders his nose and puts his brain out of joint:—

SOG TO BY DADCY.

BY SIBOD PURE.

Dow cobe by Dadcy dear,
  Add take a walk with be;
Add see the bull-dog wag his tail,
  Id light add berry glee.

The cow stads id the brook,
  The robid sigs his sog;
The cat-bird squeaks his belody,
  As be add you walk alog.

Thed cobe by Dadcy dear;
  Add walk out by the brook,
Add sit dowd by the water clear,
  Add at the bull-frogs look.

Add whed you've seed edough,
  Just give ode thought to this;
I love you well by Dadcy dear,
  Thed give be ode sweet —— piece of advice.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

How delicously sweet is it to write a love letter to one's darling, occasionally! Oh yes! and then to add a verse of poetry to it, why, it lifts one up to the ninth heaven. Such was the experience of Jerry, who wrote to his *beloved*, closing up thus sublimely,—

"o salli tiz mi Cheef delight
to gase uppon Your eyeS sow brite
Mi luv for you, bi gosh ser parses
the Luv i bare for bredn larses."

Conundrum.—What did Adam and Eve do, when driven from the garden of Paradise? Ans. They went to raising *Cain.*

College Stories. In one of our New England colleges, a member of the Senior class sent a "freshy" to the store, with a $1.00 bill, to purchase pipes and tobacco, for the purpose, no doubt, of "smoking him out." But "freshy" was "up stump," and soon returned with ninety-nine pipes and a cent's worth of tobacco.

Another. A certain chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians in "Old Harvard," on the formation of bad habits, after a great many good things, he said, "Gentlemen, close your ears against bad discourses." To the great amazement and embarrassment of the worthy chaplain, the students immediately clapped their hands to their ears!

THE BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER.

When a gentleman swallows a good, hearty dinner,
And feels himself pretty near full,
His weight will be more and his visage no thinner,
If only he'll notice this rule;—
"If a man is afraid he has eaten too much,
And in size is a *man and a half,*
(Now this excellent axiom was made for just such,)
Let him sit down and have a good laugh;"
And he soon will find out that the fountain is good
From which, perfect health he had quaffed,—
That he never before had so relished his food,
As when he had heartily laughed.

Simon Pure.

And now, Philomatheans, our editorial duties have reached a completion, and once again we are reminded of the workings of that great and universal law of our being,—the law of change. To-day we flourish as the lily or the rose, but to-morrow finds us not; missed at first, but soon forgotten, we leave our posts to others. To-day, strong bands of friendship, strengthened by long and pleasant associations, bind us together; to-morrow sees them snapped asunder, to be cherished no more. New connections are formed; new friends and associates spring up; new interests open before us; new purposes and resolves occupy our wills; bright hopes and prospects gladden our souls; golden dreams of success and prosperity attend our slumbers; and also the experience of their opposites, in their turn, with ever varying regularity; and thus we continue to hurry on,—changing, changing, ever changing,—until we reach the goal of human existence. In conclusion, to you, Philomatheans, who in a short time, in obedience to this changing law of our natures, will go hence, to take your places in other ranks, to be no longer remembered with us, we say, Farewell. You are but an advanced detachment of the same great army with us. Advance then, trusting in the right! Fight manfully the battles of truth, and the God of truth and righteousness will bring you off more than conquerors! We have long enjoyed your manly assistance; our hearts are losely knit together in bonds of sacred fraternity; friendship's holy flame has kindled, and burned warmly and brightly upon the altar of our soul's affection, and although with sadness we say the parting word, yet it is not unmingled with pleasant feeling, for it is with a sure and confident belief that those traits of character. which have bound you to our hearts, will develop more fully and gloriously in other spheres; will diffuse light and happiness over other hearts, and that you will eventually be crowned with the reward of a full consciousness of having lived to a good purpose; of having left the World better than you found it. And we, both Juniors and Middlers, who are to stay yet longer, will strengthen the things that remain; will arm ourselves with the strong armor which Mother Philo provides in such abundance for her sons; and in due time, like the reserved guards on the battle field, we will come to your assistance; will join you in the fight; will put shoulder to shoulder, and with you press toward the mark of our high calling, and gain at last the welcome plaudit: "Well done, you have fought the good fight; enter now into the joy of thy Lord."

THE EDITORS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW STUDENTS:

Such is the "MIRROR" which it has been our duty to present. In commendation of the Society, we must say that it has been difficult to make the selections for this number, not because there was a *paucity*, but beause there was such an abundance, of excellent articles. Yet, when we say "excellent," we compare ourselves with each other, and desire that others will criticise our productions, *not* as *ripe fruit*, but as the *bud* of the *blossom.* The MIRROR of this term has shown, at its different readings, that it has kept pace with the other institutions of the Society in Improvement. Our friends will notice a slight change in the dress of the periodical; whether this is for the better or not, we leave others to judge.

Then Philomatheans, row along,
Until you see the land, ho!
Let "Semper Crescens" be your song;
Then "Perge aliquando."

And since "Improvement" is your aim,
You'll shine like fair Aurora;
Let "Nos Sciamus" be your claim,
And "Perge ad majora!"

Respectfully,

EDITORS, } *Committee*
M. C. DAY, } *of*
C. F. HENRIE, } *Publication.*

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1857. NO. I.

FREDERIC ADAMS,
LUTHER W. EMERSON, } EDITORS.
WILLIAM J. CAIN,

The following pages contain a few of the fruits of effort in English composition, and although they are yet *un*ripe and not suited to the most highly cultivated tastes; yet we trust that our present attainment compared with that of former terms, is such as shall warant our friends in the conclusion that our principle of formation is a right one, which, if mantained by continued and persevering effort, will secure to us, ripeness and perfection. The names of the members of the Society appear for the first time, in this number of the "Mirror," and it is hoped that this new feature will prove one of interest.

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Whole number of Members, 91.

PLAGIARISM.

The most despicable of all things, is the *literary* thief. Towards a thief of almost any other character, we can exercise some charity. We can adduce, perhaps, some palliating circumstance to modify the criminality of his offence. Perhaps, like Robin Hood, he may make free with the treasury of the rich, from a purely benevolent motive. He may wish to *relieve* the destitute circumstances of the poor, and so *relieve* the well-filled pockets of the rich, who monopolize more than their rightful share of earth's treasures. Perhaps he may be drawn by the force of desperate circumstances to take what does not rightfully belong to him. A ruined credit may be the cause, or a destitute home, or a starving family, all of which have caused like results in past times.

Poverty, that goddess of misery and wretchedness, has heaped infamy and disgrace upon many a noble soul, which, placed in other and more sunny circumstances, would have risen to fame and distinction.

Upon the man then, who on the public highway demands our money, we can, in certain cases, look with comparative complacency. At worst, he committed but *one* sin, that of simple stealing, while the plagiarist is guilty of a *three* fold crime, besides developing prominently the workings of a base inward covetousness. He is not only guilty of *theft*, but *that to* of the meanest order; moreover, he adds to this the crime of *lying*, and to this he adds *forgery*, for he copies an article of another, knowing the same to have been stolen, alters it, perhaps, a little, sets his name to it, and sends it out to the world as his own production, while at the *same time* his wings are *borrowed* wings. Besides all this, he does an injustice to those who may associate with him, as sooner or later he will be found out, and will involve them all in a common suspicion and disgrace.

No young man should strive to be a *mere* imitator; he should endeavor to be *himself*, to develope his *own* individuality, and then all his acts and accomplishments, whether literary or scientific, will bear the impress of his *own* personality, and will completely exclude all suspicion of being a quibbler in science, or a plagiarist in literary attainments.

CHALYBS.

What is the difference between a bird of one feather and one of two? A difference of a-o-pinion.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE!

How vast and how much does this word comprehend! How dear to every freeman of American soil. His whole soul is inspired with a love of his country, when he contemplates the struggles and conflicts which his forefathers endured to obtain this independence, which he is now heir to. And while thus enjoying this boasted independence, the true American heart seeks to perpetuate it, and to establish a sure foundation, upon which to rear a Republic, which time in all its fickle changes cannot disturb.

When we look back, and contemplate our past national history, and recall the great change that has taken place within the recollection of some men now living, the mind is amazed and bewildered. Eighty-one brief years only have passed since the birth-day of our Republic, and even now she stands pre-eminently above the foremost nations of the world. Fortune has indeed favored us, but there is an Infinite power which has crowned our every undertaking of a pure character, with success. Other nations have struggled long and arduously to obtain the same blessing, but all to no effect; they have failed, even in the outset.

But we, who, during our early struggles for independence, were composed of but a few weak Colonies, have become a mighty power,—one great pillar of strength. Our once narrow tract of country has been extended to a vast territory, and our three millions of inhabitants have increased in a ten-fold ratio, while our stars and stripes, once limited to our own coast, and looked upon with contempt, are unfurled upon every sea, and are welcomed in every harbor where commerce spreads her sail. And all this, let us remember, is but our infancy. It is not time that has made us thus to excel other nations. We have not yet arrived at manhood. Imagination can only picture to us what we are still to become. Although present aspects betoken an overthrow, and although we have been met by foes on every hand, yet we "still live," and are destined to survive all the attacks which ruthless political demagogues, in all their deceit and treachery, are endeavoring to make upon us. Some of our most noble statesmen are engaged in the present struggles which are going on in our own Republic. They have devoted their talents, their lives, and all their energies to preserve this independence which we hold so sacred. Nevertheless, there is a solemn and weighty responsibility resting upon us individually, and if negligent of our own duty, what will be the result? Like the great Roman Republic, which was once powerful and self-confident, we must fall because of the degeneracy of the people. The people who love their common country, who feel proud of its free Government, who revere its history, who glory in its intelligence, and feel sensitive of its honor, and whose hearts beat with sincere solicitude for its welfare in all coming time, will not be lulled into an apathy of negligence and distrust; but, relying upon the great principles of right and humanity, they will press forward, and their motto will be, "Onward and upward," until they have built up, for future generations, a Government of purity,—a nation of equality. Such a work can be accomplished only by the people. The destiny of our nation rests upon them, and if always faithful to that higher law, given by Him who holds the reins of nations, they cannot fail to perpetuate such a Government, and transmit to posterity the innumerable blessings of a free and independent Republic. ‡‡

THE EVENING HOUR.

'Tis the still evening hour, when holy thoughts,
Bright guardian angels round soul's resting place,
Enter within the portals of the heart
To soothe the soul's bewildered fantasies.
How beautiful this hour!
Methinks my spirit, on celestial wings,
Soars upward high above the cloudlet's crest.
The azure blue unfathomed floats around,
And circles 'neath the dome of heaven's vault;
Soft, gentle zephyrs of the evening breeze
Drop sweet perfumes of other lovely spheres,
Fanned by some angel's wing concealed;
Earth's monarch, sinking in his golden bed,
Imprints a last warm kiss at parting,
Upon the bosom soft of Mother Earth;
The silver car of night, now on its course,
Rolls o'er the earth reposing 'neath its rays,
The starry host its marshaled retinue.
Hark! Insects, nestled in their grassy beds,
Are sending up their notes of praise to God;
A subdued murmur, musical and low,
Alone is heard to break the still night air.
Like a babe resting on its mother's breast,
Slowly its eyelids close, and all is still
Save its low breathing and its heaving bosom.
Thus Nature slumbers in a lovely sleep
Upon the bosom soft of Mother Earth,
When lengthening shades proclaim the close of day. W.

THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION.

It is an impression which prevails to a very great extent, that he who intends leading a *mercantile* life, need not be a man of learning; need not be thoroughly schooled and disciplined; but that if he merely understands the many "*tricks in trade*," knows how to count the money received from those with whom he deals, he is a man *well* qualified for his position and therefore sure to succeed. Nor is this impression *limited* to those outside the mercantile ranks; but it exsits among a *considerable* proportion of those, who, themselves, buy, sell and strive for *gain*. We apprehend that this is a wrong impression, and I find reason for this apprehension in the financial embarrassments which are daily being felt, recovery from which, seems impossible. Utter ruin, is the *finale* of many a man, who started with seemingly a *fair* prospect, but had no *sure* foundation upon which to hold his reputation and no wisdom rightly to appropriate his gains. A man of this class, notes, for a while, many balances in his *favor*; he prides himself in his ability to meet *all* his liabilities, and rejoices in his *prosperity*. His flush of success, however, is but temporary, to be followed by a withering blast. This is not unnatural in the least, and as he who knows not how to guide his vessel must anticipate shipwreck and death; so he who enters upon business unprepared, not knowing how to protect his own private interests, must expect nothing but trouble continually and ultimate bankruptcy. Upon inquiring the *cause* of the present lamentable financial embarrassment, none appears so prominent as an ignorance of the principles which should characterize trade. Confidence is everywhere shaken. The strongest and most reliable hitherto, are becoming the weakest and most unstable. Each day brings with it the intelligence of some mammoth failure, the effects of which are not to be foreseen. In a word, there is, at present, occurring a tremendous crash, the resounding of which will be for a long time heard; and for a long time *felt*. These crises are inevitable, in accordance with the present plan of conducting business: nor until there is a marked change in this direction, can the present swift flowing tide of distrust be abated.

Our own inexperience forbids the mentioning of all the features which should characterize the merchant's profession; but there are one or two obvious to all, and of these we will briefly speak. One characteristic feature should be a disciplined and well informed mind. We do not imply that the merchant should have passed through college; on the contrary we think such a course would prove a loss of time. There is a course of discipline differing from that pursued at college, which eminently adapts the subject to his calling. The merchant has the time to devote to this discipline, if he will employ it. He should treasure up commercial facts, which involve a study of history. He should, in order to regulate his business aright, acquaint himself with the resources of each County and the ability of the inhabitants to develope such resources. This would acquaint him not merely with what has passed in the history of the different Countries, but their present state,thus presenting a wide field of speculation as to their prospect. It is evident, that, with this knowledge, he could thus shape his course, as to make it one of profit and stability. The pursuing of such a course would elevate the calling, and its supporters would be safe men. A large proportion of our Boston merchants, are men of good sense, combined with a high tone of cultivation: and the natural result, is comparative harmony in their business relations. They are not men of a day, but are firm, and having acquired, retain, and have, comparatively, no knowledge of bankruptcy, except as they see it illustrated elsewhere where the opposite elements are its direct cause. Another characteristic feature should be, contentment with small gains. Many of the present failures, are of those men who cannot consent to advance slowly on the road to wealth, but who, running for a while and acquiring hastily, soon tire and are compelled to abandon all hope. Their reputation is lost, and with it, their energy for future effort. The man who rushes on with a feverish, dissatisfied mind,will perhaps, proceed a portion of the way hand in hand with success; but the *ultimatum* will be irrevocable failure; while the man who stands upon the principle, slowly but surely, will be the man of trust, and when the black clouds gather and the powerful tempest of embarrassment sweeps everything before it, he will be beyond its range, still advancing, with prosperity as an attendant. The principle is universal, applied to each of life's departments. The man who would be successful in business, must not act from a glance at the surface of the sea but must explore the depths to ascertain if he can sail with not a fear of shipwreck. The march on the road of true success, is slow but sure. We have stated in the foregoing, two features which should be characteristic of the mercantile profession: the one, a disciplined and well informed mind: the other contentment with small gains. We feel full confidence, that if these features were universally prevalent, our commercial fabric would firmly stand: and we trust that the present financial crisis will give birth to what is so essential to the proper guidance of mercantile affairs.

MINIMUS.

Why is an umbrella like a good Catholic? Because it always keeps Lent.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE.

There lived not many years ago an old gentleman, Deacon S. by name, whose age was nearly a hundred. He was blessed with a cheerful disposition and always looked on the bright side of things. As he was taking his "constitutional" one day, he happened to meet a friend of his youth, a Col. T. who was almost as venerable as himself.

The Col. began in rather a dolorous tone "well Deacon, we can not expect to stay in the world much longer." "Oh I do n't know, Col. T., I do n't know about that," rejoined the other; "very few people die at our age!"

THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

The cold and cheerless winter had passed away; April, with its quickly succeeding lights and shadows, sunshine and storm, had come, — fit emblem of human life. On the second day of that memorable month, a cloud might have been seen resting upon the mansion of a nation's chief magistrate. There were anxious countenances, whispered words and silent footsteps in those spacious halls, and in that darkened chamber. As if borne by spirit messengers, the tidings spread, and a nation turned with anxious thoughts to that couch of sickness. But one short month before, and a nation's applause had testified its joy, as, from the lips of the man of their choice, fell words of patriotism and eloquence, and in conclusion, the oath of office. The heavy peal of cannon which announced that a new President had come to the chief magistracy of a nation of freemen, seemed to herald prosperity and peace to that term of office so happily commenced.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O, Death!

"We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!"

Upon the third day the suspense was broken, and a nation gave way to the tide of grief which hope had hitherto repressed, as tidings came that Harrison was no more.

> "And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
> And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud."

Again there was the pealing of cannon, but now it was the exponent of woe. Wherever the sad news came, the good mourned, the wise cast anxious thoughts to the future, the gay were sober, the mechanic and husbandman paused in their labor, and the drooping flags hung at half-mast. A great and good man has gone, but he has left to posterity a priceless "legacy of last words." Ah, language has some meaning coming from the dying lips of such a man. Three score years and ten had written on that brow their record of toils and cares,—"cares that were ended and forgotten now." He had watched by the cradle of the nation's infancy. He had served as a common soldier, and he had led the victorious western army in the second war for independence. To him belonged the honor of victories such as would have secured to him, in the best days of the Roman Republic, the honor of a triumph. From the field of diplomacy as well as war, he had gathered the laurels of his fame. And now, for one short month, he had held the highest honor in the gift of his countrymen. From those lips, already pale with death, come the words,—"*I wish you to understand the true principles of Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.*" To us, as patriot scholars, these words come with peculiar force. We shall be untrue to our privileges, our responsibilities, if we fail to heed them. With us, as the educated class, rests in a great measure the solution of the problem of popular self-government. The hope of a Republic is in the intelligence and virtue of the masses. To us who hope to stand in the hall of legislation, in the pulpit, the lecture room, or at the bar, as the teachers and guides of the masses, there can be no more appropriate study than the science of Government. To-day, the wise see causes of alarm. To-day, the principles on which our Government was founded, are called in question and endangered. Let us be not only the representatives of thought, but also of Freedom and the universal brotherhood of man; for these are "the TRUE *principles of Government.*"

Why is a door like the imperfect tense of the potential mode? Because it is wood (would) or should be.

THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF,---WHAT IT SUGGESTS.

BY W. E. E.

Up the mount, and down the vale,
On the fierce, tempestuous gale,
On the water's rippling sail,

On the forests' cold, damp bed,
By the wayside under tread,
On the lawn and garden spread,

Leaves are flying, yellow, red,
Leaves are floating, onward sped,
Autumn leaves are dying—dead.

Far up in a little nook,
By many a winding crook,
Where the earth-mounds overlook;

Where no chilling, icy snows,
Or drear winter's blasting foes
Can presumptuous repose,

Lies a little golden leaf,
Buried by the sunshine brief,
Which peeps through the crevice chief;

There to moulder back to earth—
To the dust which gave it birth,
Safe from winter's chilling mirth.

From the small decaying leaf,
Trav'ling through this life so brief,
Through this world of joy and grief,—

Learn a lesson, Mortal One!
O! receive it, ere life's sun
Setting, leaves the work undone.

Climb not up the mountain steep,
Where the airs, bright, shining, sweep,
Where temptations round thee creep;

Where Queen Fortune sits on high,
With all her attendants by,—
Worst of Satan's progeny:

Luring men with syren smile,
Through the sloth of guilt and guile,
Up the mountain's dark defile;

Chaining souls in prison's night,
Steeling hearts pure, good and right,
Crushing truth's from holy light:

Nor descend the deep abyss,
Where Crime's foul and loathsome kiss
Mingles with black Passion's hiss;

Where dark Superstition fled,
Where with Ignorance she wed,
Where noisome vapors overspread.

Neither, too, upon the sea,
On the rippling waters free,
Cast thy hopes, thy life and thee;

For sometime the storm will come,
And the billow's louder hum,
Will strike thee with terror dumb:

And far off on the lee shore,
Soon thou'lt hear the breaker's roar
Loud proclaim, "Thou art no more."

But walk in the narrow way,
Where bright Peace and Virtue's ray
Shed around the light of day;

Serving God with all thy might,
Guarding Truth's pure, holy light—
Ever onward, doing right.

And when life's glad spring is passed,
When her rough and chilling blast
Gathers round thy pathway fast,

Like the leaf of golden red,
Lying on its earthy bed,
With the sun-rays on it shed;

Free from cold and winter's dearth,
Free from harm and cares of earth,
Thou wilt sit beside Love's hearth.

And when life's short thread is spun,
When thy earthly work is done,
And the Death-angel has come,

Then thy soul, full-freed from clod,
From the valley's cold, damp sod,
Will rest in the arms of God.

THE SCHOLAR'S INCENTIVE TO ACTION.

"Forward, march," cries the general, as he leads his brave soldiers to the field where a battle is to be fought, upon which, perhaps, the fate of empires and the destiny of great principles are depending. And before the impending struggle, he cheers their doubtful minds, by portraying to them, the joyful emotion felt at the hour of victory, the conscious gratification at having performed one's duty, and the generous gratitude of the successful nation and its hitherto disturbed and anxious people.

But to the individual contending in the scholastic field of life, there is a still more animating voice cheering him to progress and to aspire to that victory which awaits him, when he will receive the sincere plaudits of his fellow men and will rejoice in the noble thought, that he has done *his* part towards their improvement or amelioration.

Yes, for all who, amid frequent and, perhaps, discouraging difficulties, are endeavoring to improve in knowledge and power of application, and to wend their way to that position in life to which duty directs, there is ever the encouragement derived from the examples and successes of both the respected living and the illustrious dead, inciting them onward to noble and determined efforts. Awaiting us, too, we see all the enjoyment and fruition of a cultivated and ennobled intellect.

And who shall say that there are no more discoveries to be made? no more victories for the power of thought? Is this the reflection that causes you to relax your efforts? this the plea by which you excuse yourself from what you would otherwise deem your duty? If so, be no longer betrayed. Do you not see the glittering lightning darting from heaven to earth, and yet having but a faint conception of the causes that produce it? Behold you not the thousand revolving orbs above, moving in every conceivable direction, yet with a course precise almost to minuteness, and know you not that their nature and the power that keeps them so nicely poised in the heavens, are, as yet, almost profound mysteries? Upon our own planet, too, how many regions yet unexplored, and in the elements that compose it, what undeveloped power is there of almost inestimable practical value and utility? In society, likewise, there are everywhere false principles, and error unrefuted rejoices over vanquished truth. Then tell us not that there is no field open for the scholar, nor reward for his success. Everywhere we see a demand for his efforts, and we find his labors amply compensated.

Then, brother student, heeding the good summons, let us go onward, right onward, until we shall reach the desired goal, by the attainment of which, alone, we can be enabled to fulfill the destiny for which we were created.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

We mourn to see them fade and waste,
And lifeless fall to earth;
As to their close the seasons haste,
When Autumn issues forth.
Types of frail mortal pride and death,
They hasten to their end,
Though rich in ruddy golden wealth,
It nought avails them then.

Slowly they float to strew the ground,—
Their former glory gone—
Scattered to every wind, and found,
Alas! too far they're borne;
Disastrous fate has met them all.
Sweeping their pomp away;
Oblivion's thrown his sable pall,
To blot them all away.

They teach us that we soon must die,
And take our lowly bed,
To crumble back to dust, and lie
Together with the dead.
All that on earth we once have held,—
This body, made of clay,
Affections, nought but time can weld,
Must drop and fade away.

Go, child of earth, and read thy doom,
'Tis but a day thou'rt here;
Go, aged man, since time must soon
Dispel thy every care,
Pray that, as life draws from thy sight,
And earthly hopes dissolve,
The leaf that's sear'd by Autumn's blight,
May point thine eye above.

NATURE.

How fervently, as our eyes rest upon Nature in her autumnal garb,—the most beautiful of her ever-changing vestures,—do our hearts respond with the sweetest of American poets,—

" With glory comes and goes the year,
The buds of Spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy

Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out.
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene."

Glorious skies may hang over sunny Italy, but I am content with the beautiful azure and gold of an autumnal sky in my own New England. The blooming vales of Britain are dear to their peaceful inhabitants, but dearer to me are these hills and vallies, won from the grasp of barbarism and tyranny, by the sweat and blood of my venerated ancestors. I can well imagine that the waters of Loch-Lomond or Genesaret are pure and placid, but more pure and serene to me are those mimic lakes which nestle among our granite hills. Luxurious are the products of the tropics, but Nature has cast upon our own landscape a mantle of beauty, surpassing the fabrics of Persia, or the handiwork of the weavers of Aras. Heavy with fragrance, may be the breezes which are wafted from Scotia's heather hills, but more invigorating and free, are the wild, wild winds which come to us, fresh from embracing the snow-capped mountains of the North. More brilliant is the Indian sun, but his fierce rays engender the poisonous miasma, while to us he comes from bathing in the deep, blue waters of the Atlantic, with life and healing in his beams. More numerous may be the stars of equatorial climes, but upon us shines the one bright star of freedom, that polar beacon to guide the fleeing footsteps of enslaved humanity to a land of liberty and rest. The cedars of Lebanon may surpass our forest kings in height, and the banyan of India in wide-spreading foliage, but give me the sturdy oak,—that synonym of strength,—and that most incomparably magnificent of all trees—the New England Elm. Other lands may boast of a more refined philosophy, of shrines of learning, around which clusters the lore, written and legendary, of generations and centuries, but more beneficent in their influences are the common schools of New England—the pride and strength of a free people. Other religions than ours may boast of splendid rituals, and temples whose magnificent proportions, exquisite carvings, and long shadowy aisles, strike the beholder with admiration and awe; but our own unfettered religion, whose altars consecrate our firesides and whose temples dot the chequered landscape, is far dearer to me.

Sadly dwarfed in the highest, noblest attributes, must be the soul of the man who can gaze unmoved upon that amphitheatre of beauty whose walls are the sky and the everlasting hills.

But to the appreciative student of nature, there is a deeper, purer pleasure than the gratification of his taste for the beautiful, in form and color.

He sees in everything around him, the mirrored attributes of his own inner nature. From days of old till now, the grand, immoveable mountains have stood as the fitting representatives of sublimity in thought, deed and passion. Firmness sees itself imaged forth in the inflexibility of nature's law. Gentleness beholds its winsome features in the calm flow of the river, or the unruffled bosom of the lake. Affection gives language to myriad flowers, and finds a symbol of itself in the law that binds the parts of the universe together. Sadness and sorrow seem to speak in the plaintive-voiced winds. Peace is reflected in the serenity of earth and the tranquility of skies. Wisdom sees herself in the all-pervading light. Trueness speaks through every law and agency of God around us. The whole soul is represented; and the more noble and perfect the human mind becomes, the more it is in sympathy with its outward manifestation. It is the peculiar province of the study of nature to expand and elevate the mind; to raise it above its besetting narrowness and selfishness, and to send through it all, the *refreshing, life-giving* tide of *disinterested thought.* As we gaze upon nature in this, her higher, spiritual signification, we seem to catch an inspiration from the scene, and those forms which before were meaningless to us, become the grand exponents of thought, and point us from the finite, as it were, on to the Infinite.

" Oh, what a glory does this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear."

"THE WORLD KNOWS NOTHING OF ITS GREATEST MEN."

In all great popular movements one thing is noticeable: that the men who take the lead, are not those already famous as statesmen, or warrriors, or men of distinction in the various departments of life; but they are men till then unknown, whose genius was unsuspected by even themselves, and who are called before the eyes of the world by circumstances over which they have no control. Cromwell and Napoleon were men of this class.

Living as they did at great crises of history, they sprang at once to fame and distinction. Were it not for the English and French revolutions, we should never have heard of either of them. And by this we are led to think of the amount of latent talent that lies undeveloped in the minds of our fellow men. How many are there whose genius is crushed and blighted by the accursed evils of our social system. There die around us every day, of starvation, of despair, of poverty, men who should have shed glory on the age in which they lived, and have left a name to posterity. They have been baffled in all their undertakings, their hopes broken, their lives thrown away—all by the melancholy disadvantages of their position. Ordinarily such men die unknown; and it is only when the very foundations of society are broken up by some great popular movement, that they rise to the place which God intended they should occupy, but which man would wickedly take from them. Then it is, when the artificial is stripped away from those whom it formerly rendered great in the eyes of the world, and when the mighty voice of the people call for what is genuine, that men are estimated at their true value. We cannot but ask, should this be so? Should Divine genius and capacity, given by God, be destroyed or made futile by institutions of man's own devising? Should the advancement of civilization and Christianity be retarded by the waste of Christian and moral power which should be exerted for the furtherance of these objects? We are confident that it is not right that this should be the case, and sympathise with the labors (misguided though they be) of even the most radical reformers to remedy this stupendous evil. We can only try with our best wisdom to solve this great social problem, and hope for a day, which we know shall surely come, when men shall all be brothers, and every heaven-born thought shall ripen into a deed of charity and love to those around us.

CROMWELL.

THE PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.

The world is full of theories; many of them wild schemes that carry the imagination of their authors and followers, far beyond the point of practical utility, and send them whirling off in a maze of abstract ideas, where they might search a life-time in vain, for a single practical thought. Men devise plans for effecting great revolutions; they are sure of success because their plans seem so plausible to themselves. Becoming dissatisfied with the existing state of things, they endeavor to introduce something in their stead, that is plausible in itself, yet they forget often that those for whom they contemplate this change, must be changed too, before they can receive it with profit; therefore, they endeavor to force a certain project upon a certain class of people, before they are prepared to receive it. The practical farmer never attempts to plough his fields until the snow and ice of winter have departed, leaving his land soft and pliable; nor does he sow, until the genial warmth of the sun has prepared the earth to do its work; then he patiently waits for the rains and dews of summer before he expects to reap his harvest. But the impracticable reformer, scatters broadcast his sentiments with a liberal hand, not thinking that the common mind may be unprepared to receive them; and, without waiting for the result of germination, if indeed it could germinate in such a soil, he wonders why people don't receive his sentiments.

All men who have distinguished themselves as patriots, as scholars, as statesmen and as benefactors to the race, have been successful just so far as they have been practical.

To be a practical man, one must have some knowledge of human nature, for the practical man deals with men. To be successful, he must make man his study. "The proper study of mankind is man." If he studies abstract principles alone, he might as well shut himself up from the world at once, for if he ceases to labor for the good of man, man has no more need of his presence; let him bury himself in solitude or cherish the feelings of a true man. But if one desires to be practical, let him study man. If he would be a philanthropist, let him learn to be a practical man; let him open his eyes upon the world and study the movements of the busy throng that moves around him; let him study the countenances of men and analyze the mysterious workings of the heart; let him study the structure of man, the wonderful mechanism of the "house he lives in," the curious operations of his intellect. Then, when he can curb himself and understand the feelings of others at a glance, he need not fear, he may make his home in the highest walks of life, or he may spend it like Howard, among the filthy cells of degraded convicts, giving words of consolation to those in distress. With these qualifications, one may go forth, when the spirits of men are disturbed, swayed to and fro by tumultuous passion, raging and foaming like the troubled sea which cannot rest, and say "peace, be still." Such is the power the practical man may gain.

C.

SOLITUDE.

To wander forth alone at night
Beneath the heaven's starry light,
With nought the stillness to intrude;
Free from care's annoying brood,
When all the earth is wrapped in sleep,
And aching hearts have ceased to weep,
Gives comfort that is sought in vain
By restless pleasure's seeking train.
'Tis sweet indeed at such a goal
In solitude to rest the soul;
Communing thus at times alone,
Strange thoughts come thronging one by one,—
Dreams of a future happiness,
Earth changed for pure, unending bliss,
Rich treasures drawn from faith divine,—
Fill up the breast at such a time.
The thoughts then wander far away
To climes above of endless day,
And heaven's bright portal swings ajar
A better land is seen afar
Within the veil, beyond the tomb,
Where bright flowers perennial bloom,
And clouds of sorrow never rise
To dim its fair, unclouded skies.

WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

War is the substance of history. We cannot touch on the history of any nation, without chronicling wars in rapid succession. Since the time when the "tiller of the ground" imbued his hands with the blood of righteous Abel, this same murderous spirit has pervaded all time, and indelibly set its seal on the historic page. The idea that "might makes right," has infused itself into the spirit of the ages, and deadened the international conscience.

Whenever war has spread over any land, blight and desolation, famine and abject want follow with sure footsteps, and dark despair fills the minds of its inhabitants. And yet how one feels his blood rise warm, and his ardor kindle, as he reads of the valiant deeds of his ancestors on the field of battle, so graphically pictured by history, to all time! When one views the raging battle, hears the sound of martial music, the war-horse's neigh, and the booming of the heavy guns, his eye becomes steady, his lips settle to a fixed expression, and when the firm line moves forward to the charge, when the shout of the victors rises above the din and smoke of the combat, then he, too, is aroused to a martial ardor, and almost regrets that he was not among the charging squadrons. But afterwards, when the battle smoke has cleared away, and he mingles among the corpses on the bloody sand, hears the groans of the wounded, or perhaps stands beside a drooping form in the moments when life is fast becoming extinct, giving his comrade the farewell words for the loved ones at home in some "fair Bingen;" then, when the spirit has departed, and he sees all share one common burial, all thoughts of the victors' glory vanish, and he can but wonder at human nature. How one admires such men as Napoleon or Wellington, and, if ambitious, pictures for himself in the dim future, a crown of like glory! Still, is there not another and a dark side to their lives? We gaze with admiration on the movements of Wellington at Waterloo, or of Napoleon at Jena and Merengo. Yet we do not consider the homes left desolate, the forsaken widows and fatherless children, nor still, how many human beings are ushered into eternity, and, as the last tribute to their memory, their names recorded among the number of killed, as coolly as if they were so many brutes. The pillaged homestead, perchance the last and only relic of the wealth of its possessors, harvests destroyed, and women foully outraged, have no power to attract our attention. These are all swallowed up in the glory of the conqueror! And, when the hero "has fought his last battle," after he has been removed from earth, his name is reckoned among the nation's Indigites. Strange, that men should so delight in sinking this world in misery!

Tottling nations—the natural consequence of over-grown empires; weakened powers—hereafter to be the prey of the stranger; commerce ruined; financial disaster and a bankrupt state; these are the legitimate offspring of war. France was a warlike nation; her armies anciently contended with England; and what did these gain her? Not territory enough to bury their dead. Her's were great men, and mighty in war. But what did she gain by them? Napoleon marshaled arms, fought battles, and more still—won victories. All Europe trembled at his cannon's roar; calm and cool in the hottest of the battle, as well as in Russian snows;—possessed of all qualifications, it would seem, to make war available to the interests of his country; but what did she gain by these? A broken power, an empty treasury, and a soldiery numbered only among the dead on the battle-field and in Russian snows. And war never will give a nation strength. Sooner or later a day of retribution will come. Then let the universal voice of humanity arise to call for the day, when nations "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against a nation, neither shall they learn war any more." H.

The financial troubles of the present time recall an anecdote of an old countryman, who, on coming to market one day, found the village bank had suspended.

He immediately turned round and drove home at the top of his speed, in terror lest he should have some bills on that bank in his strong box.—But upon investigating he was greatly relieved, for he found that he had no bills on that bank, or any other either. Happy Man.

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Charles F. Hendrie,
Samuel S. Mitchell, } Editors.
Sherburne B. Eaton,

THE EFFECTS OF OPPOSITION UPON CHARACTER.

The edict has gone forth. The irrevocable sentence has been pronounced. Man bows to that decree — more immutable than "the law of the Medes and Persians that altereth not." — which proclaims, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Sorrowing and unattended, save by the weeping, broken-hearted companion of his lost felicity, he wanders forth from his Eden home. Then commenced that struggle which every man, who would assert his divine origin, has entered upon, during the six thousand years of the world's existence. The winds which had been wont to fan his brow in gentlest zephyrs, now seem to echo in all their secret caverns the resounding war cry of nature. The chilling rain which aforetime descended in gentle showers, or in the silent dew, beats pitilessly upon his unprotected head. Across his path glides the hissing serpent. Upon either hand he hears the stealthy tread of cruel enemies, untamed and untamable, while in the distance he hears the roar of the lion thirsting for his blood. The deer, which once sported in his presence and coveted his soft caresses, fly his approach, as if beholding upon that majestic brow the witnessing mark of his degradation.

Everything around seems the self-appointed executioner of man's merited punishment. But there is a divinity within that frail body, which shall yet triumph over all opposition, whether from within or from without. Hunger, fear, heat and cold, all teach him to think, to foresee, to provide. Opposition developed his physical, mental and moral faculties. It placed him on his rightful throne. Opposition is the wholesome discipline, the strong incentive of a healthy mind. It strengthens, it calls forth the latent powers, — it does more, — it creates. It makes a man look well to the foundations of his position; it drives him to be consistent; it makes his life a unit. Never has one risen to eminence in faith or deed without *opposition.* Trials perfected the faith of Abraham. Jacob grew strong as he *wrestled* with the angel of God. The character of David was moulded by his boyish encounter with the lion and the bear, his conflict with Goliath of Gath, and those long years of persecution at the hand of an enraged Saul, as well as by the subduing notes of the harp and psaltery, and the tender affection of Jonathan. And shall I hesitate to cite here that brightest example of all — the despised Nazarene? Take away opposition, and where is the sublime life of a Peter or a Paul? What caught up the little spark of reformation which was dimly burning in the soul of the poor monk of Erfurth and scattered it among all the nations of Europe? Aye, had it not been for fierce attempts to smother it, it might have perished silently and unobserved. A little moderation on the part of the mother country, and our war of revolution might never have been entered upon the pages of history, and we to-day might have been her dependent colonies. Let the faint-hearted long for inglorious ease! I long for life's *conflict.* I feel that to struggle and suffer for the right, is to stand side by side with the great and good of all time. The fiercer the flames the brighter the radiance of the virgin gold. The higher the waves the more immovable seem the lofty mountains against whose base they dash with incessant roar. The acorn falling in the depths of the silent forest, may take root in the rich mould of centuries, and grow till it overlooks the crowned heads of the wood; yet, it lacks the tough fibre and the giant strength of that oak which has gained its growth *in spite* of the elements. Why have the nations of the north overrun and desolated the more favored nations of the south? Is it not because their barren, rocky soil and extremes of climate have led them on to the development of a stronger arm and a bolder daring? The rocks of New England are her wealth. They become transfused as it were into the character of her sons. Let such struggle on manfully, hopefully, "heart within and God o'er head," we shall more than conquer.

THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

Seldom, in the history of our country, has an event transpired which has so aroused our nation from its silent revery, and awakened in the minds of this patriotic people those feelings and emotions which cause tears of sadness to flow so copiously, as the death of this illustrious statesman. Possessing, as he did, those noble traits of integrity and uprightness, that stability and firmness of principle, which a single obstacle could not fluctuate, nor a passing breeze turn aside. Inspired with the love and welfare of all mankind, and having at his will an abundant flow of language, with which he could entrance by his eloquence the minds of his auditors, and hold them, as it were, within his grasp. Being the master of these great stepping-stones, towards fame, it is not strange that, as the tidings of Hamilton's death were diffused throughout our land, that the heart of this nation should throb violently, and men of every rank and distinction, wend their way from the most remote parts to pay him homage. No, it is not marvellous that, at this great national calamity, our republic should be so overwhelmed with grief; for he had attained that period of life when his elements of character were requisite for the prosperity and welfare of our country, when his powers of discrimination were adequate to the strides which were being made towards liberty, and the influence of his eloquence was rapidly effecting a radical change, at a season when his heart and motives — not like Voltaire's, were devoid of truth, or like that of Mohammed's filled with vague schemes and erroneous ideas for his own aggrandizement — no, far the reverse; the heart and feelings of Hamilton corresponded more nearly to that of our own immortal "Washington."

And, in contemplating upon the life of such a man as this, one cannot but help inquire how an individual, of so great mental faculties, distinguished by so many noble characteristics, beloved and almost idolized by his fellow-men, would stoop to parley with such an inferior man as "Aaron Burr," would assent to be dragged to the grave, when he had nearly reached the height of glory, and all earthly honors were about to be laid at his feet, would thus throw life away, and consent to die such an ignominious death ?

But the noble and heroic deeds, which Hamilton may be said to have committed, if weighed in the reflecting mind, with those of a less worthy character, the former will be found to far outbalance the latter. Throughout his whole career those traits are exemplified, which we as "Philomatheans," would do well to imitate ; so that, when our earthly pilgrimage shall have ended we may leave behind some token, some example, which shall tend to cheer onward the countless millions yet unborn, and, like Hamilton, die lamented and respected by all mankind.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears which virtue sheds on glory's grave.

P.

THE POWER OF STEAM.

The power of steam, of my pen is the theme,
Excelling majestic the poet's wild dream.
Confined in its might to the wheel of the car,
Its rumble is heard through the forests afar;
Pent up in the heart of the storm-beaten boat,
Deep music swells up from its hoarse iron throat, —
Not music like that which the hands of the fair
Extort from pianoes, to charm the still air;
But the notes that assure us 't is working for *man*,
And whispering or roaring, pursuing *his* plan.
Let us walk through the mills — those palatial halls,
And gaze on the workers within those high walls;
Their fingers are iron, their muscles are steel,
No poverty, hunger, nor cold do they feel;

How active their motions, how quick they produce
Their thousands of articles ready for use.
How different this sight from the same in old times;
That is, before steam was a subject for rhymes.
Then, poverty stricken, and hungry and cold
Were men, women, children, the young and the old,
All striving and toiling from dawn until dark,
To bed with the curfew, and up 'ere the lark.
A pittance so small for all this did they give,
That it scarcely allowed a poor mortal to live;
But *now*, as the steam-spirit moves all the land,
Alexander-like, bearing proud cities in hand;
Usurping the place of the soil and the steed,
Compelling the groves, and the mines to his need,
He says to the weary, "Be rested and cured;
No more shall such labor by you be endured,
My power will prevent it, a substitute can,
And has opened at last a new era to man."

F. G. S.anderson

SATURDAY AFTERNOON THOUGHTS.

G. L. Raym

The day is dark and chilly. Clouds float in the sky, obscuring the face of the sun. Occasionally a drizzling rain falls, — not coming with sufficient force to do more than dampen the outward apparel, and yet making the atmosphere chilly and disagreeable. The sidewalks and streets are muddy and dreary, and a gloomy light pervades every object within doors, producing a corresponding gloom within your own spirit. Take an interesting book, it refuses to entertain you; engage in conversation, the rain patting ever and anon upon the windows interrupts you. *Think*, and your *thoughts* will again lead you back to the weather. A ride, a walk, both are out of the question; do what you will, it is a rainy, cloudy day, and there is no changing it. By the by, that little word *cloudy* reminds us there are a great many cloudy things besides days:

Cloudy men and cloudy women,
Cloudy youths and cloudy children,
Cloudy minds and cloudy reasons,
Cloudy times and cloudy seasons.

Millions of cloudy people upon this globe of ours, — gloomy, sour-tempered individuals, whom you can't go in sight of without hearing them grumble at this, complain at that, or, by way of variety, fret at something else. Like a cloudy day, they shed dolefulness around them, and their presence is a *damper* to all pleasure. * * * * * *

There are a great many varieties of clouds. Some are dull and heavy, some small and light; from some proceeds a heavy shower, from others a soft, fine mist. Thus with cloudy minds, — some dull and heavy, poking here, and there, and everywhere, and not knowing where they are going or when they'll stop; they go to school, but there is a cloud of mist hovering around their upper regions, and by the time they quit their books, they have only a considerable number of things pretty effectually mixed up in their heads for an education, and have made rapid improvements in their attempts to fathom the impregnable mists that surround them. They care not for light, and wander in darkness; and their minds, continually dwelling in such a climate, and chilled by the sleet of laziness, at length settle into permanent inactivity until death relieves the world of a useless incumbent. No sunshine proceeds from such minds, and the words and sentiments they emit are heavy showers of confused nonsense.

Then there are light and trifling minds, that think instantaneously upon all subjects and fix upon none, not having the resolution to overcome their fickleness. They are always building plans as ærial as the clouds, and (like themselves), without foundation, and, when the wind shifts, away they will be blown, never to be seen again. Thus is it all through their life. They do not spend time to lay a firm foundation, but are always looking forward to a good time coming, — way in the distance, — when somebody, or something, will pave the way for them, and *then* — *then* — (well, Patience, thou *art* a virtue!) * * *

The weather is only an index of the manner in which the circumstances, in which every one is placed in this life, undergo alteration. At times it is a pleasure to live; the genial warmth of fortune presides over us, and all our deeds are attendedby her smiles; then clouds intervene, and separate us from the sunbeams of prosperity; and, like nature, of a sudden, all is again changed. How often have we watched a small speck, as, on a bright day, it would rise in the far distant horizon, and, advancing, grow larger and blacker at each step, till, in a moment more, swollen and enlarged, it would extend over the entire length and breadth of the sky! From one end of heaven to the other would flash the lightning, and the earth tremble with the roaring thunder as it was drenched by the torrents which swept through hill and dale. Surely this, though grand and terrific, was not beautiful. But wait till it is passed. Now the sun shines forth; the earth seems decked with an extra gloss; the green fields look greener, the flowers send forth a sweeter perfume, and from every leaf the crystal drops of water reflect, like so many diamonds, the rays of the sun. * * * Again, from the summit of yon hill, view the great luminary as he retires beneath the distant forest. There is not a cloud to be seen, and slowly and majestically it sinks to rest to give way to the gentler sway of the moon, and, as it departs from sight, its golden rays spread around and deck the tops of the trees and hills with their lustre. It is truly a beautiful sight; *but* go there when the sky is full of clouds, — those dark and dismal-looking clouds, — *then* see the change. The whole sky is a field of fire; each separate cloud is gilded with a border far transcending in brilliancy and height of coloring all the collections of diamonds and gems the imagination of man ever contrived to blend.

Thus, clouds in nature only tend to increase her beauties, and thus in man do adversities perform a refining work, only serving to make his character shine out in greater loveliness. * * *

Adversities *must* come, and the world will not change the current of events for the convenience of one; and if this were understood, man would save oceans of tears for spilled milk, and the donor and his neighbor many an unhappy hour. There is no necessity of grumbling if everything does not go right; for if the wind blows an adverse cloud to-day, to-morrow it will blow it away. Happy indeed is that man who can cheerfully encounter difficulties. He is MOST *surely* defended from them, and will soonest overcome them; for

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it,
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

In judging of the relative perfection of the arts and sciences in past ages, we are left very much to inference. Thus, a few years since, on excavating some of the long-buried ruins of Pompeii, a barber's shop was disclosed, and the veritable razor was brought to light which the tonsorial gentleman — the owner of the shop — had used in his professional operations on Roman faces, and which perhaps was more than once used dexterously in scraping the beardless chin of some Roman youngster.

From the finding of this razor, it was immediately inferred that the Romans had an accurate knowledge of the process by which the best kind of steel is prepared, — a secret which was thought to be of *modern* invention, and which involves not a little difficulty and scientific attainment. And, from the soap found there, since the knowledge of its manufacture embraces the idea of a previous chemical knowledge, it was also inferred that they understood about chemical action, and many of the mysteries of acids and alkalies. So also in the case in hand. From the question of Israel's prophet, we can easily infer, if there were no *direct* testimony, that as early as his day, at least, there existed some knowledge of the healing art. Egypt seems to have been the cradle of this art. As early as the time of Joseph, the science of medicine had reached a comparatively high state, and some of its branches are considered among the lost arts; as that, for instance, of embalming the dead in the peculiar manner in which Egyptian mummies are found at the present day. Those specimens on exhibition at the museum in Boston, are certainly not less than two thousand years old. Less than three hundred years ago, such was the superstitious and medicinal properties ascribed to mummies, by physicians in Europe, that *mummy powders* and *mummy pills* were considered a sure and sovereign specific in almost every disorder. The body of the patriarch Jacob was embalmed, and made a *mummy*, as we read in Genesis, that Joseph commanded the physicians to "embalm his father," that is, to wrap up his body with spices and medical compounds to prevent decay. In the days of the patriarchs and old Testament worthies, men lived to a great age, and their complaints were few, because the transgression of physical law was comparatively rare; but, as ages rolled on with an increase of transgression, the average length of human life became shorter, until three score years and ten became the limit; but even this has been narrowed down, until to-day the average length is about thirty or thirty-five. This deterioration has caused doctors to spring up like mushrooms, medical science has flourished like the upas, or the deadly mangrove. A poor man is physicked, and blistered, and bled, and, as a final result, *undertakers* have mightily multiplied. Soon after David's time, we find the result of extreme physical transgression developing itself; for King Asa is attacked with the gout, and "sleeps with his fathers." Leprosy also made its appearance very commonly. Some also infer the existence of a loathsome unmentionable disease, alluded to by David in one of his psalms, which, however, was only visited upon those who had violated the laws of moral purity and chastity. Besides these, there were other diseases common to our own time.

The remedies of the Jews were extremely simple, and those, for the most part, of outward application. They were great advocates of the *water cure*, from their frequent ablutions, and in this are our models. For proper diet, and a prudent use of pure cold water, is amply sufficient for ordinary complaints. The prophet speaks of the "Balm of Gilead," in a figurative sense, in reference to the *Great Physician*, who came to root out the "stirps ac semen malorum omnium." When this is accomplished, we will be dedelivered from doctors and pills, bitter draughts and horrid blisters, and suffer no more the pains of death or the dying.

MEDICUS.

PHILO'S "LATTER-DAY WARNINGS."

WHEN Philo's Mirror has a man
  For editor, who e'er can meet
With Philo's sons, who will and can
  Aid him to crowd his mammoth sheet

With articles of vigor — fire,
  Whose strength would not a jot be slaken;
And would not be a whit the drier,
  If from them plagiarisms were taken.

When Philo's sons within this wall —
No class respect, with fair intent —
Unite on him, who of them all
Seems best to be their President,

(No matter whether he be termed
An Englishman, with modest mein,
Or Junior, Middler, Senior, learned
In the dread maze of number nine.)

And when the President elect
Accepts the office with a speech,
By which we afterwards detect
Him practising what he did preach —

When a debater takes the floor,
And does not say he 's "not prepared;"
When he who has the extempōre,
Does not declare it is too bad —

When critics take what they would give,
When critics give what they would take,
When vegetarians, starving, live, —
Save when they fast for conscience' sake —

When from six questions members choose
One, on which all have power to speak;
When an haranguer stands by truths,
Rather than follow fancy's freak;

When he — its author — shall redeem
The "Fact Bill" to immortal green,
And Philo's sons with kindest beam
Shine on each word his hands begin —

When Philo's vote, with mighty power,
Shall summon from its timely tomb
The "Truth-teller," — frail fancy's bower,
Where strange fanatics used to roam —

When Philo's box has quite forgot
To harbor pebbles, bits of bricks;
When wit is found where oft it 's sought,
In lieu of apples, pea-nuts, sticks —

"*Till* then let Cummings blaze away,
Let Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!"

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Change is indellibly stamped on everything. The ruins of an old castle, the crumbling stone, and the ivy twining round the deserted turrets, the wind whistling through the forsaken apartments, and the hoarse patting of the feet on the worn and trembling staircase, all signify it. The relics of another age, — to visit the forum, the coliseum, the catacombs of Rome, to stand upon the Tarpeian rock, to look into the waters of the Tiber, recall to your mind the ever-changing scenes of the past. Nature, too, in her own quiet, significant way, demonstrates this. The "quiet winding sheets;" deluges and earthquakes; the volcano, belching forth its rivers of fire, carrying destruction in their path; the bud and then the falling blossom; the fading, falling leaf, whirling about in the eddies of the wind, and at last deposited in some nook, there to moulder and decay till the life which it nourishes shall reappear in the shoots bursting up from the rich soil. These tell of it.

And so it is with man. Prosperity and adversity are his constant companions. His is a life of ceaseless contrast. Time is ever turning over a new leaf. To-day he is; to-morrow he is not. Care and trouble try him; ambition allures for a little, and then the narrow house receives him. "The idol of the day," says Washington Irving, "pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow." Thus it is; man passes away, and how often are his good deeds consigned to forgetfulness. But little immortality is there in a name!

Few writers of the past have come to be held by us in the same estimation as when they flourished. Few heroes, who fought and bled in olden time, have come down to us as examples. Indeed, the past, to the most of us, is a sealed volume, so engrossed are we in the present. The future, in like manner, will pass us and our deeds over into oblivion. But what matters it? Nothing at all;

"For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, — nothing 's heard;

For nothing is; but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness."

We strive to obtain a corruptible crown, a name in history, a carved inscription. The inscription moulders on the tablet; the statue falls from its pedestal." How much better, then, to strive for a crown which is incorruptible and unfading.

MODERN POLITICIAN.

THERE was a time, in the earlier period of our existence as a nation, at which statesmen were expected and required to be men of character and worth, and were under the necessity, frequently, of making personal sacrifices for the maintaining of principles, which they believed embodied ideas tending to the welfare of the country and their fellow-citizens. To be a patriot, at that time, signified something more than a mere profession of love of country. It signified also pure motives, undaunted adhesion to principle, contempt of popularity gained by any other than honorable and candid means, and total disregard of political distinction and emolument, providing they conflicted with the true principles of patriotism and honor.

Such (all peace and happiness to their worthy remains) was the character of our forefathers. Men who feared nothing and faltered at nothing, when the voice of duty urged them on, and who asked no other reward than the satisfaction of beholding their country in peace and security, and their countrymen living in prosperity and freedom. Statesmen whom it would be well for their descendants to imitate as models, and to endeavor to emulate some of their great virtues which shine forth so conspicuous upon the pages of American history.

But the politician of to-day and the one to whom we have just referred, are essentially, as far as stability of character and purity of motives are concerned, two different individuals.

With them, since principle — either political or moral — was the only important thing at stake, consistency and unshaken firmness, were considered as indispensable requisites for statesmen. But with us, since honors and pecuniary recompence have become the objects of strife and desire, principles are left to follow the dictates of party rather than conscience, and consequently politicians often find that they are conflicting with themselves in sentiment, and espousing principles they once rejected and despised. As snakes annually divest themselves of their outer covering, so many political demagogues creep out, occasionally, from their principles, which they find it difficult long to keep acceptable to the popular mind, and pounce upon the political arena with all the freshness and confidence their new attire can give them, and thus engage the popular attention until it becomes necessary for them again to perform their snakish evolutions.

Their profound love of country will prompt these men to perform the duties of almost any office; but, strange coincidence though it may seem, they always prefer that office that affords the greatest salary and requires the least hard labor.

They always maintain the deepest veneration for public opinion, but more especially for that opinion which will favor them with the larger number of votes. So much, then, for their public principles. What shall we say of their private ones?

Without using any mortifying contrasts with the stern and temperate patriots of the past, it is enough to observe that, in our national capitol, scenes are constantly occurring which remind the visitor that the high standard of moral principle which should be the characteristic of a free and independent republic like our own, is sadly deficient. Partial drunkenness and profanity are not unfrequent among those who are chosen to support the sacred dignity and reputation of one of the most prosperous and powerful nations of the globe.

It is with delight, however, that we turn from this class of men to another, who still retain the independent principle and upright motives of our ancestors, who are in reality the supports of our government, and whose redeeming virtues are the worthiest legacy that the present can leave to the future. These are the men whom the future will admire, even if they do not imitate their virtues, and whom it behooves us, as guardians of a rising generation, to whom are intrusted the sacred interests of the future, most strenuously to emulate,

THE ESCAPE FROM DANGER.

A gallant ship rides o'er the wave,
Many a league from shore;
The dashing billows round her rave,
And break with hollow roar.

Straight through the snowy foam she glides,
Now up, then down again,
Onward the noble vessel rides
Towards the distant main.

Black night is hovering o'er her crew;
A tempest rends the sails,
Dark clouds obstruct the fading view,
A storm is on the waves.

Swift comes the messenger of Death
To all the race of men;
And now he comes with hurried breath
Forth from his horrid den.

The lightning quits the thunderbolt,
And mounts the vaulted sky,
The waves and winds neath heaven's vault,
Strive hard for mastery.

They dash and tear her noble form,
Her crew half dead with fear
Look on with fright, the raging storm,
And think their end is near.

Bold sailors sink upon their knees,
Till now unbent in prayer;
Fair maidens lift their eyes in tears,
And strong men are seen there.

The bending mast snapped from its base,
Dives headlong from on high,
And seeks the ocean's dreary waste,
With many a wreck to lie.

All look for death at every surge,
Then think of friends at home,
And feel that now, on death's dark verge,
Their trembling feet must come.

But prayer has reached the mercy seat,
And help is near at hand ;
Scattered, the storm beats quick retreat,
Hope cheers the weary band.

Darkness gives place to morning light,
And sinks in ocean's bed ;
The eastern walls grow ruddy bright,
Tinged with a fiery red.

And o'er the waters may be heard
Praise echoing to the strand ;
As the fog, lifting heavenward,
Discloses their native land.

OUTWARD INFLUENCE.

The daily sight of nature, in her various forms should reasonably have some effect on the minds of those who behold. Are not the mountains' finger-posts to heaven never changing; always standing to turn the world thither, and the hills, in their beauty, foreshadowing the everlasting hills of a better world? The ocean, restless and tossing, — never quiet, — with light and shade strangely mingled on its surface, points us to the workings of our own spirits, as we pass through the scenes of life, tossed and buffeted by its cares, while the deep pulse-like motion of its calmer times tells us of the strong and steady current of our own true natures. The quiet, placid beauty of an inland lake, whose banks, green with nature's covering, wave with the boughs of the trees, which stand as guards of the quiet scene ; while under them, the still water, as if in gratitude, throw back the reflection. Is not this like the pure well-spring of affection gushing up from the recesses of our souls, around which the memory of old or lost friends is ever green, while its pure surface reflects the love of those who still love us? We all, at times, when we cast off the fetters which fashion and public opinion bind close around us, when nature gains free control, as when we stand before some mighty and wonderful exhibition of her power, which with a strange affinity draws us near itself in heart; or when the excitement of some unusual occurrence has removed those bonds, we all, I say, may feel this influence. Hence, in the earlier ages of the world, before the human mind had unfolded, and become cultivated by experience and ennobled by the lofty influences of revealed religion, men looked to nature as their god, and by her erratic movements all their actions were directed. She was fate; and by the movements of birds, or the strange darkness of the sun, influences were exerted which turned the destiny of nations and of the world. Like the ancient Sibyl, who wrote the fates and destiny of men on leaves, and, when written, left them lying with no care, around the dark cave where she dwelt, and men, disappointed, found nothing but confusion and disorder; so nature, when man is not observant, gives forth her oracles in ways not clear, except to those, who, with care study her customs and strange peculiarities. But, to those who patiently pick up the flitting leaves, and fit them together one by one, is permitted to see a response not less true than that the old Cumean prophetess gave.

And as the searcher advances he gradually feels his soul expanding, and his thoughts directed higher, till at last, the true and faithful student arrives at the highest conception of what the world is, and man is, and is to be; while he, who blindly follows nature's ways, finds himself lost in a maze of contradictions and strange absurdities.

Hand in hand, "a lovely sisterhood," nature and nature's effects go on. We see the dark cloud lowering o'er us, or the gorgeous sunsets which smile upon the twilights of our autumn skies, the howling storm, and the pleasant sunshine, and close upon our minds comes the thought of what these agencies, in their onward course, have done. The man who, hurrying, presses forward in his mad career for gain or ambition, sees the lowering cloud and bethinks himself of a mighty power which shall pay him even as he merits. Our sunsets, like shadows of bright hope, foretelling a better time in future, inspirit and cheer up the weary and desponding, while the life-giving, pattering showers gently fall to remind us of the careful hand who guides the intricate machinery of nature's laws with an unerring skill. But change is ever going on, and, most of all, does nature, in her ever-varying forms, bring this truth to our view. Not more certainly do spring-time and harvest give place to each other than one generation gives place to another, and is gathered in by the mighty reaper, Death. Now is the time to act. Soon others will be in our places, and we shall be no more.

PRIDE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

" The French have two words to express pride — la fierté and l'orgueil. A lady being asked to define the difference, replied very promptly and happily, that the first was " defensive and the second offensive pride." The distinction is important. Of the first it is impossible to have too much; of the second we can experience a scarcity without serious injury. Defensive pride regulates and keeps in perfect order the inward life, and is a barrier against outward ostentation. It behaveth itself comely, and the possessor of it is, in himself, one grand specimen of all that is consistent and upright. There is no base cravings for fleeting honors, no cringing desire to take to itself wings, and soar high among fancied phantoms, and mount the pinnacle which has not yet been reached by human ambition. It is content to take a low place at the shrine of humility. It is defensive pride that stimulates us to distinguish ourselves from the idle crowd, the loquacious rabble, the ignorant, the dilatory and the treacherous, by our perseverance, industry and consistency.

It is the shield by which we ward off the assaults of those who would seek to bring us down below a common standard of morality, and to make us unmindful of all the obligations that conscience impresses upon us. It is the amulet with which we preserve ourselves from the machinations of evil, and the perfume, by the aid of which we walk among the haunts of vice without fear of contamination. Pride of this kind sits upon the humblest as well as the loftiest. It has found its best and truest utterance in the song of the lyric poet, Burns: — " A man 's a man for a' that." Every one who feels his heart glow at the sentiments expressed in that glorious lyric feels defensive pride. Offensive pride, on the other hand, exhibits the narrow, contracted mind, as defensive pride shows the great one. It is the pride of outward show, as inward pride is that of inward unassumingness. Offensive pride assumes different forms, and in all its various phases is a proof of ignorance, presumption and arrogance. When we see a man proud of his ancestors, and expecting that we shall do homage to him for their fame, although he has no good report himself, we despise him. Proud men of this class have been happily compared to turnips and potatoes — all the best of them are under ground.

Equally offensive and disgusting is the pride of wealth. This pride is the parent of every meanness. We may be sure, when we see a man proud of his money, that he has gained it in some underhanded way, and that really, though perhaps not visibly, he makes a bad use of it. If he have a large house, it is that he may make it the receptacle of slaves who pay homage at the shrine of fashion. If he have fine-decked vehicles, valuable horses, and footmen in gay liveries, it is that he may excite more attention from the frivolous and silly, than some one else who has hitherto rivalled him.

There is also a pride of beauty, a pride of strength, a pride of skill, a pride of talent, which all become offensive, if they are not sustained by some other worthy quality, and these worthy qualities are the offspring of inward consistency. What is the pride which we can emulate? should be our inquiry; and following the voice of that inward monitor, which is the guide of our lives, we cannot err. BALBUS.

ECONOMY.

> "Search out the wisdom of nature; there is depth in all her doings;
> She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of frugality."

ECONOMY is not only a law of politics, but also of nature. It is not alone the acknowledged maxim which binds together states and empires, instilling into every artery and limb the essence of vigor and power, but it has also an higher sense, uniting, with a Creator's sanction, the whole circle of creation into one grand system of usefulness, adapted to man's ultimate elevation and happiness. Into the economy of politics, every one can look for himself, mark its uses, observe its workings on men and events. But who can resolve the hidden economy of nature, and reason out her workings? Who can trace economy in the fair flowers wasting their perfume and beauty in the unsounded wilderness? or scorching at noonday on the untrodden prairie? Who sees economy in the jewels in the great deep, "scattered among groves of coral," — in the prickly thorn that guards the sleeping nettle; in each spire in the great green carpet of nature? Who pleads economy for the buzzing myriads floating on the evening air — for the creeping creatures that people the rotting soil? None. Yet, each has a mission to perform, like the man at whose feet they lie. Who can show proof that "every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel, is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man?" None, I repeat. Yet,

"In the perfect circle of creation
Not an atom could be spared,
From Earth's majestic zone to the
Birdweed round a hawthorne."

The economy of nature is unfathomable, for it is of an infinite power; while that of man can be analyzed by his faculties, for he creates and controls it.

As time rolls on, and science is carried by learned men to an extent little thought of by a preceding generation, many phenomena of nature, which, in former times seemed superfluous to men of limited knowledge, are analyzed by the mighty instruments of the philosopher and astronomer, or by the searching liquids of the alchemist. New discoveries are made in the deep wonders of nature, and hidden uses are revealed in the most common and trifling substance. Even hath knowledge "clipped the lightning's wings, and mewed it up for a purpose, training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven."

Each year doth knowledge — striving with the hidden economy of nature — unfold new powers and purposes, turning to economy what seemed before a lavish waste; and man is steadily becoming convinced that, —

"To all things is there added each its use,
For power hath ordained nothing
Which Economy saw not needful."

THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. HAL. E.

"Mother, the night is wild and dark,
The sweeping wind blows fierce and cold,
The foam-capped waves dash high — and, hark!
The low, dull murmur on the wold.

"The chilling rain in torrents falls,
And all around is dark and drear;
God speaks, and to his children calls,
'Bow down your heads, and, trembling, fear.'

"Mother, dost hear that fearful sound?
The minute-gun booms o'er the sea;
Some fated ship has struck the ground,
A lighted torch! quick! give to me!

"O God, protect the suffering ones!
My father! yes — I know he 's there!
And wilder, louder, sound those guns!
My lips refuse to utter prayer.

"Quick, mother! give the torch to me;
I 'll light the beacon-fire on high;
Swift o'er the ragged rocks I 'll flee,
Before the ship shall pass it by.

"Down on your knees, my mother dear,
Pray God to save them — every one;
Though wild the night, I do not fear;
Hark! hark again that fearful gun."

* * * * *

The ship was drawing nearer still,
The white-capped rocks — the dreaded shore,
Each heart with fearful woe was filled,
And prayers went up above the roar.

When, lo! on high a bright light shone,
The beacon fire upon the land;
And in its shadow stood alone
A white-robed form, with torch in hand.

The ship sped safely in to shore,
The sails flapped in the whistling wind,
The sailors felt afraid no more,
The dreaded rocks were left behind.

"Safe! safe, at last! O, God be praised!"
The maiden cried upon the height,
As to her ear the cry was raised
Above the darkness of the night.

She sank beside her beacon light,
A tremor shook her whole slight form,
And on her face a smile shone bright,
While round her swept the fearful storm.

* * * *

They found her lying cold and dead,
The torch still clasped in her white hand,
And on her face the firelight red,
Shone on that smile of angel-land.

THE ORIGIN AND ATTRIBUTES OF PATRIOTISM.

The origin of patriotism we trace to that fundamental and all-pervading law of animal life and nature which constrains its possessor to admire those objects, to love those scenes by which he is surrounded, and upon which he has been accustomed to gaze from childhood, with that degree of intensity which sometimes, with some, borders upon adoration; while with others it is, indeed, adoration in toto.

That this is the case, is most natural and reasonable; for the nature of the climate in which a man is born and bred, and the nature of the scenery by which he is surrounded has a very great deal to do with the formation of his character. This paradox, if such it may be called, is amply exemplified by the character of the Italian. The Frenchman, the Helvetian, the Englishman and the Irishman. The Italian is gay, thoughtless, dreamy, and effeminate; as should be, indeed, a son of the land of the olive and the vine. The Frenchman polite, restless, mercurial, and chivalrous; as may be expected, when the nature of the climate of his beautiful France is considered. The Helvetian bold, hardy, and daring; partaking of the nature of the land of ever glorious Tell. The Englishman proud, brave, dogged, thoughtful, heavy, and taciturn; like the nature of his generally fog-enveloped isle. The Irishman droll, witty, humorous, anxious to please, for the love of the thing, if not wronged or insulted; but, when injured, ungovernable in his anger, and anon ready to forgive and forget, if not irritated a-fresh, thus proving himself a son of a land of ever-green valleys, crystaline lakes, and silvery streams; a land where the air is sweet as a mother's smile, and the soil fruitful as Heaven's own love; a land against whose rock-bound coast old ocean, when lashed into a frenzy, beats with a fury at once grand and awful; now mildly chanting its angry requiem over the hapless remains of some wave-ingulfed mariner of some storm-tossed bark, and anon wildly chanting a boisterous anthem, and foaming clouds of vapory incense to Heaven's awful Monarch.

Long association with anything generally endears it to us; especially so with the works of nature. Hence the pathetic entreaty, "Woodman, spare that tree, from my youth it sheltered me;" the pellucid stream, the translucent lake, the green-wood shade, the path across the meadow, the breeze-bent palm, "the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," all by constant gazing and association become to a man dear as light and life; so much so, that, as a man advances in years, the more does his love for them increase, and the more does he delight in straying and lingering amid the scenes and haunts of childhood. Hence it is that, when he reaches the sear and yellow leaf of his days, the thought of being very soon necessitated to leave behind those scenes brings the acutest pain; unless, indeed, he is pressed down by an accumulated load of sorrows, which his woe-corroded heart deems so insupportable that it shrieks long and loud in the dialect of despair for the stern Tranquilizer to put a period to his agony.

Some endeavor to trace this emotion to man's love for anything, or any place that will enable him, without much exertion, to keep to the windward side of care. Others again, to some indefinable idealism worshipped for fashion sake. The former hypothesis is, doubtless, in some instances correct, yet not universally so, since we find the sons and heirs of incessant toil as ready to peril their existence in defence of a land which confers upon them no ease, no luxury, as the sons of ease and affluence. Certainly, then, those whose condition is so low as to be considered by the disinterestedly philanthropic almost below redemption's reach, may, without any pang of remorse or hesita tion, change masters, or quarters, or both, if its origin was a cold, a selfish animalism. The latter can be met, we think, by the simple assertion that man, silly as are his capers sometimes, never, or, at least, very rarely, contends to the death for something only tenanting the regions of fancy. There may be some plausible reason for fastening this charge upon those ærial creatures who banquet on ambrosia, quaff draughts from Helicon, and converse and trade in the dialect of the fantastic celestials; but none at all, we apprehend, for fastening it upon care-loving mortals, whose heritage is not a kingdom in the stars.

And, though a man's love for a place is enhanced by the mere circumstance of his being born there, and also by that of its giving birth to his fathers, by that of affording them and theirs subsistence and amusement when in the flesh, and by that of containing their ashes; yet we contend that the origin of patriotism is traceable to an almost insensible attachment to objects which we daily behold, and, daily beholding, we, in process of time, regard as indispensably conducive to peace of mind, which is conducive to health. Hence it was, that a French philosopher said, "I would not chose to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." For instance, let an infant be taken away to a distant land from that in which he was born, and be permitted to visit his native land when he grows up to man's estate, and it will be found that he will not, from choice, settle down there, if his circumstances in all cases be the same there as in the land of his adoption. What, then, is the origin of this emotion but attachment arising from daily contact and observation?

We remember that Mrs. Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," when descanting on the beauties of some English homesteads, has something like the following: "After all, there is no place I like so well as the old stone house in Andover." We dare say, that our much, and very deservedly revered Principal, would not exchange our "Mount Zion" for even Parnassus, albeit the entire ærial family were wont, in whilom-days, to frolic on its sacred brow, when not engaged by the doings of the sons of earth; nor do we think that, when gazing with a classic eye on the land of Demosthenes, of Leonidas, orBrutus, he could be induced to give up his puritan New

England for any or all of them, were they even evjoying all her privileges.

We call to mind the case of a very patriotic Irishman who, after he spent a term of years in the United States of our confederacy, returned to his native land to spend the remainder of his days where he spent his youth, and, when "life's fitful dream was o'er," to lay down his bones among those of his fathers in the old moss-covered, ivy-capped church; yet in a letter to a friend in New England, he declared that, to enjoy any peace of mind, he must return to the United States, so intolerably home-sick was he. We remember to have read of Volney, the great French traveller, being similarly circumstanced.

Nor is this feeling confined to man alone, though peculiarly his. It is found not only in possession of the brute creation, but in the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and, as naturalists inform us, in the very insects. And, since this is so, who but the Great First Cause intwined this feeling, in some degree or other, with the very life-chord of everything capable of any degree of painful or pleasurable emotion?

True, indeed, we have heard of the existence of some who are reported to be wholly unacquainted with this emotion; but admitting the existence of such anomalies, yet that can no more militate against our theory than does that of a deaf and dumb individual against man's inability, universally, to hear and to speak; or the inability of a stone-blind personage to see the sun at his meridian, against his existence in the centre of the solar system.

There are some, doubtless, whose love of country is not very much higher or purer than that of the bawd for the gallant; but then, such wretched apologies for manhood are only a sickly exception to a general rule, — a blot, a libel upon nature's beautiful handiwork; creatures who are spiritually diseased, if not dead, and whose appreciation for the pure and the lovely has settled down to a frigid, sordid selfishness; beings closely allied in ties of consanguinity to Mrs. Stowe's Mrs. St. Clair.

The *attributes* of patriotism are, as we conceive, a disinterested desire to secure for one's whole country, without the shadow of a distinction, the largest possible amount of happiness and tranquillity; not that desire which would seek to enrich only one's own private home, or some particular locality at the expense of the entire country; for no member of the body politic can be, by any means, over-indulged without producing discord and debility throughout the entire system, no more than can any of the members of the body corporal; as

> "In fortune and in name they 're bound by stronger links than steel,
> And neither can be safe nor sound but in the other's weal."

An ardent, unconquerable determination to make one's whole country an asylum of calm delights for his own people, and also a safe retreat for others of his species, who may be wrecked by the winter's chilling storms, or drenched by the summer's dews; no north, no south, no east, no west, nothing but his whole country; no sickly or frantic squeamishness, which would end ultimately in pulling down a glorious temple of liberty, to do away with some faulty pillar. Nothing but that legislative foresight, that administrative sagacity, which would seek the greatest good for the greatest number; and, meanwhile, does all in its power, and as quick as possible, to comply with the requirements of an intelligent conscience, and of a philosophic mind, and ever urging the truth in love.

Nor do we regard, as an attribute of patriotism that feeling which would lead a man to try to enrich his country, at the expense of any other, since a dread of that retributive justice, which sooner or later follows in the trail of injustice, would deter a man, at least a true man, from seeking for his country a transient glory bathed in guilt, as transient only can be that glory which is acquired in defiance of the command, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor anything that is his," or of that other golden rule, "Do unto others as you would wish to be done by;" and since an intelligent, unperverted love for our own land would induce us to admire the same feeling in the possession of others, as a kindred feeling, generally produces harmony and friendship.

We have often heard it said, and evidently by those who did not give the subject due consideration, that some ought necessarily to think more of their country than others, because, fairer to the eye, and better circumstanced morally and socially than others. If a man's country is in sorrow and chains, then, indeed, does she need and deserve his most earnest attention and affection; besides, our common Father and all-gracious Benefactor has given every country something of which she may well be proud, something peculiarly her own; and she possesses many other things which her sons regard as unsurpassed anywhere else, and that too in conformity with that very law of their being already noticed.

> "The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
> Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
> Extols the treasures of his stormy seas
> And his long nights of revelry and ease.
> The naked negro panting at the line,
> Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
> Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
> And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
> Such is the patriot's boast, wher'er we roam,
> His first best country ever is at home."

Some there are who, while they feign love immoderate for their own country, hold up others of their species to the cold-blooded sneers and cruel taunts of the religiously ungenerous, for the crime of loving their country; thus condemning in others what they regard in their own case, or feign to do, a very enobling virtue, and thus subjecting themselves at once to the pity and contempt of the intelligent and high-minded.

Let us take, for example, the insane and merciless torrent of abuse, poured in the boisterous copiousness of a monsoon, by our "Know-Nothing" friends upon the heads of their foreign-born fellow-citizens, particularly, strange as it may reasonably seem, upon those from the land of Burke and Sheridan, a people whose love of country had passed into a proverb long ere Columbus discovered the New World, and chiefly, it would seem, because foreigners were impious enough to think of where they strayed when life was young.

Those censorious and self-constituted gentlemen inquisitors, urged that foreigners never could be thorough-going American citizens, because they would not, cuckoo-fashion, cease to think of their native homes, and wipe away all recollection of them from memory's page — a style of reasoning equal to this: If a man does not cease to love his mother, he therefore never can be a good husband; that is, a thorough-going citizen of the matrimonial commonwealth.

We hold that no man, who does not love his mother, ever can make a faithful husband; and also that no man ever can make a good and faithful citizen of any land, who cares nothing, or very little, about the land of his birth. Hence, we regard an unpatriotic man as we do an undutiful son, and both as very poor members of society, since they are both equally unmindful of the most sacred of obligations; for how can any man be expected to prove faithful to any obligation, who is studiously unmindful of the lot of his parents, particularly his mother, any more than that a man ever can be a noble citizen of another land, who hates to think, or to speak of where he spent his happiest hours, — since youth is, generally, admitted to be that period of a man's life, which cannot companion with dull care. While basking in the genial sunshine of prosperity, such a man, doubtless, would stick to his adopted country as does the nominative to the verb, for the sake of the loaves and fishes; but let the horizon darken, and the storm howl, and let that hour and occasion come which tries the souls of men, and then will it be found that his soul cannot stand the test. VERITAS.

EDITORS' TABLE.

HAVING thus far appeared to you with a grave and serious appearance, we shall now endeavor to relax our pensive countenance with the anticipation that you are willing to relax yours likewise.

As we conceive that the "Mirror" should give a faithful transcript of all events of importance that occur under the auspices of "Old Phillips," a few words in regard to the present term will not be deemed inappropriate. The "Old Philo" (a name no doubt, bringing pleasing recollections to the minds of many of our absent readers) is flourishing as ever, abounding in good fruits to its members. Our debates have been unusually interesting, some of them of a character not below the dignity of assemblies that claim for themselves pretensions higher than those to which we aspire.

In school, nothing unusual or interesting has occurred, if we reject the story (which is known to the most of our readers) of the horse, which was not wooden, nor were those who carried him into the recitation room (not into Troy) Trojans; but we notice similarity between our horse affair and that of which Homer and Virgil speak, that both Trojans and "Phillipians" are supposed to have repented of their transaction.

For sport and exercise, old Winter has favored us to an unwonted degree, with excellent skating. The dignified Professors, the thoughtful "Theolog," the fun-loving Academy-boy, and — last but not least — the gleeful damsels have, each, taken their share of the healthy and pleasing exercise. "Women's Rights" have been nobly asserted upon the ice, and, when under the influence of a fair breeze, with a full spread of crinoline, she fairly put "Young America" into the shade.

But let us turn to to our Editors' drawer and see what ou correspondents have to say. First, we find one of our risin poets unfolding to the world the mysteries of that mysterious place, the Seniors' recitation room. But, that it may not be magnified to too great importance, we would suggest that the opinion which a senior forms of himself, and that which other people form of him, are generally considered quite two different things. Thus the poet proceeds:

Enter two and three together,
Chatting about Baird, and whether
Uncle will have up to-day,
C. and D. or B. and A.

Now arranged upon each seat,
Soon the dreadful test to meet:
Test of arduous nightly study,
Wear and tear of mind and body.

Hark! the door on hinges creaks,
Enter "uncle?" — No! — in sneaks
Some belated, hauled-up one,
For the *sell*, we stamp "like fun."

Scarce the echoes die away,
Ere in portentous array
In advances Simon Pure,
Hat in hand, and slams the door.

Quickly to his desk he goes,
Takes his seat and blows his nose,
Opens Baird with solemn face,
Turns the leaves, and finds the place;

Lifts a card, "speaks short and sweet,"
"Geography — Epirus — Treat!"
Then the next, and next recite,
Till the Baird is finished quite.

Then the Sallusts open fly,
Now prepare to do or die.
"A! commence the back review,
Fifteenth section, number two."

Up gets A and "puts it through,"
Pronunciation not a "few."
"Pause! — translate!" in thunder tones,
Chills his blood and shakes his bones.

Plucking up, he rushes on
Till his stock of words is gone,
Then "extemporizes" till
He has rattled off his fill.

Now the parsing takes the floor,
Rules repeated o'er and o'er,
Cases guessed within a mile,
Blunders wide provoke a smile.

"What's the rule for *juventutem?*"
Jumps at *three*, not one will suit him.
"Tell him! any one!" he cries.
All start up and rub their eyes;

Till some brilliant, shining light
Sings out quick, and gets it right.
But *Διδάσκαλος* not sated,
Bothers *him* with questions, stated

In such dark ambiguous phrase,
Throws e'en *him* into a maze.
"Sufficient! B!" the next in order,
Begins to read, is stopped by "Louder!"

Proceeds and plunges through the text
In tones that show he's somewhat vexed.
"Sufficient! Read the English, then!"
He tries and strives; 't is all in vain.

The proper words elude his grasp,
O, for one moment, could he clasp
His well-thumbed Lexicon or notes!
While through his brain the idea floats.

"Sufficient! Mark this to examine."
Such the result of want of cramming.
Down sits the student — rises C,
Begins to read in muffled key;

Precursor of a lesson learned
In half the time it should have earned,
Translation brings the fact to light,
And corners the unhappy wight.

"Prepare this for another time."
(These words will just complete the rhyme.)
Then the bell rings to close our round,
We joyful hail its sudden sound.

For "time is up," it seems to say,
We are through — at least for half the day.
Where "the next lesson may extend,"
Those welcome words now bring the end.

F.

Whether the following regulations were actually formed by the board of Trustees has not, we believe, been yet definitely determined. But, as they have not, to our knowledge, denied *their genuineness, we will publish them, in order that students may see the way in which they should walk.*

ARTICLE I.—Every individual who enters this institution shall be of steady habits, gentlemanly deportment, and, furthermore, he is expected to bring with him a good moral character, a straw mattress, and a feather-bed.

ART. II. — In case of absence from the regular exercises of the school, individuals will give their excuse to the Principal, from whom, in case of sick head-ache and bilious complaints in the head, they will receive important suggestions.

ART. III. — In the exercise in declamation, speakers will see that their pieces are not more than three minutes, or less than four minutes in length. No reading of books during this exercise will be allowed, except the "Bibliotheca Sacra."

ART. IV. — Members of the school are particularly requested not to throw snow-balls at the teachers of the Academy or the professors of the Theological Seminary.

But the occupants of the dormitories are surely placed in an unenviable position by our worthy guardians. We would suggest that, at their next session, they adopt some less stringent regulations for our respected fellow-students. Thus the mandates read:

No person, occupying the dormitories, to sleep upon a feather-bed except by special leave of the Board of Trustees.

Beds, in all cases, to be made up every three weeks, except in case of general debility.

Each room to be swept monthly. The entries, whenever impassable.

No student to saw wood in his bed-room, or throw egg-shells into the clothes' closet.

No individual to pile ashes in the corner of his room or to throw them under his bed.

Those who board in "clubs," to use their best endeavors to reduce the price of board as low as consistent with the demands of appetite. The appetite, however, to be regulated by the rules laid down by the Trustees.

Members of the "clubs" not to carry away molasses syrup in their pockets.

Other regulations to be obtained by application to the Principal or Board of Trustees.

Reader, don't you remember that old "box stove" in the district school house? We thought the days of persecution, and the times "that tried men's"—bodies were past, when, *lo!* within our drawer, we found the following, calling up all the ghosts of roasted urchins, and shades of departed martyrs, and sending a thrill throughout our — veins. Hear it.

LINES TO THE STOVE IN NUMBER FIVE.

The mighty genius I will sing,
Of him who could contrive
To get together such a thing
As the stove in number five.

When Inquisition madly strove
To crush her foes arrayed,
How would she then have joyed, O stove,
Could she have had thine aid!

But while his genius I admire,
I the result deplore;

For 't is no fun to stand the fire,
  And lose the fame of war.

For you enjoy the lying fame,
  Of keeping Middlers warm;
I vow it is a *burning* shame,
  And needs a strict reform.

You broil my bones in every joint;
  My face and cheeks you burn,
And bake me up to "flunking point,"
  Just as it comes my turn.

Historians have wasted breath,
  On the "black hole of Calcutta,"
But we shall meet a sadder death,
  And melt in common butter.

Perhaps when trembling juniors come,
  Ready to flunk or risk it,
They'll find the second Middlers done
  As brown as scorching biscuit.

And thus they'll meet the very death
  They dreaded while alive,
Denouncing with their latest breath,
  The stove in number five.

ROAST MIDDLER.

We find among our papers a few conundrums, the most of which, as will be seen, are of a local character, which will not perhaps be appreciated by those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of our student's life.

Why is a student satisfied when he has gone to the Post-office and received no letter? Ans. — Because he saw there's none (Nun) there.

What forms a basis for the study of the Greek language? Ans. — Ana-basis.

In what respect does the Greek Grammar, translated by Mr. Taylor, surpass all others? Ans. — In being a keener (Kühner) Grammar.

Why are young ladies unlike misers. Because one likes "Sweet," the other paper "Williams" (bills).

"P., what is the meaning of interdum?" "Well, it means —" "We don't want any 'well' there; say, if you know." "It means sometimes." "Right, so far. How often is sometimes?" "Why, I should think about *once a month.*" "Sufficient, sir; altogether too loose. You may be seated.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

We notice in the list of newly-issued school books, a revised edition of Baird's Classical Manual, which, we understand, is soon to be introduced into our school. In many respects, it resembles the old edition, but is far superior in point of conciseness and simplicity. For the benefit of those who have not yet been permitted to inhale draughts from this pure and invigorating classical fountain, we subjoin the first section. It is certainly rich in practical information and classical references.

The Aethenarium Fluidarium, N. E. of Bostonicus, Pomposus Pondus noted for its muddy bottom, and the birth-place of Mr. Pompus. Infernarium Rockarium, North of Templum Eruditione Phillipi, through which the Stygicus, a branch of the Shawshenikus flows, where Bonaparte the XVI. took refuge when he escaped from St. Helena; also called Garmentus Torrentus, from Fragmentus Raimentus, found upon the rock, supposed to have been left by Cataline 500 B. C., when pursued by Xerxicus. Arratorum, Pinuaclorum, South of Theologium Seminarium, Studentorum, Professorum, Prospiciendus Hillicus, the place where Noah emigrated from the Ark; supposed to be the natural accumulation around the tomb of Polyphemus. Aquilonarium Separated from Notorum Andovarium by an earthquake, residence of Therma gestoricas and Scandimaveromenos, who banished Harpycorum 18, B. C.

And now, dear reader, if you have taken pains to peruse our pages thus far, and, in your judgment, they compare favorably with the past numbers of the paper, which serve as a memento of Philo's quondam sons and writers, and as a criterion by which the improvement or non-advancement of the Society can be noted, you retiring corps of Editors shall be justified and pleased. But, on the other hand, if they fall short of their once high standard, the fact cannot impress your Editors with a sense of not having exerted themselves continuously and unceasingly to make the present number of the "Mirror" of a respectable standing, an ornament to, or a perfect and truthful reflection of the talent and wit of the Society.

We now retire from our duties as editors, with sincere and earnest hopes for the future success and prosperity of the "Mirror," with our best wishes for those whom you will shortly choose to conduct it through another term, and whom you will hold responsible for its character and tone; and with proper and fitting reliance on the energy of Philomatheans, to suffer the "Mirror" to retain that stronghold in their affections which will be the means of arousing and keeping them alive to its practical importance.

Reader, we think we hear you say, "Enough." There are many little things we would like to whisper in your ear; but we hope soon to meet you again. Until then, we must bid you adieu.

Respectfully,

EDITORS, M. C. DAY, W. L. PILLSBURY, } *Committee of Publication.*

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

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Geo. L. Raymond,
Egerton Hemenway,
Cornelius L. Kitchel, } Editors.

OUR PHILO. PRODUCTIONS.

Every community of students abounds in writers. This may arise from the natural inclinations and preferences of some minds, which study has more manifestly developed; it may be, that what leads the child to sit all day long, in perfect contentment, as, with slate and pencil, it sketches the rude outlines of its imagination, prompts the same, with more matured intellect, to trace the perfection of its thoughts on paper; it may be a consequent result of the student's frequent perusal of the productions of the great; it may originate, solely, in an earnest desire and firm determination to become an influential writer and useful man; or, springing from a less commendable source, proceed, alone, from the opinion that, through its practice, there will be opened a wider field for ambition and the gratification of self-love. Whether one, or a combination of all of these, constitute the metaphysical reason of its existence, the fact is evident, — homesick or in love, joyous or sad, hopeful or desponding, in a state of excitement or lethargy, the student *will* write. It is a sort of fashion or habit, which attaches itself to his very position.

The Philomathean Society has no inferior share of these writers. Her paper is flooded with contributions. There is, however, a vast difference between an abundance of writing and good composing. In the true and witty words of another, "quality, not quantity, should be the rule of every writer. Many pages of foolscap are often written over, which would be more appropriately employed if placed upon the head of the compiler." Our productions might be improved, in many respects, and, perhaps, it would not be out of place, for a member of the same band, — acting on the principle that two heads are better than one, — to make, in a very imperfect manner, a few suggestions, with reference to some of the more evident particulars in which, he thinks, a reform would be beneficial.

There is room for improvement in regard to the *general matter and thought* discussed by our effort. There are many subjects, like "Home," "Change," and others of that character, upon which one can very easily compose a smooth, and, perhaps, moderately creditable production; but, as a general thing, what is written upon them furnishes very little means of improvement to the writer himself, and presents not much of interest to the reader. They are what might rightly be called sentimental, — mere effusions of well-sounding sentences, disconnected, and containing very little thought; and, besides, an influential and able style, that alone which is worth possessing, can never be obtained by the practice of such composing. Instead of this, then, let us have something more manly, full of thought, — *substantial,* if not deep; let it aim at proving or establishing some opinion or conjecture. Productions written for no specific object, like random shots, seldom accomplish much good. True, Acestes aimed an arrow at no mark, "Signavitque viam flammis," but we read of but one Acestes. Few random writers will ever know that by means of any of their efforts "oculis subitum objicitur * * *monstrum.*"

Again, the taste needs to be cultivated among us, to make us capable of using more *discretion* in *style.* A perfect and well-polished mirror, alone, can faithfully reflect. Many beautiful and worthy thoughts are never appreciated, because an unfinished and inappropriate style fails to portray them in such a manner, as to give them their full force. Though a flowing one, if it contain new thought, and be not overdone, gives beauty, and interest, and vitality to description, it ill becomes the pointedness and rigor which is all the life of argument; while, again, each are equally inappropriate in other connections. We need to have and exercise discretion. For lack of this, occasionally, — in fact, very often, some turn out strange productions. One style, arising from the want of good taste, we cannot overlook. We have among us, whether on account of a scarcity of thought, or because the writer imagines it beautiful, we know not, a system of composing, which, though bungling, pompous, and repulsive, is very prevalent. Its most prominent characteristic is a multiplication of adjectives. It seems as if certain individuals, when they write, place one short sentence, dispense its parts over the whole extent of a page, and then fill up the intervening spaces, — using particular pains to select flashing and sonorous qualifiers, — with quotations from the dictionary. A few of these sentences make an entire piece. The choicest gem is not discernible, when it lies enwrapped in its quartz beneath the granite. The force of a thought is lost, when encompassed by superfluous words. Some persons would do well to have more mercy upon their few ideas, and not smother them. This style, moreover, besides endangering the power of whatever thought it may contain, is always too lengthy; and an unclipt composition, like an unclipt meadow, soon loses its freshness, and grows *seedy*. That unostentatious spring, whose waters trickle modestly down the hill-side, from the narrow limits of a half-concealed basin of rocks, is much more beautiful and attractive than that which manifests its existence by the extended bog surrounding. The waters of the little spring flow on to as mighty a river, nor send forth a noxious vapor, nor do aught but refresh and purify the air. Compact thought, like the small spring, though not extending over much space, is thus both pleasing itself, and from it flow truths which produce as efficacious results.

Our *figures* and *comparisons* are not always what they should be. The proper use of these is to fasten in the mind more surely the nail of truth. They are the spices which season solid, and otherwise, perhaps, unattractive matter. They breathe vitality into dead substance. As performing such an office, no one can doubt their utility; but without *material* to improve, they are as unsatisfying to the reason, as would be a meal of spice to the palate, or a phantom, a man of air, without form or substance, to the touch. The imagination needs to be bridled, and held in check, or all those qualifications which it contains, suited to add real charms to writing, will be worse than useless. The wings of imaginative soarers, at some time, may carry them too far in their airy flight, and then, like poor Icarus, they will have trouble.

But, whatever else may be at fault, let us not lack *originality*, either in single phrases or general thought. One of the greatest charms of beauty is its rarity. There are occasionally things which we can hear very often without being made weary; but the frequent repetition of sentiments or expressions is generally most unpleasant. "Balmy breezes" and "fanned cheeks," some three or four centuries since, or when they first appeared, sounded, no doubt, quite elegant; but one who employs them to make more finished his production, certainly shows deficiency in good judgment. It has lately struck the writer, that Bryant's line, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," was never more true than in regard to literature; for, sometimes, when there is an old, universally acknowledged fact, or commonly used phrase or comparison, which one would expect and hope was long since crushed and buried, as far as regarded its appearance on paper, all of a sudden there will be a resurrection, and it will rise again and attempt to appear fresh; but, alas! it cannot shake off the *dust!* We have had an opportunity, this term, of perusing many pieces which were not read in the regular Mirror. Perhaps they were reserved to be published, and omitted then, so as to come forth and be new when they did appear; but, as the publishing committee, we believe, have refused to accept them, and as they will no doubt be very interesting to some of our readers, we have taken the liberty to present them in full: "( )," "( )," "( )," "( )," "( )," "( )," "( )." The fact is, that, from the moment the first production appeared upon the world, the whole herd of literary drones, like Eastern sheep after their shepherd, have followed its writer, jumping over the same stiles, after him, and bleating along the same pathway his feet trod before them. It is only here and there we see a noble *man* step forth and walk apart. Such persons are to be imitated, — in the example they set in marking out for themselves a fresh course. No one is fond of reading the same thing more than a moderate number of times; consequently, it is nothing wonderful, that a great many compositions are uninteresting.

Though our Philo literature should be much improved, of course, we do not expect it can be perfect. We are but in the younger days of our minds. When education and experience have made smooth, and polished their roughness, then, perhaps, we shall be able to produce what will be worthy of us. One may have talent, but writing is an art, and his powers must be sent through the hard mill of diligent application and continued practice, before he can come forth a fully developed man. No one, then, can now faithfully judge of what he may be in future. Accordingly, discouragement is unwise; for even though our productions, at present, fail in every one of the respects above mentioned, and do not appear interesting to others, it does not prove that we have no *ability* to become able composers. Practice alone makes perfect. Science has ascertained, by limited research and theory, that some of her richest specimens are hidden in the depths of the sea; that in her coral productions and vegetable kingdom, existing far down beneath the surging tide, where, scarcely ever, aught disturbs the peace of quiet waters, are found what will rival the finest productions of nature on the land. The rude covering which encircles the crystal quartz must be broken before the gem is reached. So, in the mind, secreted qualities of great value may lie beneath what we at first perceive. Patient application alone is the diving bell of the mind, the hammer whose patient strokes *develop* hidden intellectual power.

R.

LANGUAGE.

There is language in everything. We hear not the budding of a tree, nor the growth of the young shoots; but, nevertheless, it speaks to us. It tells of progress onward; of the enlarging of its power, at first but a twig, bent over by the sparkling dew drops of a summer morning, but then a tree, strong and firm enough to stand the blasts of winter, as year after year, bringing storm and sunshine, passes over it. The insects, — the chirping cricket, singing so light-heartedly, — the little ant, working so laboriously, — speak to man. The silky cobwebs, shining with dewdrops, mountains, seas, babbling brooks and rivers, the heavens, with their myriads of stars, — all things have this one thing said of them: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Nature is God's own dialect; the one in which he himself writes. In human language he uses mouth-pieces. In the language of nature, God has told us HE IS, in characters legible to every soul of us; but to man he has revealed his attributes more fully, in the language which he has given to him. The end of all language is the dissemination of truth; that great truth, the sublimest of all, that a babe was born in a manger; that amid the darkness that shrouded the place called Golgotha, ONE died who is the Son of God, and the reason.

There is a theory, that the air is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said, or woman whispered; that not a word has ever been uttered in defence of truth, not a cry of agony arisen from an oppressed being, not an idle word passed the lips of mortal, but that they are indelibly registered on the atmosphere we breathe; and eyes not so dimmed by sin as ours, and minds better skilled in divine philosophy, can read and understand it. It were well, then, we were more careful of what we said.

Go back over the long vista of years that have rolled away since speech was given to man, and think of the volumes which are written on the pages of this library of nature. The cries of the victor, rising above the battle's smoke, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, the booming of heavy guns, and the stern words of command, from Earth's battle fields, — where is that written? The earnest pleading of the poor wife, beseeching the rumseller to give no more rum to her besotted, yet beloved husband; the kind expostulations of mothers to sons, so little heeded; the words of farewell, as lovers parted, or some soul was going its last journey; the cries of agony of the oppressed slave, together with the lashes; the shrieks of women and children, and the calm voice of assurance, on some burning Montreal or Lexington; or when the sinking ship takes its last plunge, the winds are chanting their mournful dirge over the lost; the moaning sound of the waters, broken by the slaver's victims, thrown overboard, that he may thus escape the punishment justly due for his barbarity; the clanking of chains; the words of patriots, dying by the hands of tyrants; the entreaties of Lazarus to Dives, as he rolls by in his splendid equipage; — O, where, where can it all be written, save in the great book of remembrance!

This is a beautiful theory; but, whether true or not, it cannot be denied that there is one tablet, on which all that we ever heard or said is registered. Not the exact words are written; but the substance of what we have heard from our teachers, or read in books, if we are not idiots, has an impression on us, is stamped upon the memory, to be remembered again, but only at times. It is a large volume this, on the pages of which are registered our deeds and impressions. We cannot read it *thoroughly* through *every* day: yet we get snatches of it, as we need it. And then, in times of fear, when upon a dying bed we have less time to be thorough, the whole record is sifted through anxiously!

" There is nothing so *enduring*," to use the words of another, "as a truly spoken word. Homer is veritably present, face to face, with every open soul of us. And Greece, where is it? Desolate for thousands of years! Away, vanished! An abandoned heap of stones and rubbish, the life and existence of it all gone, Like a dream! Like the dust of king Agamemnon! Greece was: Greece, save in the words she spoke, is not!" And then the power of language! It is the embodiment and instrument of truth, — you cannot separate them. Would you know their power? Go ask the dead, whose bodies formed the rampart in the streets of Paris. Ask those who have borne imprisonment for it. Ask the Polish exiles, or the Italian conspirators. When Truth spoke, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Error shrank away. Kings awoke from their lethargy, and found their thrones made only of pine boards covered with purple, — the very emblem of rottenness. See the results of it in British freedom and American government at the present day; in the trembling of despotism throughout the world. — Truth lives but in language.

Language in books, — how much that has accomplished, and is destined to accomplish! It is true, books do not last always. All books are not of such a nature as to be enduring. Besides, this is a world of awakening advancement, and the best thoughts of those who wrote in olden time have been amalgamated with the thoughts and discoveries of the present age. Before the advance of literature most books crumble like the torn leaves of the Spelling Book; few are able to stand the ravages of time and criticism. But there is *one* Book which shall never go out of use, till we need it no more, — till we know even as we are known.

H.

E. Hemenway

THE ELMS.

We see them every day. Those hallowed trees throw over us an approving shade as we walk beneath their branches, intent on our various labors. Their leaves bend and rustle o'er our heads in the night time, when we take our path among them, in their motion, forming queer, fantastic forms, and we think we can see in them the dim outline and uncertainty of unknown futurity. While now and then, deep hid among the branches perchance a lovely star gleams out, as the diamond from the dark emerald, and as our hopes seem to penetrate the vail over that which is to come, and brightly urge us on. But when the sun shines out; then, indeed, 'tis different. Each bough seems laden with a covering, strange and various, and all between the openings in the foliage is bright and plain, while thick around hang dark and gloomy boughs where the sun cannot come; and this seems to our strange fancy to tell that pleasure is bright; but thick among all its allurements are dark and gloomy thoughts which draw us strangely to them. And as we look, the light wind sways the leaves, and now, where just before all seemed dark and gloomy, the light is prominent, and has driven away the gloom which in its turn has usurped bright places seen before. So pleasure is transient and changeable, and swayed by the light wind of passion. Our minds continually find that the sources of happiness are various as are its degrees, and the flitting of the leaf from its place.

But the elm is to us, when deeply considered, the emblem of what the man should be. Straight or crooked though it be, its branches ever gently bend in graceful curves, as though it had, indeed, seen trial, but had manfully struggled with it, holding its own course to maturity through all.

Different are the oaks, whose stubborn boughs hang in gnarled, twisted masses from rugged trunks, knotted as if against their will, in uncouth forms.

For there are things to which all must bend, and happy is he who wisely knows, and calmly yields, for a time, to the fierce blast of trouble and trial. And he is great, who, regardless of disappointments, but incited by hope, firmly but gently, keeps his course on through all that may betide.

And then the symmetry of the form is like man's mind when well balanced by judgment and skill. For the elm, as it grows loftier and greater in the air, becomes more exposed to the storms and fierce winds which blow furiously against its sides. And, as if seeing with human judgment all its needs, it cautiously sends a branch to one part of the sky, and, creeping through the earth, a strong root binds the tree firmly against sudden shocks and roaring gales.

So reason and judgment combine in man to mature and strengthen all earthly fabrics with the strong root and branch of wealth; but too often these bonds are broken, and all the edifice is ruined by the deed.

For thus the elm falls when the worm has been at the root, or decay at the heart. But no sooner has it fallen, than just below where it was wounded or weakened, another tree begins to send up twigs cautiously towards the heavens, not daunted by its misfortune.

And perseverance in man is like this feature of the tree.

And the elms seem to remind us of the time and person who first planted them as twigs, and watered and nourished them. Who, since then, have enjoyed their beauty! What divines have meditated beneath them! How many generations of school boys have gone from under their high spreading boughs!

K.

C. L. Kittell

"SUNSET ROCK."

A LEGEND.

By Tellio.

The mellow sunlight of the early dawn
Shone through the woods. It was an Autumn morn,
And gold beams gilded all the russet leaves
That rustled on their stems like ripened sheaves
Waiting the reaper's knife; bright dew-drops hung
Glistening on the tall grasses, and there rung
Through the still, balmy, Indian-summer air,
Sweet bird-song music, gushing everywhere.

And the gay beams lit up another scene
Than that which nature painted like a dream.
Round a lone rock stood Indian warriors brave
In council gathered, how they best might save
The last sad remnant of their dying race
From ruin and from death; — each red-hued face
Reflected back the sunlight with a frown,
As melancholy and fiercely they looked down;
Thought of their native wilds, they now had lost,
Of the life-blood and slaughter it had cost;
How free and fearless they'd been used to roam
Among the hills and woods of their fair home;
And how their pale-face brothers o'er the sea
Had stolen away each hill, each stream, each tree. —

And then a hundred glittering knives flashed bright
Through the still air — and at the welcome sight,
A hundred deep-toned voices joined the shout,
"Our enemies shall *die*, their bands we'll rout!"

Upon the summit of the rock, alone,
Stood a fair girl, — and in a low, sad tone,
When the shrill echoes died away, she said, —
"Fight, warriors, fight until the last is dead!
Yield not an inch to our unfeeling foe,
And in your dying moments shall the glow
That gleams from yonder unknown Spirit-land,
Light up your pathway to the golden strand."
It was the young chief's love, his chosen bride,
The fairest flower of all that fading tribe;
Her name was Sunset, and her noble brow
Beamed with a brightness like the sunset now.

When she had ceased, another deafening cry
Wildly arose, — "our pale-face foes shall die!"
And there came back upon the freighted breeze
An answering shout; — and through the tall, dark trees,
Gleamed the steel bayonets of the foe; and then
A deadly fire bestained with blood the glen.

The warriors, maddened at the bloody sight,
Sprang forth like wounded tigers to the fight;
And so throughout that bright, but fatal day,
They kept their shrinking, trembling foes at bay;
And many a reeking scalp lay on the ground,
And corpses white, were thickly strewn around.

And all the day, fair Sunset, on the rock,
As if her deadliest foes in scorn to mock,
Darted swift, poisoned arrows through the air,
And proudly stood upon its summit there,
Cheering the little band beneath. In vain
They fought, — in vain they rallied once again;
The last red ray that tinged the western sky,
Saw the last warrior fall in agony.
It was the youthful chief, the fair, the brave,
Who was the *last* to make his home a grave.

And there, upon the rock, the girl was left
Alone, — of home, of friends, of lover, all bereft.
She stood a moment gazing down below,
Upon her face a look of fearful woe,
Then raised her eyes to the blue arch above,
And murmured softly, "I am coming, love."
Then with a leap she sought her lover's side,
And wound her arms around his neck, — and died.

From *her*, this well-known rock received its name,
It is the monument that tells her fame;
And every evening at the sunset hour,
When the last ray lights up each woodland flower,
'T is said a dusky form glides from the sky,
Stands for a moment on its summit high,
And whispers low, — "*White man, vengeance is nigh!*"

THE USE OF IMAGINATION IN THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The study of History is of endless variety. Appealing at once to the heart and head, it fires the imagination by its stirring pictures of heroism and glory, and satisfies at the same time the severest demands of the student of Philosophy and the science of government. From its pages we learn of the great human race, and every noble act emblazoned there strikes a chord of admiration in the breast of the whole brotherhood of man.

It is the most universal and popular of all studies, since it appeals directly to the sympathy existing between those of similar endowments, passions, and impulses. A knowledge of ourselves is the key by which we unlock the secrets of past ages. Reasoning from the constitution of our own minds, we can interpret historical events, and understand the motives of historical characters.

But something more is needed.

A mere intellectual appreciation of certain facts, and the relations which they sustain to one another will not make those facts interesting and attractive. These rough blocks of truth can be transformed to shapely statues only by Imagination. By the aid of this faculty the dry bones of the past are clothed with life, and what before we understood as we might a mathematical problem, now appeals to our affections, to our love for the beautiful and heroic; to the best and warmest impulses of our nature.

It is to his own spendid imagination, and his power of exciting it in others, that Macaulay owes his popularity. Other historians are as accurate as he, nay it is even charged that his statements are not to be relied on, yet the life and reality of his characters, and his burning and glowing rhetoric, give him an authority and influence never accorded to another historian. The novels of Scott, appealing as they do directly and almost solely to the imagination, have brought more minds into real contact with the spirit of past centuries, and given more insight into their institutions and customs, than can ever be afforded by mere compilations of historical facts. From what learned and ponderous historian do we get such a vivid idea of the evils of the Feudal system as from Ivanhoe? Where such a picture of France under Louis I. as in Quentin Durward?

There are many reasons why the study of Grecian History is so universally popular. That wonderful land, bright with genius and refinement amid the surrounding darkness of the East, commands the admiration of every lover of liberty and self-sacrificing patriotism. But laying aside all historical associations, the simple physical beauty of the country has had no small influence in exciting the interest of the student of history.

The snow-capped mountains, the blue waves of the Aegean, the splendid festivals of her great national games, the magnificence and beauty of her temples and public edifices, the clear, "pellucid air," and over all the brightness and warmth of an Eastern sky, together form one of the most brilliant pictures the eye of man ever looked upon.

Our imagination is brought actively into play, and our very instincts lead us to dwell upon the history of a country so charming to every sense, and alive with such countles forms of beauty.

Every one must be, to a certain extent, his own historian. We cannot have always a master mind to assist us in the interpretation of time's hieroglyphics.

We can and should apply our own imaginations to this noblest of all studies, and by its magical power call up the mighty dead from the repose of centuries, and present distant scenes vividly before us. *Then, indeed,* do we become *true* students of history.

MAX.

THE SHAWSHIN.

In a calm and peaceful valley,
Smiling in its summer verdure, —
Clothed with the maple green-wood,
With the tender, fibrous oak-leaves,
With the waving, branchy hemlock, —
Decked in Nature's brightest colors,
With her blossoms and red berries,
With her modest, gentle spring-flowers
Breathing on the air around them,

Up through sighing pine tree boughs,
Odors sweet, and perfumes pleasing, —
Where, from out the verdant hill-side,
Water, day by day, is dropping,
Dropping in the sparkling sunlight,
Dropping in the pleasant moonshine, —
In the town of William Rica, —
I will tell you, I'll inform you,
I'll indite, make oath upon it,
Shawshin river rises there.

Bubbling and rippling from its forest shade,
Onward it glides in merry glee,
Downward through swamp, and field, and meadow wild,
To the Wilmington boundary.

Then on it presses through Wilmington,
The town for crackers famed;
Where, as butchers, of her vast people
One in each eight is claimed.

Where ants with ease build pyramids, —
Huge monuments of sand;
And grasshoppers die of broken hearts
Upon her barren strand.

Then downward, with a mighty swoop,
It holds its onward way,
Where Ballard Vale doth in her pomp,
In all her grandeur lay.

A village known to all about,
Where shoes are stitched and bound,
Where boots are made of sealing wax,
And then are sold as sound.

Where companies, like white mushrooms,
Rise up, breathe out a day;
Then with a burst, give up the ghost,
And wither quite away.

Then on it presses, —
Water cresses
On its bank
Growing rank.

Tortoises sleeping,
  Lazy creeping,
On the shore,
  As of yore:

Croaking bull-frogs,
  Among the bogs,
Blue and green,
  Fat and lean:

Great big water snakes,
Among the brakes,
  Singing gay,
  Day by day:
Still onward it presses,
  Away and *away*.

But now, behold! give ear! how great the change!
  So great, it seems as if the angel Death
Had brooded on the waters of the stream,
  Stilled its rippling, and hushed its very breath.

Dark, and darker grows the river's flow,
  Slow, and slower pass its waters on;
And e'en the green leaves, with their tiny mouths,
  Seem 'fraid to drink, save where the sun has shone.

But why the change? why so majestic,
  So calm, so silent, rolls along this mighty river?
Ah! do ye see the town which caps yon hill, —
  'T is Andover; 't is classic Andover.

A town, throughout the regions round about,
  For aristocracy, and schools renowned;
For its Academy, in classics famed, —
  In mathematics, *wondrously* profound.

The town, where under spreading chestnut trees
  The Andover Advertiser received its birth;
And where, in more than human, mortal throes,
  The Eureka Club first op'ed its eyes to earth.

Scarcely the village passes from its view,
  When rippling as ever, it glides along its beaten track,
Until laughing, tossing, tumbling, sporting,
  It throws itself, welcomed, in the mighty Merrimac.

O Shawshin! molasses-colored river!
Onward in majesty and beauty may thou ever ride;
And always be, as even now thou art,
The joy of old Andover, — old Andover's darling pride!

THE TRUE SENTIMENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

There is much in the world that is called philanthropy which if examined by the true standard would be found an evident misnomer.

If, as is the case, the word implies a love of man, and that everything that is done in this name, is done for the sole purpose of assisting a fellow creature, with no selfish motives or desires, then, assuredly, we shall find a great portion of our modern philanthropy degenerating into mere sentimentalism.

Thousands of men, who claim for themselves the credit of being liberal, whole-souled men, and who, when their claim is questioned, proudly display their deeds of charity and benevolence as ostensible proofs of its validity, show by this very act that charity and benevolence are not fostered because of their own intrinsic excellence, but rather because they bring to them an influence, and procure from others an approbation acceptable at once to their pride and ambition.

To such a degree prevails this vain love of glory and influence, that, not unusually, charity loses its virtue, and he, who gives the most freely of his stores and influence for any noble cause, seems in reality the greatest *miser*. *Miser*, we say, because for everything that is given, he has a most punctilious regard for the results he is to reap, either in the form of pecuniary recompense or political emolument. He thinks of no greater or nobler rewards. It is his golden harvest, the complete realization of the benefits to be derived from his charity.

The motives and results of such an action are of a congenial nature; and view them in any aspect you please, save from self-pride and self-ambition, and you will ever find them devoid of all positive excellence.

That men of such a character are often the instruments of accomplishing much good we will not attempt to deny: yet the pleasure which they receive has little analogy either in kind or degree to that of the high-minded, whole-souled philanthropist.

Men with selfish motives at heart give of their treasures to some benevolent object; praise in no measured language the beauties and blessings of virtue, temperance and strict integrity, though perhaps themselves openly vicious; decry oppression or popular freedom according as either may be popular; denounce slavery, not for the slave's sake, but for their own political glory; and yet, though they are completely successful in their objects, they cannot view their work, however glorious and noble it may be in itself, with anything like the complacency of the true and sincere philanthropist. Nay even, if they do not reap the anticipated results from their labors, they seem to have been all expended in vain, and all philanthropy seems but a mere mocking and delusion.

Such is a general view of the philanthropy, falsely so called, which we find exemplified in every rank of society; which many good men even, sometimes exercise, though, perhaps, not intentionally, forgetting that all truly noble actions proceed from a purely self-forgetting, sympathetic heart; and that the reward may not be either immediate or certain in material form; but that in the immaterial nature, the influence so works upon the mind and soul that its blessings become coëxistent with eternity.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF R. B. STEELE.

The sun was sinking in the West; —
It was the evening hour,
When nature lulls herself to rest,
When sadness o'er us lowers.

Fit time for an immortal soul
To break the bonds of clay,
And, seeking purer, holier climes,
To heaven to soar away.

'Twas then we lost a classmate dear,
When day sinks into night, —
Amid retiring nature calm,
The spirit took its flight.

That peaceful face bespoke no gloom,
Though it was cold in death;
The spirit triumphed o'er the tomb:
It saw its heavenly rest.

No Mother's hand doth press that brow,
No Father's voice in prayer;
Those fondest friends are absent now,
But his dear Lord is there.

He sweetly breathed his life away,
Upon his Saviour's breast;
That Jesus was the only stay,
Who hushed his fears to rest.

Then gently borne on angels wings,
Up to his home he sped,
And heard afar the distant strains,
The music of the dead: —

The music of the dead, who LIVE; —
Beyond the reign of SIN: —
The music of the saints, who give
Honor and praise to Him.

The gates of bliss receive him in,
He's lost among the throng,
His robes are washed from every stain,
Where glory leads the song.

Farewell, departed one, farewell,
Thou'rt gone to greet us home;
With thee we'll chant God's glories there,
Around the great white throne.

So live that when the summons come,
To yield our mortal breath,
With joy we'll seek our happy home,
Beyond the house of death.

Sustained and soothed by God's own arm,
Approaching death's cold streams,
The raging tempest He will calm,
While through it heaven gleams.

C.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biography is a narrative of the life and character of a particular individual. It presents the minute details, it develops the virtues, the vices, and the springs of action in the career of a particular person; and herein it differs from history, whose province is to exhibit the condition of society *in the mass*, as influenced by a series of causes and effects independent of individual man.

The earliest histories, such as have been handed down through the ruins

> "Of empires, of palaces,
> And of temples of the gods,"

are little else than biographies, coupled here and there with slight sketches of the nations and empires upon which the actions of their heroes were exerted. The histories of Xenophon, of Sallust, and of Cæsar, are formed, to a greater or less degree, upon this model. But modern historians have discarded this ancient style, and, leaving biography to form a distinct branch of letters, have looked chiefly to the "philosophy of history."

It is with the first attempt of an historian to form a conception of the "philosophy of history" that we find biography assuming a separate, independent existence as a class of literature. Perhaps such an attempt was first made by Macchiavelli, the immortal Florentine. Forced thus into being, as a "disinherited child of history," more than three centuries ago, biography entered upon its sphere of usefulness and popularity, in which it has been advancing and increasing, until, at the present time, it assumes to be a rival of history in instruction, interest, and influence.

It is frequently remarked that little practical instruction can be derived from the study of biography, as society is continually changing, as it is seldom a combination of circumstances occurs again very similar to any which had preceded. This is in a measure true; but it is also true, that, amid the varying current of human events, amid the bold strides of advancing civilization, there are certain great principles of general application, whose neglect or observance is, in all ages, attended with the same consequences. It is in the unfolding of the part which individual man plays in connection with these great principles that the great utility of biography consists; and it is in their practice that the only success and honor in life is to be found. Biography shows us, more particularly and minutely than history, how individuals have suffered for these principles heretofore; and does it not thus supply us with practical instruction as to the manner in which we may best struggle for the ascendency?

"Whatever," says Dr. Johnson, "makes the past or the future predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings." Biography does this; it shows us how man, with passions and feelings like our own, has acted when placed in similar circumstances; it leads us to look upon our individual efforts and sufferings, yes, upon our whole life, as only a faint tribute, a small sacrifice, offered up for the propagation, or the success, it may be, of the principles for which we live; it adds to our experience the treasures of others' experience, and enables us to enter upon the duties of life, with the advantage of being in a manner acquainted with it; it gives us enlarged views of human nature, and enables us to trace the relation between cause and effect; it gives us more extended views of ourselves; it teaches us to inscribe on our hearts, as did the Eastern Sultan on his ring, as a motto alike for adversity and prosperity, "And this, too, must pass away."

PI. SIG.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH.

THE day begins with joyous chorus; —
  Loud on the hills the echoes ringing,
Strike the broad blue concave o'er us;
  And the deep mouthed guns are flinging
    Wide the sulphurous incense on the air.

All nature smiles, — our happy souls
  Drink deeply in the exciting scene:
While the bright sun upward rolls,
  Gilding the fields and valleys green,
    And zephyr waving meadows fair.

And peal the brazen, clamorous bells,
  From tower and steeple far and near;
The morning breeze their music swells,
  Proclaiming that the day is here, —
    Day of our freedom, cherished day.

Wake, happy nation, wake and hail,
  With swelling hearts, this hour of joy!
Thank God! whose care will never fail
  To those who righteous means employ,
    And all their hopes on heaven stay.

Thus did those noble hearts of old.
  Trusting in God, they fought, and well
They gained their cause whose benefits untold
  Descend to us, and teach us to repel
    Invading foes far from our hearts and soil.

Let us then greet the day with song,
  And shout, and joyful mirth and glee,
Rememb'ring to preserve through ages long
  The same great blessing to posterity,
    And thus will be repaid their care and toil.

F.

INDIVIDUALITY.

SYMPATHY is the universal craving of man, and, indeed, of the whole creation of things animate and *in*animate. The materials of society become classified by a natural process; the great law of sympathy collects men of like feeling, desires, and pursuits. In this way communities are formed, and progress made in every department. The same law of sympathy is observable in the other departments of animate nature. The bird dwells not with the reptile; the wolf and lamb do not lie together; nor does the lion feed with the ox; for there is no kindred feeling; but birds sing together; lamb skips with lamb; wolves prowl in packs; the lion occupies a den with his fellow. Thus do beast and bird seek companions of like instincts and habits. *In*animate nature is similarly affected, as for instance, the sympathy between lodestone and iron. Thus is sympathy a universal necessity — a universal law. It is as indispensable to the full development of the mental and moral character of man, as food for his physical. But this craving of sympathy often encroaches upon individuality, which is very unfortunate. The element of sympathy, while it is necessary for a man, is also destructive — as food can both invigorate and weaken, build up and destroy.

The power of individuality is immeasurable. Our minds are like rivers flowing to the ocean. The Atlantic receives not its power from one head source, but elements of strength are accumulated from every quarter by the thousands of inlets. So to impart the most resistless power to the ocean of self, and the world's improvement, each mind must lay its own channel, and preserve a ceaseless flow, and one independent of every other. Each man has peculiar powers of cultivation, and hence peculiar means of cultivation must be used in each case, as what would prove poison to one would be the health of another—what one would loathe, another would enjoy. Thus it is for us to mark out courses of action with the measure of ability we choose to apply, and to do this independently of every one else. It is for every one to lay his own foundation, and to raise his superstructure strong and high, with the material he pleases to collect, and thus, leaning on our own efforts, they will be more zealous, and our self-satisfaction will be greater. The student who, refusing any assistance, meets each difficulty in the study of each day, and depends upon himself for what he learns, resolving not to measure himself by his fellows, is cultivating a will, and with it an individuality which shall characterize with stability everything he attempts. The young man of the highest moral sense; resolved to serve God regardless of the tendencies of those who surround him; resolved to seek out and pursue the path of Christian duty, and to stand up for the right, whatever it may involve, is cultivating an individuality which shall constitute him one of those who, firm as a mountain, cannot be moved. Man appears in his true nobility, when he stands battling error with the shafts of reason. Now that power, of a nature almost Divine, cannot be acquired without independence of thought and action; without a reliance on one's own ability, and a determination to depend on it alone.

As with individuals, so with society. It must be stamped with individuality or it will degenerate. It is one of the principal arguments against the social system so ineffectually tried in this country of late years, that it destroys individuality, and causes that mutual dependence which is destructive to any system of society. The trees of the forest, while they are deeply rooted and self-supporting, increase in size and strength according to their kind and the force of outer influences; but should the trees be rooted up and placed one against another, although they might still be said to constitute a forest, it would be a forest without beauty, and one from which time would soon remove all signs of life and consign it to decay. Thus, if the members of society are entirely dependent, it cannot be elevated. Each one loses his identity; the general prosperity is made a generality, each one leaning on his neighbor, and there is no feeling of personal responsibility; and the want of responsibility occasions the loss of personal interest. The action of society thus restricted cannot be free and progressive. One of the principal evils of the present state of society is this very lack of individual feeling and action.

In a giant machine there is one main wheel which constitutes the motive power, and by its motion the movement of countless wheels, of varied size and structure, are regulated; and while one object is sought by the united motion of the wheels, each wheel has its office to perform independently of every other; and if any wheel, however small, is broken, or by mismanagement ceases to revolve, the entire motion is affected.

Just so should be our relation to society. The general good should be the motive power, and while the labors of each one tend to the great object, each one should labor in his own way, and in a sphere distinct from every other; and our efforts should be such as to affect the entire circle of society in which we move, whenever suspended. Maintaining such a relation to society, we are warranted in our efforts; otherwise we are but clogs to the wheels, and a speedy removal will prove of positive avail. "M. C."

LECOMPTON.

The shades of eve were falling fast,
As to his Cabinet there passed
The Chief, who bore with solemn mien
A parchment — that monstrous scheme,
Lecompton!

His brow was sad, his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And low-breathed whisperings went round,
As issued forth that solemn sound,
Lecompton!

The Council formed its damning plan,
The vow was made, the crime began,
And then through House and Senate rung
The accents of that mighty tongue,
Lecompton!

From east to west he saw the light
Of Freedom's fires spread warm and bright,
While deep came up a Democratic moan,
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
Lecompton!

"Try not the Pass!" he trembling said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The breach grows deeper and more wide!"
But firm that mighty voice replied,
Lecompton!

"O stay," they cried, "make not the test!
Crush this purpose from thy breast!"
No tear stood in that stormy eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Lecompton!

"Beware the Douglass-severed branch!
Beware the Abolition avalanche!"
This was their strongest, last appeal,
A voice replied, "Be woe or weal,
Lecompton!"

Eighteen-hundred-sixty's come,
Hark! on Freedom's heights, the booming gun;
While far behind, from dark despair,
A wail comes through the startled air,
Lecompton!

Buchanan, with his faithful few,
Are sinking from this world's broad view,
While on his brow of solemn mien,
Is branded deep that monstrous scheme,
Lecompton!

There in Life's twilight, cold and gray,
His heart barred from each sun-lit ray,
Into his wearied ear, afar
A voice steals like a falling star,
Lecompton!

JOAN OF ARC.

Upon the vine-clad slopes of the Vosges, whose verdure-crowned heights stretch far away through the plains of eastern France as if vieing with the classic Rhine whose bright waters gleam in the distance, stands the little village of Domremy la Pucelle. To the casual observer, its rustic cottages and sloping vineyards, its grazing herds roaming far up the mountain-side, and the silvery Meuse gliding silently through the valley below, present a scene of surpassing beauty. But it is with other and very different feelings that he looks upon that peaceful landscape, who knows and can appreciate the historic age, the tragic interest which clusters around it. Among those humble dwellings stands one whose appearance claims our attention and challenges our reverent curiosity. Upon its once thatched roof the moss grows rankly, and the ivy tries in vain to conceal the decay of centuries. No ruthless hand mars its sacred beauty; no sound of wanton mirth breaks the impressive silence; for it marks the birthplace of that matchless heroine, Joan of Arc, — the Maid of Orleans.

It was not an age of refinement and chivalry, of peace and high-toned Christianity, which gave to the world this paragon of womanly excellence, but an age of superstition and ignorance, of revolution and degraded morality. For half a century France had been torn with internal dissensions, and harassed by invading foes. Thrones and kings had been made the sport of anarchy, and the nation's strength and vigor had vanished with the loss of public confidence and individual patriotism. In the midst of these accumulating disasters, the youthful Charles VII. assumed the crown. The bright hopes with which the nation had hailed his coronation had vanished at the successive defeats on sea and land which had marked his reign. The straits of Dover had been whitened with hostile fleets, and England's invincible legions had swept the adjacent shores of France with devastation and ruin. The proud capital had fallen before them; and the few brave patriots who yet stood in arms for their freedom and country, looked anxiously and with fear, to the time when the swift-rolling Loire should no longer interpose between them and the enemy. In all the north, but one stronghold remained; and soon that must fall, unless relieved. The seasons had rolled their wonted round, and now for the second time since the camp of the invaders had covered the surrounding heights of Orleans, nature was budding for her summer blossoms and harvest fruits. Famine, more terrible than besieging hosts, had entered at the barred gates, and knocked imperiously at the door of the palace and the hovel. This Lucknow of the nation's glory and independence had well nigh surrendered.

Let us turn once more to that humble cottage amid the hills of Lorraine. Among, and yet apart from, those shepherd people, moved the retiring, thoughtful Joan. As news came day by day of the advancing, victorious foe, and the continued defeat of those with whom were her sympathies and prayers, she withdrew more and more from the society of the thoughtless and gay. With her accustomed faithfulness she quietly performed the humble duties which marked her daily life, pausing now and then to listen to the anxious fears and superstitious prophecies which formed the text and substance of the village gossip; or, leading the flocks far up the rocky heights, she held undisturbed converse with her own thoughts, and with the cliffs and overhanging skies — with nature in her sublimity and beauty. Thus passed the week; and when its cares were ended and the cottagers' Saturday night had come — prelude to a day of rest — the young and gay assembled on the village green, or around the "fairy-tree," whose very branches seemed laden with a golden vintage of myth and legend. But Joan mingled not in these festivities. Her waking thoughts and her sleeping dreams were of her country and those who were so bravely struggling for its rights. In her weakness and anxious fear she turned for strength and comfort to that unsatisfying religion which had been taught her from a mother's lips. Had we sought her at such a time, we might have found her giving way to her pious enthusiasm in songs and prayers, as she bound the garlands for the Holy Virgin in the little chapel of our Lady of Bellemont. In such scenes, under such influences, she was nurturing that mysterious earnestness and deep religious enthusiasm which marks the Joan of history. At length the vision came, and she entered on that work for which her life had been an unforeseen preparation. She made her way to her sovereign's court. She met fearlessly the frown of guards, the curious gaze of the multitude, the disdain of courtiers, the incredulity of the king. With persuasive eloquence she foretold the relief of Orleans and the second coronation of Charles in the ancient city of Rheims.

Thrice she went away repulsed. Those haughty men had yet to learn that there is more power in the consecration of a single soul, pure and brave, than in an army with banners. She prevailed at length, and in her triple armor of piety, chivalry, and womanly grace, she went forth to lead to victory the disheartened patriot army. Yet do you say that that sword and banner ill became her who is held up as the personification of loveliness as well as courage? But no blood stained that sword; that banner never waved exultingly above a fallen foe. And when the smoke of battle had cleared away, and the dreadful work of slaughter had ceased, those eyes which just now surveyed so calmly the scene of conflict, beamed with tenderest pity upon the wounded and the dying; those delicate hands staunched the flow of the crimson stream of life, or proffered alike to friend and foe the cup of cold water. Is it strange that the eagle of victory perched upon her standard? Is it wonderful that men performed such deeds of valor, as they fought for their dearest rights under such a leader as the youthful "Maid of Orleans?" Sullenly, and in silence, the besieging hosts retired, and left to her the field of glory and of triumph. Her after life, and cruel, yet noble, death, time forbids to relate. We leave her there upon that field of glory, to draw what lesson we may from her career thus far. The great truth which we should learn, is, that *consecration to, and enthusiasm in*, one's work, is essential to success. I know of no single instance of heroic action or noble conception where these were wanting. I know of no better illustration of the power and glory of devotion than Joan of Arc, leading on those embattled legions. *We* have a great life-work to do. The forces of *error* are besieging the citadel of *truth* and *freedom*. *Our* country demands the exercise of all our patriotism, our chivalry, our youthful *enthusiasm*. The reward is glorious. Drawing our motives from a divine source, when this brief life is ended we shall "still live" in grateful, glowing hearts, and be commemorated in moral deeds that move the world. *Now* we may be misunderstood and maligned. But time shall balance the scales of justice. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. But Calixtus has pronounced her absolution; Schiller, Southey, and Wetzel have sung her praise.

Let *us* imitate her intensity of devotion, her simplicity and heroism, and, avoiding the ignorance and superstition which marked her age, and left their inevitable impress upon her character, we shall be living forces for the cause of humanity and truth, and leave behind a blessed memory.

OBITUARIES.

ONCE more are we reminded of the fleeting nature of all things here below. Death has locked in his cold embrace one who was accustomed to mingle with us in these scenes. He has gone to the narrow house, that region of darkness, so pregnant with fear to most. But he did not fear it. The rod and the staff were his, and the resurrection trump shall arouse him from the last sleep, to put on the new robes of Christ's righteousness.

Winter's icy bonds had been broken, and Spring with her gently distilling dews was scattering the earth with flowers; the little birds had begun their songs of rejoicing, when he was called home.

Richard Burnett Steele died in Boston, April 19th, 1858, in the 23d year of his age, of intermittent fever, contracted in the West Indies. Towards the close of the last term, he complained of illness, and went away—to die. But he was ready to die! That was everything.

His career was one of unusual interest, as he eminently belonged to that class of self-made men he was so fond of praising. We cannot speak particularly of the incidents of his life. All we know is that in early life he was seduced away from his home in Prince Edward's Island, and taken to the West Indies, where he was employed in copying music, and as an attendant on a troupe of singers. Thence he went to South America, where he was brought to death's door by the yellow fever. But recovering, he returned by his own exertions,—for his patron had deserted him,—to his home, and afterwards found engagements in Boston, till the time of his entering the Academy. Of the short space that he was with you, it is superfluous for me to speak. It is well known to all.

We have heard his voice in this room oftentimes rising in the songs of Zion, at morning and evening worship. We have heard him in the prayer meetings, rising to tell of Jesus' love; we have heard him on the stage, and ever speaking of the noble characters he loved to imitate. We have heard him on this floor in debate, presenting concise arguments, and enforcing them with clear, lucid reasoning; we have heard his voice from this stand, speaking of that class of men of which he was a bright example,—those who have been the architect of their own fortunes,—or reading to us articles which have passed under his scrutinizing gaze. We shall hear it no more, for it is hushed in death. But if we follow his noble example, and live as holily as he lived, we shall one day, and that not far distant, hear him singing in seraphic notes to his golden harp, amid the thousand and ten thousands of the spirits of just men made perfect, and the holy angels; and we may join in the chorus of redeeming love.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held April 21st, 1858, Mr. J. P. Taylor was called to the chair. On motion of Mr. Hemenway, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, God, in his all-wise Providence, has seen fit to call to himself one of our number, RICHARD BURNETT STEELE;

Resolved, That we do most sincerely condole with the bereaved relations, and recognize God's hand in taking from them a beloved son and brother, and from us a class-mate, characterized by a kind and genial spirit, and known to all of us as a sincere friend, a hearty supporter of every good cause, an earnest and consistent Christian.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of the departed, the class wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the friends and parents, and to the Boston papers for publication.

We his companions unite in sympathy with the bereaved relatives. Afflicted parents and sisters, as you trust that he had found acceptance with the Lamb of Calvary, O let that hope sustain you! And, when the snows of winter cover up his little round of earth, think not of it as emblematical of the shroud, and the cold, noble brow, so deathlike; but rather of those robes of spotless purity, which are the habiliments of those "who have died in the Lord." And, when in spring you plant the little flowers on his grave,—the humble violet, and the pure lily of the valley,—think not of him as there, but

"——— In these everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,—
Where every flower brought safe through Death's dark portal
Becomes immortal."

Drowned in the Shawshin river, while bathing, June 19th, Israel J. Briggs, a member of the 1st Junior Class in Phillips Academy, and a native of Wareham, Mass.—

" Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death."

The vacant seat, the silence of his voice, the absence of his familiar form,—all force us to realize what seemed at first so impossible,—Death has called him away. He was snatched without a shadow of warning from the warm embrace of our esteem and affection, almost from the very grasp of our hands. The voice which comes to us all in this deep affliction needs no pen to give it utterance in language. We all felt its significance as we stood around that lifeless form. Human reason sees in such events only the fulfilment of that universal curse which was passed on man once for all. But faith points us from the disgrace and defeat of the body to the triumph and glory of the ransomed spirit. Modest and retiring in disposition, he was at the same time earnest and active as a student and a Christian. His was a life *un*marked by the many, yet commended most by those who knew him best. May his mantle fall on us who remain; and that service in the vineyard of Christ, in which he delighted, and in which he gave promise of so great usefulness, be performed through our labors, that there may remain to us the reward of that rest upon which he has entered.

The following is a copy of the resolutions passed by his class upon the occasion.

Whereas, Death has entered our midst, and snatched from us one of our number—ISRAEL J. BRIGGS;

Resolved. That we mourn his early departure from earth, characterized as he was by his firm adherence to every high and noble principle, and walking as he did, the path of an exemplary, consistent Christian.

Resolved, That we his brother members, most sincerely sympathize with his relatives and friends, with those who have watched and cared for him with next to the tenderness of a parent's love, in their heavy bereavement. May they recognize in this affliction the hand of a kind Providence, and believing that he has gone to meet the angel forms of a father and mother in heaven, be able to say, "Thou doest all things well."

Resolved, That the class, as a token of respect for his memory, wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

F.

EDITORS' TABLE.

G. S. Raymond

IT'S *hot; very* hot. Nature is looking most invitingly in at our window; close by, bright red cherries, with tempting look, hang in clustered beauty; enticing trees are extending their shadowy arms across the fields, as if longing to shield from heat, and give us a cool, refreshing resting place; a gentle wind rustles all the trees without, and, though not a breath of air is stirring in our sanctum, and we would gladly leave it, and vastly prefer nature's resting places to this old arm-chair, wrinkled with the penknife traces of age, (?) and containing a cushion long since (alas! "ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas!") bereft of all its once *inviting* softness, yet, fast hurrying Time has almost seized away another term, and here we stand just on the brink of vacation, and no "Mirror" published. So remembering duties are but the preludes of pleasures, we turn our back to you, enticing window, and, write on.

As for news, it is scarce. We have two records to make in regard to water — how refreshing that word sounds this hot weather! Firstly, old "Phillips" appeared the other day, and played nobly, damping considerably, however, the ardor of some of the "small boys;" and secondly, there 's a new pump at the Latin Commons, — long may its rattling chain resound throughout the rooms surrounding, invigorating many "poor, worn, weary students" by its very sound, and causing, just at the right time, the backward roots of dead languages to sprout in the memory!

A few weeks' since, we all, gratis, had an opportunity of taking music lessons of Mr. George F. Root, which of course was very pleasant for those who "knew how;" but the Trustees, whether for this or not, we are unable to say, have been obliged to take in expenses, for when it is asked, "Where's Prof. Russell?" Echo answers. We heartily pity some of our young aspirants, who will be obliged to forego their usual *noise* this term. But what hinders our having both music *and* elocution? "Phillips" is not bankrupt? At present, besides cramming for college examination among some of the anxious Seniors, there 's nothing going on. Continually going over *And*-over, the monotony of our situation is obvious. It is as dull as a *monastery* here;—when we wrote this, our *devil* — impudent scamp — was looking over our shoulder, and, of course, he must put in his observation; he didn't *mean* anything wrong, we presume. Said he, "And of course it is; don't you know why?" Certainly, we knew "no metaphysical—devil looked blank—reason." "Why, it's because there ain't anything but *Abbotts* here — don't you know they've founded a *Female Seminary*, and then there 's a *nunnery*, too, and — and — and — there's some mighty pretty *nuns* in it." Of course, we sent the fellow from the room, but we wonder where *he* saw the *nuns* — wish *we* could.

In regard to games, as hot weather 's approaching, fellows generally concede that *foot ball's exploded*, *base* is *low*, and even *cricket's* beginning to *get out* of fashion. On the contrary, *bathing's* getting on *swimmingly*, and *fishing's* not *a*-bated. As for music, which a few weeks' since had quite a run, it's fast being *Root-ed* out, though there 's plenty of *Means* with which to carry it forward, and *base*-viols, flutes, and the melodeon *Reeds* sound occasionally, most of the players are *Green* hands; in singing, none of the boys do anything of any consequence except *bawl*, (*Ball*), and some even say the *nuns*' serenades are all *minor* (*Minor*). In regard to living, *clubs* are *hard*, elsewhere *board* is *tough; commons* are as *general*, and *landladies* are *lording* — for money. With the news abroad, of course we have nothing to do; but as we turn over the productions in our drawer, we will just insert something which we find, suggested by a poetical friend of ours, as the reason of the introduction of "Lager" as a fashionable beverage in high circles at Washington. He evidently thinks it originated with the President:

"Old Southern *Buck* did lay upon his *bier* (*beer*,)
When *felled* by loss of dark 'Lecompton' *deer* (*dear*.)"

But to return to matters nearer home. A class-mate, after having been bothered for several hours by his lessons, throws them aside, and gets off the following:

"It is said that a drowning man thinks of all his previously acquired knowledge. Now, the query arises, would a student of Phillips Academy think of all the Greek roots, Latin diggings, mythology, and especially all the *Baird*, and those other classic reminiscences, as his *flunks and fizzles*, '*more specific*,' '*louder*,' '*pause there*,' '*too loose*,' '*sufficient*,' etc., ? if so, what a *luscious* time he would have!"

He, however, is not so sentimental and thoughtful as a certain acquaintance, who writes in this strain:

"To a student, removed from his home and friends, anything which brings back to his mind those long forgotten scenes is highly interesting. The following was copied from life:

Father — 'My son.'

Son — 'What, sir?'

F. — 'What have you been doing?'

S. — 'Nothing.'

F. — 'Where did you do it?'

S. — 'No-where.'

F. — 'Come here, sir, and *I'll* teach you where to do it.' The curtain now drops, the band strike up the tune of 'what the Paddy gave the drum.'

The remainder of his tale is told as follows, in a pure strain of poetic inspiration, which, by the way, is a peculiar feature of our friend:

"Those evening shouts, those evening shouts,
Tell passing *well* of Johnnie's *whereabouts*."

Poor fellow; he would, no doubt, love to revisit again the scene of his childhood. School will soon close, however, and then he may.

Here is another piece, supposed to be written in some homesick hour, which may as well be inserted in this connection. It is headed:

FIRST DAY IN ANDOVER.

Lo! a mighty engine rushes;
Through the crowd it's way it brushes;
For a moment then stands still,
And 's away with whistle shrill.

Who is that, with visage long,
Elbowing through the varied throng?
Ah! 't is one who just has come
From his dear, beloved "hum."

Now, with mustered resolution,
Looking much like dissolution,
Off he plods, against his will,
Up the rocky, muddy hill.

Soon he sees a pile of stone,
That looks so dreary and so lone,
That he thinks it cannot fail
But to be the village jail.

Now at last he seems to feel
Well prepared for woe or weal;
And, with "solemncholy" mug,
He surveys the massive "jug."

Here he thinks of honor bright,
With its shining magic light,
And of black and dark disgrace,
If he fails to win the race.

Now he bemoans his thick'ning doom,
As he beholds his narrow room;
And near his nose he puts his thumb,
When he sees his red-haired "chum."

Soon, with clang that thrills his soul,
He hears the mighty "cow-bell" toll;
Then with fear his knees do shake,
And his very spirit quakes.

Scampering like a frightened rat,
He grasps his book and gets his hat,
And finds at last an empty seat,—
Looking much more sour than sweet.

Now at last come recitations,
With their numerous vexations,
That make our worthy hero flunk,
And drive away his country spunk.

After this comes supper time, (!!)
And he thinks it is no crime
There to fill his inner man,
Just as fast as e'er he can.

Afterwards he goes to bed,
There to lay his weary head,
Grumbling out, as loud he snores,
"Blast this place, with all its bores!"

The new fellow, whom this describes, is evidently not yet initiated into the requirements and habits of our Institution; so we will give him and others of the same class something which will teach more of them.

TIME BY TONEY.

Now my childers, yer mus'nt spect I'se gwine to give yer a sarmint; no sich ting, but I aint got tempus enuf to waste my precious breaf on sich folk as you, so I'll begin by cutting my subjict into chunks. Fust, classical; secund, physical; third, intellectual. Fust: Now I suppose you young fellers, as has studied Laffin and Greece, tink you know sumfin, but I guess old Toney can show yer as much daylight as yer never drempt of afore. Now yer know dat de fust ting a feller larns in Laffin, is "Tempus fugit;" dats what he larns in de Junior class. If any of yer had any curiosity to see any of dem Juniors, you can tell 'um quick as wink. Dey go round as if dey was 'fraid somebody 'd step on 'um, and dey sneak up to recitation just like puppies wid dere tails between dere legs, and a holliun ki-yi-i like mad. Der second ting a feller larns in Laffin, is "O tempora, O mores;" dats what dey larn in Middle year, and if you wants to find a middle feller, I'll describe him so you wont have any difficulty. If ever yer meet a feller walking along as if he was all creation, yer may know he'se a middler; dey remind yer of de jackass in the Lion's skin; but yer can tell 'um quick enuf: jist tap 'um on de head, and it will sound like de drum, and a half cracked drum at that. In der Senior year a feller larns *noting* new 'bout time, an wuss dan dat, he forgets almost *everything 'bout* time, specially prayer time. Now dem seniors can't get off anything 'riginal, so dey manage to hash up "Tempus fugit," and "O tempora, O mores," arter de juniors and middlers has been done wid em. Now I suppose ye'd like to see de seniors too, for yer mus'nt never go way from a place widout seein de elumfunt, so I'll give dere christallumtype. If de middlers wur as big as all creation, dem seniors is ten times bigger. You meet 'um in de street, an' dey look as bold as a Hippopotimatus, specially if dey happen to meet a "Nun," or one of dose "Fem Sems," but if dey happen to meet Uncle, (specially if its study hours), you'll see how dese ere fedders will run down. As Sambo says, dey sumfin like a feller on de top ob de mountain, everybody seems little to dem, an' dey seem little to everybody.

Secund, Physical. De only ting I shall say 'bout physical time, is, dat it am physically impossible to attend prayers, mathematics, or de speaking exercise, when yer enjoyin de sore throat, bilious headache, or general debilitate. Now my childers, dese ere diseases am spreading to an alarming degree, an' are entirely incongruous wid de purposes for which dis ere noble institution was foundered, and de fust time dat yer git hauled up, you'll be treated wid "*marked* severity."

Third, intellectual. Let us pay our sixpence an hop into der *bal*-loon an' soar away on de wings of our imagination, as swift as possible into der fathomless depths of the Zigmatic Zone above us, den you will perceive der tricociyus vapority of der glandiferous Zenith before you, and, like Peter Niprinning, Jr., the Gooseberry grinder, you will act like a bob-tail pussy cat revolving round the space where the tail was.

Toothpicks, during the past term, have been so freely used around the streets by our Academic friends, that the habit recently called forth a reprimand from the Principal. The production we now offer, was written soon after the effects of the speech became noticeable. We would also call the attention of the Seniors to the *chorus*, for it shows of what *practical* use to an *observing* and *appreciating* mind, may be the study of *Homer*. "The blackest cloud may have a silver lining."

TOOTHPICKS.

Oh the bold Senior squadron came out of their rooms,
And the Middlers and Juniors broke loose from the tombs,
On all the wide hill-top their faces were known,
And thro' the whole village their fame had been blown,
For in Lawrence or Andover none could compete,
With the way that they handled their toothpicks so neat.

Chorus:—
Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ', τυϑπικέοιο βιοῖο!

As down the broad main street they stride in a clan,
The maidens all flee from their terrible van,
For that bristling array of toothpicks they say,
Will scare their wits out of them for a whole day,
And the convent belles, as report truly tells,
Have to run for their lives, from the 'cademy swells.

Chorus:—
Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ', τυϑπικέοιο βιοῖο!

This *terrible* nuisance for many a day,
Had tormented the souls of the people of A.,
But "Avunculus" now to the rescue has come,
And his edict 'gainst showing our toothpicks is some;
So no longer in thoroughfare, sidewalk or street,
That *Terrible* weapon, the toothpick, we meet.

Chorus:—
Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ', τυϑπικέοιο βιοῖο!

No longer the maids from our coming must fly,
Nor shrink from the gaze of our worshipping eye,
For the toothpicks have vanished, and now in their place,
The carrying of kerchiefs and canes will increase.
These are implements surely much more humane,
But the savage old toothpick we shan't see again.

Chorus :—
Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ', τοϑπικέοιο βιοῖο !

Our contributors have especially favored the present number of our paper with conundrums. In looking them over we find a few which we think will not fail to please.

"How is the second middle class *incomplete?*" Ans. "By having two *Reeds* (reeds) but no *rushes!*"

"Why is 'Philo's' *flock* not likely to go astray?" Ans. "Because she has recently obtained a *Shepard.*"

"Why is 'Philo' like a *darkey's fish-hook while in use?*" Ans. "Because it holds "*de-bates!*"

"Why is Andover a favorable situation for *Irishmen?*" Ans. "Because in it are so many (wheel) *Barrows.*"

"Why is Andover a good place for *prize fighters?*" Ans. "Because it contains a *punch-hard* (Punchard) free school!"

One thing more, and we 've emptied our drawer of all we intend to publish. This last is an effort which, as long as "Phillips" remains subject to the same regulations as at present, will never lose its interest, or be without a *moral.* The origin of the subject will be readily comprehended by any member of the Academy.

One eve, three students, jolly wights,
Accustomed to be out of nights
To save the expense of fuel and lights,
And versed in all the mysteries far,
Of "Whiskey punch" and "fine cigar,"
Heard these dread words borne on the air,
"Notorious smokers!"

Not but they 'd heard these words before,
When listening to those lectures sore,
Which they had always thought a bore;
That every morn begin the day,
When after prayers a while we stay,
And hear our honored "Prex" inveigh,
"Notorious Smokers!"

But now they had an ominous sound;
A hollow echo under ground
Seemed to reply and back rebound
These words so full of meaning dire,
As sounded by a hidden choir,
Which fell upon their souls like fire —
"Notorious Smokers!"

A vague mysterious something seemed,
Like what in nightmare foul we 've dreamed,
To make what every one had deemed
Locked safe within his inmost breast,
And close concealed from all the rest,
Now wide laid open to protest,
"Notorious Smokers!"

A sudden quaking seized their limbs,
Each heart now throbs, each head now swims.
In vain they have recourse to hymns,
Or try to sing a *jovial* air
To help to chase away their care,
But every breeze these words doth bear,
"Notorious Smokers!"

Presumptuous Youths! in vain you hope
To blarney "Uncle" with soft soap,
Yet give your appetites such scope,
As in your rooms, in study hours,
You rest your exhausted mental powers,
And seek the sweets of Lethe's bowers,
"Notorious Smokers!"

That futile prop has given way,
In Phillips' halls no more to stay,
You pack your duds some dismal day,
For the dread fiat hath gone forth,
From the offended powers in wrath,
You *elsewhere* must display your worth,
"Notorious Smokers!"

A fancy picture tho' we 've drawn,
No terrors false its lines adorn,
As to your sorrow, some black morn,
You 'll find *your* time has come to leave,
No more those eyes can you deceive,
Or hope your standing to retrieve,
"Notorious Smokers!"

And now, reader, we must bid you adieu; with this closes our academic life. We are to leave our seats at prayers and in "No. 9," for others to occupy. We shall no more do violence to the shades of Homer so as to rouse the indignation of his noble expounder. Baird is consigned to forgetfulness. Xenophon is among the things that were. We shall know them no more. We shall separate. We shall be mutually forgotten. But that form we have seen so often at recitation, whose words we have heard bestowing counsel at prayers, that good, kind "Uncle," may we never forget *him!* At the same time we must take leave of Old Andover. The pleasant associations which cluster around that name will most of them soon be forgotten. Time, and connection with other scenes will soon wear their traces from our recollection. Those Sunsets, God's most glorious limning, those pleasant walks, those common places of resort, —

"Ye rocks and hills,
Farewell, farewell!"

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WHOLE NO. 117.

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

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Leander T. Chamberlain,
Thomas A. Emerson,
Gorham P. Stevens,
Editors.

EDITORIAL.

Gentlemen of the Society:

With mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure, we have taken the easy-chair of the Editor's sanctum, and commenced our "editorial." *Sad* at the remembrance of days gone by, when others occupied these posts of honor, and this floor of free and manly discussion; when the productions of other pens graced the columns of this Mirror; when those were with us whose noble example ever incited us "prorsum sursum" in the rugged path of moral excellence and intellectual attainment. Time hastens on —

"Still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till Hours, Days, Years, and Ages are made up
Of such small parts as these. and men look back
Worn and bewildered, wondering how it is."

Joyful, since we tread again these familiar walks and find ourselves once more amid the genial, invigorating influences which surround us here like the healthful breezes of these eternal hills. Joyful at the bright future of this society which "the signs of the times" seem to betoken.

As memory brings back the events which have marked our brief absence, we hardly know where to take up the varied record. We remember that when we last separated, it was with feelings of sadness, in which the whole country, aye, the world, participated, at the failure of that grand effort which was to unite the throbbing hearts of two great continents by a tie mysterious yet instinct with life and power. But scarcely had we consigned the fond hope to the tomb of impossibilities, and turned our thoughts into their wonted course again, when tidings came more swiftly than when borne by the sure-footed Asahel, that our buried hope had burst the cerements of the grave, and science had gained her highest triumph. The Atlantic Telegraph had traversed the wide ocean and already its touch had thrilled the land. The Philanthropist saw the dawn of that day which long since had been foretold in the grand old prophecies, when "war, whose guiltless drops are every one a Wo," should no more ravage this fair earth. The Statesman saw the misunderstanding and jealousy which springs up at every brief interval between nations so widely distant, — vanish. The Financier saw the business world renewed in mutual confidence and trust. The humblest Laborer rejoiced in the increased prosperity of his beloved country as his own true reward; and the Watchmen upon Zion's walls caught, among the notes of joy which rolled over the land, the echo of that divine symphony, which, eighteen hundred years ago, came to the listening shepherds on Judea's hills. Came there any voice to you as Patriot-scholars, as Philomatheans? To us it spoke of the reward which ever crowns the efforts of the persevering and trustful. It seemed to say to us in our retirement, "Nil desperandum. Perseverantia vincit."

Let us accept the admonition. When despondency comes over us in our toilsome way to the clear heights of wisdom, let us remember that upon the eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, the Atlantic cable was successfully laid, and bid ourselves take new courage and hope. But the cause of human freedom and happiness has gained other victories within these few weeks, less loudly proclaimed, but not less important. A confederacy of freemen have risen in their majesty, and by the thunders of the ballot have hurled in the face of a corrupt administration their proud defiance of bribes and threats. The friends of freedom in Kansas have not deserted her in this hour of trial. They have decided that it is better for her to remain outside the sisterhood of states, than to enter with the deepest curse of all clinging to her now spotless robes. Such fealty to the *right* is nothing less than sublime. The Old Bay State has vindicated her proud position in the van of the free states, by the unanimity of her liberty loving sons. We have no fears for her so long as "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" finds a response in the hearts of so many intelligent freemen.

Upon the great battle-field of the West, has now terminated that contest which has so long held the attention and enlisted the hopes and fears of the whole Republic. We are almost ready to exclaim in the words of another, *flet victus, victor interciit.* Justice moves slowly sometimes, but ever surely. We already can read the doom of all those who dare to uphold the violation of national compacts, and the prostitution of executive influence to the work of extending the domain of that evil which now casts its baleful shadow from shore to shore, in the light which this decisive struggle casts upon the future. But we trust the day is coming when all side issues shall be ignored, and when men not only *anti-administration, but loving Freedom for her own sake,* shall represent the constituency of the North in the halls of our Senate.

At home our Mirror claims attention. Its nominal intent is improvement in English Composition; yet this is by no means all. It is for the culture of thought; that which makes the man; the germ of usefulness and power.

We call to our aid all the styles and shades of thought in the minds of Philo's thinkers. Many, we know, hold themselves back from an expression of their thoughts because they cannot attain to a certain style or range of thought adopted by some model. Looking over the broad field of reason with its many divisions and directions we can find no pretext for such a course. As long as human minds shall be constituted each for its allotted part, so long shall each mind differ from all others in motive, thought, and power. Thought is an edifice, the mind its architect; and as every man plans his dwelling with reference to his own taste and comfort, so must the actor and the sphere agree to attain the ultimate objects, advance and influence. Thus the architecture of one master-mind rises like the lofty palace, gorgeous and vast, its strength softened by the elegance and beauty of its decorations, its size forgotten in the symmetry and majesty of the structure:

> "Fit emblem this of the creative soul,
> Strength, beauty, grace, in one harmonious whole."

Another, working for the same great end, from the necessity of his being, rears his edifice firm and majestic, yet simple and unadorned, such that in gazing, a feeling comes o'er the soul, that this is the ideal dwelling of a noble mind, sublime in its purity, noble in its simplicity, perfect, for it neither possesses or has need of ornament.

All these styles and habits of thought unite to form the one great structure of progressive, searching, liberty-loving thought, that noble temple whose builder and maker is God.

With these great divisions and powers of thought we have the world before us for a field. There are indeed, those who complain that there is no field or range of thought left, which has not been fully investigated in the past. We had supposed that the world was led by thought; that as the world rolled on, and change had put its mark upon men and states and causes, the great steps in the march of progress had been marked and made by thought. And this is true: religion, education and freedom are other things to day than they were centuries in the past. As time progresses, old and out of date sentiments are thrown aside, new thoughts are adopted, and he who looks at a great cause today through the dim light of the dark ages, is like one who would put swaddling clothes upon a giant. In every age are found the examples of martyrs persecuted for thinking in advance of their time. All reforms have been opposed until the world has obeyed the progressive spirit urging her forward. Let the overthrow of despots from time immemorial tell of the advance of thought. Let Germany and her reformation, France and her revolutions, England and her reforms, America and her freedom, relate it.

Yes, Philomatheans, so long as there is one chance unimproved, one step untaken, one field yet to be won for freedom and reform, we have an opportunity to wield that greatest of weapons, free and progressive thought.

Were man placed in this world merely for his own enjoyment and good, he would be for his own sake, called upon to exercise to the utmost, what powers of mind and intellect he might possess; but a good God has given us talents for the benefit of ourselves and mankind. More is given and more is required of the student at this time than ever before. There are evils to be met, wrongs to be redressed, great causes calling for assistance. The friends and foes of freedom are marshalling for the encounter of the future; every man who can wield a weapen or bear a standard must prepare for a combat without quarter.

Yet on the other hand, the world never before saw so many encouragements for advance and action as now. The universe of thought has taken a great step forward and stands on terra firmâ.

There is a providence which seems to decree that it shall be the lot of some men to discover that some one thing is needful to the attainment of an object, and die mourning its absence, while the same providence decrees that other men in the light of the future shall make the discovery and reap the reward. So was it with the noble mathematician of Syracuse; and now, when the little cable touches the land, which the old discoverer called in his joy the "New-found-land," there is attained a new found land of science and progress; a firm resting-place at last, where freedom, education and truth may stand and move the world.

The time is ripe for action: all ovcr the earth hosts are forming for the fight; let every man arm himself for the contest. For ourselves as men, for the universe as brethren, we are summoned to the field. Let us make use of whatever talents a good providence has given us, and press forward, striking home for freedom, bearing in our hearts pure and unchangeable, the noble and self-denying motto: "Non nobis solum."

SINCERITY.

One of the firmest links in that chain which binds together the hearts of men in friendship, is sincerity. It is the chief corner stone in the structure of society. It is sincerity that gives value to and cements friendship. How highly do we prize a friend, in whom we can place perfect confidence, from whom we may receive advice, knowing that it is intended for our good, and to whom we can unburden our souls and feel assured that we shall find sympathy without dissimulation. It is for such a companion that we feel the need, and 't is for such a friend that we seek. Man is not made to live within himself, a miser of all he has and is; his life is incomplete who lives a hermit, though surrounded by the busy world. There is a void in our hearts that can only be filled by the friendship of *sincerity.*

But if sincerity is essential, between associates, it is absolutely indispensable to a healthy condition of society. When confidence is shaken, the whole superstructure totters, the foundations crumble, the very stones seem to shrink from each other, all beauty and utility is gone, and what before was a magnificent edifice, fitly formed together, and promising to withstand for ages to come the ravages of time, now threatens to fall to the ground a dangerous ruin. That this is true, was fully shown by the panic of last fall and winter, and has been shown many times before, both in our own and in other countries.

The history of nations demonstrates that a want of confidence on the part of the people in the sincerity of the ruler, if not removed, is sure to result in a revolution.

Charles I., of England, was unable by false promises to deceive his people, and, being overthrown, perished upon the scaffold. James II., by his many overt acts lost the confidence of his people; he was deserted by his Parliament and betrayed by his Lords; he was forsaken by the army, and, by the nation led by a man in whom they justly placed entire faith, William, Prince of Orange, his own son-in-law, he was compelled to flee from the palace, and from England, and take refuge at St. Germains. Louis XVI., though he claimed to be doing all in his power for the good of his subjects, was so opposed and fettered by his nobles, that the masses, ground to the earth by oppression in its worst forms, would not believe his pledges, but rose in rebellion, and in the bloody slaughter of the aristocracy that followed, the King perished by the guillotine. Thus it ever is; the government that cannot maintain its own sincerity must fall. It is sincerity that gives power to a man's acts and words; he can effect nothing great and good without sincerity.

The military commander is powerless if he is not trusted by those whom he would lead to victory or death. The candidate for office cannot succeed unless it is known that he is a man who can be depended upon to represent faithfully the interests and sentiments of those whose votes he solicits. It is impossible for the leader of reform to make progress against error, if he be not sincere in his professions. Napoleon was loved by his soldiers, nay, almost worshipped by them; they believed he was the champion of their rights against those who had long been their oppressors, and who still wished to keep them in slavery; they believed he was able to lead them to glory, and, therefore, in their blindness, they freely poured out their life-blood at his command, and made him many times the conqueror of armies greatly outnumbering his own, astonishing the world, alike by his power of thought and vigor, in executing the most desperate projects. Why was it that Nathaniel P. Banks was last year elected by a large plurality, and this year, by a majority over all his opponents, has just been again declared Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Is it because he is the nominee of a convention; because he is the candidate of a party? Is it not rather because he has been tried and found true to those principles so dear to the hearts of the noble sons of the old Bay State?

Demosthenes, the orator, was able for a time to withstand the growing sluggishness of his own people and the intrigues of Philip, only by his sterling integrity.

Luther could never have accomplished his noble part in the Reformation, if his sincerity had not been equal to his zeal.

And so countless examples could be brought to prove our position, but it is needless. A man must be sincere, if he would achieve anything noble in this world. His deeds may meet with approval for a time, but without a firm foundation they cannot stand. Impartial history will condemn or approve motives more than acts; and before the throne of Jehovah at the day of final reckoning, all deeds of men will be stripped of their outside gloss, and for the purposes and intents of the heart will man be judged. L.

WASHINGTON'S VISION;

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The landscape was gilt by the moon's silver beam,
And all nature was still, save the murmuring stream;
Each star's twinkling ray sparkled bright on the rill,
And the forest gleamed dark in the shade of the hill.
The sound of the hamlet had died on the breeze,
And the night-fog was stretched on the breast of the seas,
When pensive and weary on a broad rising green,
I wandered alone to contemplate the scene.
I thought, as I gazed at the moon wrapt in cloud,
How the mist of the morrow might alike be my shroud.
Though a breeze the light haze from her bosom might sever,
My shroud would enfold me in stillness forever.
I thought as I glanced o'er the dark lowly vale,
How the sounds of the war-cry would loaden the gale,
And ere the sun sink in the west to repose,
My comrades might sleep 'neath the tread of their foes,
While mountains afar to the drum were replying,
And the hills echoed back the deep groans of the dying,
And hopes of my breast would forever be lost,
And my freedom and country would sink in the dust!
But just as I turned my lone steps to the camp,
I beheld a bright blaze, as the gleam of a lamp;
And the clouds of the sky at the signal stood still,
As a figure approached from the crest of the hill.
His visage shed light o'er the mountains afar,
And he wore the bright garb of an angel of war!
His feet were like pillars of bright burnished brass,
And they noiselessly trod on the green velvet grass!
His exquisite form was of heavenly mould,
And his breast-plate was carved of the purest of gold.
His gauntlets were white as the tempest-tost snow,
And his steps were majestic — so stately and slow.
His bosom seemed throbbing with anguish or ire,
And his dark brow was sheathed in a helmet of fire!
I shrank from his presence in fear and dismay; —
But his hand waved on high and he bade me to stay.
His visage waxed sullen as Albion's gray rock,
When in tones of deep thunder the vision thus spoke:
"Fear not, noble champion, the proud despot's laws!
For the strong arm of heaven is raised in thy cause;
And thy country shall flourish like a sweet flower of May,
While the powers of old Britain shall sink and decay!
Thy sword shall gleam high as the lightning's fierce flame,

And thy name be enrolled in the annals of fame.
Thy hand shall unfurl the broad flag to the sky,
And the fierce tyrant's wrath thou shalt dare and defy.
Thine arm shall be strong in the rage of the fight,
Contending for Country, for Freedom, and Right!
And the men of King George shall grow faint on the field,
And their arms shall sink down 'neath the weight of their shield,
And thy forces shall conquer by land and by sea,
Till the 'star spangled banner' floats proudly and free!"
Thus spoken, the vision stood silent and still,
And my eyes followed his to the grove on the hill;
And ere I withdrew my fixed gaze from the thorn,
He had vanished away, like a star of the morn.

B.

GRAY AND HIS POETRY.

In a respectable street in London, in 1716, Thomas Gray was born. His parents were well-to-do in the world, and consequently he received a liberal education. He was a member of Eton College, and there commenced his friendship with Horace Walpole, with whom he afterwards travelled on the Continent. The line of studies that he pursued in College, cannot be exactly determined. But from his published letters we may infer that he withdrew himself entirely from the rigidity of mathematical studies, and directed his attention to classical literature, to history, and the general branches of that day. He was characterized by a retiring disposition and gentle manners; and this quality is especially noticeable in his poems, which have won for him great renown. At College he was the universal favorite — beloved by all — respected by all. No matter what his opinions on any point might be, they gained the respectful recognition of his superiors. His college life was passed in calmness and tranquillity. A mind not naturally deep or inclined to matters that required much severe thought, yet always directing its powers to the one object of study — preparation for future action, — was his. Gray's life was an episode in itself. His mind was not distracted from its sphere of exertion by the chills of poverty, or by dark clouds in the pecuniary horizon, or by fear of the world. He pursued his daily walk with cheerfulness. Everything was made subservient to this quality. He was no sentimentalist, in the popular acceptation of the term. He devoted his life to study. Natural history occupied his mind and fascinated him. He was no idle dreamer; he raised no air-castles only to be dispelled by the first gust of popular opinion.

His life, in a poetic view, was intense; he glowed with poetry. In his mind there were feelings which he could not throw off that cast a halo around every word, like "the purple light on Italy's mountains." "He is one of the few, of the very few, of our greatest poets who deserve to be studied in every line for the appreciation of that sweetness, power, and splendor of versification." In poetry he excelled in the pathetic. There is no instance on record that speaks of verses that can be compared with those inimitable stanzas, "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "So long as feeling hearts are to be found, so long as the ear is attracted by "the still sad voice of humanity," just so long will this elegy be admired for the pensive melancholy of its numbers, for the sentiments which are embodied, and the felicity of language both in sound and significance of the words employed." Sitting on a mossy stone in a quiet, retired burial-place, musing on life, he gives us those sweet strains. As "the curfew tolls," he is reminded of rest — the laborer has performed his daily avocation and seeks the repose that tired nature only gives. Nature, too, is sleeping, for "all the air a solemn stillness holds." Yet "the moping owl doth to the moon complain." From Nature sleeping, his mind turns to the "mouldering turf." There is an inexpressible beauty clustering to the two stanzas commencing, "Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade." "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn." The rude forefathers shall never be awakened by the breeze blowing in at the opened window; no longer shall they hear the stage-horn bidding them be ready for the distant metropolis; no longer shall the warbling bird rouse them from a night's repose. The household, the field, the trump of fame, the enticement of wealth, alike demand notice. The privileges and deprivations of a rustic life are portrayed with a graphic pen. The various stages of life are traced, from the humble cottage to the pomp of power. But it is not the well chosen language of this poem that makes it so famous, but because it appeals so appropriately to one in his better moments. There is no one who has not had at some time the feelings there described; hence its popularity. All Gray's poems abound with beautiful blendings of the theoretical with actual, with the real. Gray is not comprehensive like Young,— but his works will be read as long. He possesses not the originality, stately dignity, or power of Shakspeare, but his descriptions are rich and finished. Pope leaves a high impress on everything he touches,— Gray that of universal humanity. Cowper, groping his way through clouds of darkness, had a spiritual, Gray a philosophical imagination.

OPPOSITION.

To most minds, opposition is a discipline at once the most necessary and undesired. This arises, perhaps, from the fact that man is willing to be *led*, but opposed to being *driven.*

It is impossible to live in this world without meeting opposition. Hence life is well compared to a "warfare," and what experience and active service accomplish for the soldier, in rendering him brave, decided, and invincible, may well illustrate the benefits arising from meeting and overcoming the trials and discouragements which are thrown in our path.

If we meet these obstacles with firmness and resolution, we, in like manner, gather fresh confidence and courage from the encounter; but, on the contrary, if we hesitate to do this, the difficulties increase till they become insurmountable, and, losing hope and courage, forfeiting manliness and self-respect, we reap naught but disappointment and sorrow. It has well been said that man can never know what he is capable of performing until the clouds of adversity have gathered thick around him, and the storms of opposition bursting upon him, drive him, by the force of circumstances, to action. Then it is that man, surmounting the barriers that oppose him, is seen in his true nobility.

Opposition is sent to train the mind to high and noble purposes, to develop the latent powers of the soul, tasking the energy, testing the principle, bringing out in living lines every feature of the character. It gives man the firm resolve, the indomitable will, decision and energy, with power to grasp large thoughts, conceive bold designs, equalled only by the boldness of their execution.

The mind of man is trained by opposition as the sapling oak by the storms of winter.

The eagle is the king of birds, only because he is nursed upon the bleak and barren cliff by the storms and tempests till his wing can proudly soar above the thunder-cloud, and his eye meets undaunted the sun's unclouded blaze and the glare of the lightning.

The young lion, trained by the hand of tenderness, becomes so lamb-like and timid as to fear the approach of an angry goat, and flee at the barking of a dog; but when left to the conflict and hunger of the desert, with the thorny thicket, the jagged rocks, or the burning sands for his resting-place, the solitudes of the mountains echo with his voice, and the inhabitants of the jungle flee at his approach.

As with the members of a lower creation, so with man. Every discovery which has proved a benefit to man, every reform which has raised him in the scale of being, every truth which has helped to make him more to realize the responsibilities of existence, has been brought forth and nursed by opposition.

Then, let us never be discouraged in pursuance of the right; we must expect opposition, we must meet it, and with firm reliance on the justice of our cause, let us press *forward* in defiance of opposition and persecution, and we shall realize, in perfect victory, that success attends the brave.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

" A death bed 's a detector of the heart;
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same."

1. Before yon hut, with measured step,
The sentry marches back and forth;
Darkness, advancing from the deep,
In dreary silence shrouds the earth.

2. What hero, banished and disowned,
Within, upon his death bed lies?
Hark! a clear voice with trumpet sound,
Comes mingling with the mourner's cries.

3. "Head of the army!" murmur out
The dying lips of that great man.
Once more, in thought, with cheering shout,
He leads his armies in their van!

4. The storm without, — a mournful dirge —
Wails as if in pitying tone;
Loved forms appear their suit to urge,
That once, when fortune smiled, were known.

5. "Mine own loved France! my country dear!"
He cries, with loud though broken tones;
Death, pale and wan is drawing near,
And even then his mind dethrones.

6. A smile lights up his features now;
In thought he clasps a fancid form, —
"Dear Josephine!" he whispers low;
The rest was hushed by wind and storm.

7. Amid the elemental wail
Of wind and wave, a ceaseless moan,
Napoleon's spirit left this vale,
And entered the dread unknown

8. Fond visions cheered his final hour,
Upon that lone and barren isle;
And memory dropped in love a flower,
To calm and soothe his dread exile.

9. The cannon's boom at early dawn,
Shot for the parted soul they hear;
And as on bended knee they mourn,
With holy reverence each draws near.

10. Upon his breast a cross is laid,
That cross he oft had seen before;
His cloak enwraps the warrior dead,
That on Marengo's field he wore.

C. W.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The night of the 16th of June, 1775, and the weary hours of the 17th, will ever be memorable in the history of America. Her contest for freedom was distinguished by many achievements fraught with deepest interest, but in none were centred the hopes and fears, the encouragements and misgivings, and the incentives to noble daring, which clustered about that occasion. The success of her arms at Trenton, her victories at Bennington and Saratoga, and the final surrender at Yorktown, were all of deepest interest to the cause; but from Charlestown's heights flashed the bright beacon-light which illumined the whole way, and kindled the blazing altars in the temple of victory. On Bunker Hill the power of the contending forces was first tested, and the result burst the bubble, and broke the spell of British invincibility. There was learned that true power was not in perfect discipline and beautiful equipment, but that true hearts and firm devotion wielded the sceptre. There was shown that music's stirring peal, and the pomp of empty display avail little in the actual conflict, and that right, though feeble, can prevail.

But aside from the influence of this first struggle upon the coming contest, there are for us other and more important considerations.

The scenes of that day live but in the past, yet the causes from which they originated and their final results are still in history. The hand of time has robbed them of none of their interest, nor can any obscurity conceal the patriotism of their participants.

If all the hidden emotions of those hours could be portrayed, how thrilling would be the picture! How many hearts throbbing with joyous life, and animate with hope, were that day laid low in death! How many fathers and sons were snatched from loving homes and kindred, and how many patriots fell ere they saw their country's freedom! To one who never realized the fearful terrors of war, the feelings of those men can never be fully known. Prostrate amid the din of the conflict, and silently awaiting death, how terrible their situation! The roar of battle and the groans of dying comrades arise about them, and the slippery soil resounds to the heavy tread of advancing columns. The loud cry of the onset is heard, and the shout of victory contrasts strangely with the deep quiet stealing over them. Pale death stalks through the midst, and his glittering shafts penetrate many hearts. Among the sufferers of that day was one, than whom, none are more honored by admiring countrymen. Prompt to her summons, active in her defence, and a martyr to her interests, he proved during his last hours his devotion to his country, and the sincerity of his dying words, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Death may claim the dust, but history will preserve the memory of the noble Warren. How impressive the circumstances of such a death! Young, highly educated, admired by many acquaintances, and endeared to many friends, the love of freedom transcends all these interests, and liberty, even at the expense of life, is counted sacred. Think you that those slowly relaxing limbs and closing eyes announced death as a welcome guest? Think you that no pang thrilled that noble heart in prospect of the awful change? no regret? no foreboding? Think you that from that dying couch no ascending petition marked the fearful inward emotion? If death is ever dreaded, it was not welcome there. If pangs ever disturb, or prayers ever hallow the last hours, those of Warren were no exception. Perhaps during those moments, from the desolation of the present were foreshadowed bright visions for the future. He sees a long and painful contest crowned with victory, and America ranked among the powers of the world. He sees his country's ensign floating upon every breeze, and her fleets darkening every water. He sees Briton's proud lion acknowledging a rival, and Europe's sovereigns saluting a superior. Boston's bright waters are ploughed by the sails of every nation, and from Charlestown's height, a towering shaft sinks its deep foundations in soil once dyed with patriot blood. He sees posterity lauding the valor, and emulating the virtues of the gallant men of the revolution, and perhaps detects the name of Warren among its martyrs. From these bright pictures his thoughts revert to his situation, and to death, so soon to claim another victim. Other men are to enjoy his country's freedom, while he, whose life-blood helped to purchase the boon, can have but a grave beneath its soil.

But another hero of that day yet lives in history. Wherever, during those hours, his presence was needed, it was not wanting, and his words and actions inspired every heart with courage. Foremost in the onset, brave during the action, and calm and cool in the confusion of retreat, he exhibited the same fearless bravery, that had nerved him for the conflict in the dark cave. Much of the glory of the day clusters about Old Put, the iron hero of '76. Eighty-three years are gone. Summer's suns have risen, and Winter's blasts have swept over the graves of those men, but the mounds that marked their resting places have sunken to their original level. But their memory lives yet. The causes from which originated, and the results to which tended the Battle of Bunker Hill are yet in history. The character of the men who there contended, and their estimation of freedom, the prize for which they strove, can never be concealed. They deemed a life in bondage not worth possessing, and liberty for their children claimed the sacrifice of their dearest interests. A free land galled by no oppressor's chain, was their aim, and they longed to unfurl over Columbia's soil a banner proclaiming liberty as untrammeled as the breeze on which it floated. Let the descendants of such noble ancestry imitate their glorious example! Let the sons of such patriot fathers copy their parents' devotion, and let America in the 19th century, glow with the spirit that thrilled every heart, during the iron age of '76.

DEMOSTHENES.

Greece was the first nation in which the "goddess of persuasion sat on human lips," in which true orators first exemplified by their powers, the glory and majesty of the human mind.

Among all her orators, among all those, whose genius, rising far above the false and degrading philosophy of the times, shed the first pure light by which succeeding generations have rapidly advanced in civilization and knowledge, none ever exerted so great an influence over the Grecian mind, none could so easily and effectually restrain the capricious will of the people, none so entirely carried with him the sympathies and passions of his hearers, as the unrivalled Demosthenes, whose fame has outlived the short period during which he labored, to whom in a faculty common to the whole race, that of communicating our thoughts, our desires, our purposes, the palm is conceded by the "unanimous and willing consent of all times and ages."

Though he lived at a time when the Greeks had lost the valor and martial spirit that had rendered their fathers illustrious; when art and science, when eloquence itself was degraded into mere amusement for the populace; when the whole spirit of many of their orators was merely to please the fancy and gratify the caprices of the people, and when liberty even was loved only because it allowed their effeminate and luxurious customs to spring up, Demosthenes, his whole soul fired with patriotism, stood forth upon the Bema and picturing to the Athenians in striking colors the contrast between their former glory and their present disgrace, he urged them to make one last, resolute struggle for the recovery of the national honor and the preservation of their liberties. With irresistible eloquence he endeavors to revive the brave spirit that their fathers manifested in the battle of Marathon and on the plains of Platea.

For a time he is opposed by the mild counsels of the virtuous Phocion; counsels full of wisdom, but containing none of that noble patriotism and ardent desire for the elevation of the Grecian name to its former glory, which appeared in every word of the glowing orations of Demosthenes.

Roused at length to action the Greeks bravely fought, and, for a time, the goddess of victory seemed to hover o'er their banners; but they had no Miltiades to lead them to victory, and the storm was too boisterous for the fallen Athenians to successfully resist. Even Demosthenes could not preserve the glory of Grecian liberty. He had excited all the patriotism and courage that was left in the hearts of the degenerate people, but he could not instil within them that brave and warlike spirit, which, at the mere mention of a foe, burst forth from the breasts of their ancestors, which alone would have prevailed against the Macedonian hosts. He whose theoretical courage was so great, himself fled from the field of battle.

It has often been asked how such a man whose style was unornamented, who displayed no ostentatious power of language, who possessed no advantages of birth, who laid claim to no education, who had "no wit, no vivacity, no humor in our acceptance of the term," who was destitute of many of those qualifications which some modern orators consider so essential, could exert so powerful an influence over the Grecian mind, and win that bright halo of glory which shall ever surround his name?

The causes of his success can be readily seen. Not like many speakers, leaving the rostrum only to violate his principles, not making his ideas of justice and honor bend to the fluctuating desires of the Greeks around him, not endeavoring like many in our own land, who are hurrying to political oblivion to gain the popular favor by every effort, he resolutely and boldly proclaimed his principles, — principles interwoven with the hidden chords of his heart, on the Bema, and in private life, everywhere, by every word and deed, declaring his sincere belief, and his real objects. It was on account of his unswerving integrity and honesty that the people were always ready to hear him. Every thing that he said came directly from his heart, and it was this that gave his words that warmth and fire, that vigor and power, that sweeping before it all obstacles enchained the Grecian mind, and makes his orations, even now read with an interest and admiration that few modern works can excite.

There have been many orators whose brilliant genius has led captive for a time, the minds and hearts of the people, but who, without the sterling integrity and deeply rooted principles of Demosthenes, like falling meteors, lighting for a moment the vast firmament, mingling for an instant with the fixed stars, almost before their brilliancy has been observed, perish in the darkness, only making it more apparent, only casting a deeper gloom over the regions through which they pass. But Demosthenes — the unequalled Demosthenes, speaking the language of his heart, has shed a light, which, glittering through all ages, still shines uneclipsed by any other that has as yet illuminated this dark world. NOVUS HOMO.

THE SENIOR'S RETREAT.

A PARODY.

THE Senior's each have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoofs on hardened ground;
Nearer it comes, and yet more near,
The very Middlers pause to hear.
'Tis on the stairway. Now the tread
Has caused each Senior secret dread.
From every door and whitewashed wall,
The tramp resounds througuout the hall;

And now just in the entry near,
Approaching footsteps sound more clear!
All eyes upon the doorway rest,
When, through the opening, slowly prest,
Emerges boldly into sight
A form that causes sudden fright;
Dust from the oaken floor was spurned,
The walls' unwonted clang returned.
All changed to stillness when he came;
For well they knew 'twas Uncle Sam;
And thoughts of lessons left unlearned,
Their former joys to sadness turned.
Flunks, fizzles, rise upon their view,
But rushes seem both far and few.
Six strides towards his desk he gave;
The first three reach the central nave,
The rest have gained the point in view;
One instant's glance around he threw,
Then spoken out, both loud and clear,
His name comes to some Senior's ear
Its owner rises, half in doubt,
Not seeming to know what he 's about,
Says not a single word, but keeps as mum
As if he had in rising been struck dumb.
Another rises, and recites so slow,
'Tis plain that he does nothing know.
Others in turn make fizzles many,
But rushes are not made by any.
Says Uncle, " This will never do,
Straight to your rooms each one must go.
This punishment, you bear in mind,
Will follow lessons of this kind."
Right glad they hear him, sitting still,
He nods his head, proclaims his will.
All start and rush towards the door,
Glad to get rid of such a bore,
As sitting for two hours or less,
Upon hard seats, and cushionless,
As soon as Uncle 's out of sight,
No more suppressed, they laugh outright,
They grasp their hats and down stairs rush
With many a jam and many a push;
And as their feet they homeward press,
One thus discourses to the rest:—
" On what foundation stands a Senior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Uncle Sam decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No lessons fright him, and no labors tire;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield.

Dong goes the bell! he rushes to the field!
Behold the hosts of No. Nine combine,
Fizzling and flunking, all their hopes resign.
Failed though they have to Uncle's mind,
They 've left no bolder hearts behind.
Then give them each as Seniors meet,
A Senior's shawl for winding sheet.

C. W.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN SCHOLAR.

Never was there a time in the history of our country when there existed a deeper necessity that the true province and aim of the scholar should be defined and appreciated. As a nation, we have passed through the period of organization and crude development, when courage and integrity are sought after as the prime elements of character in those who would guide the forces of society, and have reached, by an invariable law of national growth, that stage when the balance of power is held by the educated classes. The backwoodsman is no longer called to the deliberative assembly and the seats of executive influence, but the less hardy student and the philosopher, whose experience is connected only with books and that phase of human nature which finds its development in the dense town or still more crowded city.

There are some still living among us whose memory delights to dwell upon that primitive period, and with mournful apprehension they watch the succeeding acts of this great drama. But that first act can never be repeated, until anarchy shall have swept away existing institutions and thrown us back again where we stood two hundred years ago. Admitting, then, this unquestionable premise, that at present the moulding, guiding influences of the social and governmental system are to be looked for in the educated classes, we take the first step toward a just appreciation of the true province and aim of the scholar. Here, as in all our investigations of truth, we are to gain the true view by looking at our subject from a variety of standpoints. In this age of haste, and over-reaching avarice, a man of letters, one who has turned away from the turmoil and cares of the seething, changing present, and found in the unchangeable past, and in his ideal future the deepest, purest enjoyments of his life, stands out in sublime contrast to the multitude around him. He is like the pyramid among the shifting sands of the desert. Useless, as some men are wont to say; yet not useless, for he is in himself a living monument to perpetuate the love of the abstractly sublime and beautiful in the world of mind. I know there are many who would raze the pyramids and reckon their worth by the amount of building stone they might contain; nay, who would terrace the everlasting mountain tops and sow and plant the glacier fields, and measure with chain and compass the bounless regions of the unmelting snow, but an all-wise Providence has shielded them with impassable barriers, and bidden us learn that not that alone subserves a useful end which meets our clamorous everyday wants, but that also which satisfies our faint, and almost smothered, cravings. How like a spring of gushing waters to the fainting traveller in the desert, is an example of unswerving devotion to the pursuit of intellectual culture, "*for its own sake*," to the toiling student! But to adopt this as the sole province of the scholar, is to confine the sun's rays simply to *lighting* this solid earth, which else were indeed dark and gloomy. The sun does not exhaust his beneficent influences in simply revealing the mountains and valleys, and the boundless ocean, that we may wonder and adore, but pours out his fructifying rays until the desert buds and blossoms, and the hills and valleys teem with joyous life. So the true province of the scholar, in this meridian epoch, is to send throughout society influences of life and vigor. He is to make his subjective attainments so much added to the common stock of human happiness and wisdom. Thus shall the life-giving tide return, and he shall fulfil his glorious mission with a power and zeal he never knew before.

Carlyle has said that there is nothing which does so invigorate and strengthen the man of letters as an occasional hug and grapple with some open, living question. But more than this, we owe it to our country that we stand by the cause of freedom and humanity in this coming crisis. There are some who would divorce patriotism and scholarship, who would throw an impassable gulf between the religion of Christ and the great political questions and issues of the times. How far this doctrine finds supporters we may infer from the fact that to-day the leading benevolent institution of our land, a society which derives its support from, and owes its existence to, the munificence of northern churches, stands pledged to silence upon the question of all questions, whether American slavery is the "sum of all villanies" or an institution owned of God.

Tell me not of great attainment or highly wrought culture which is to be gained by ignoring such vital issues between truth and error. Talk not of a religion which overlooks the cause of the downtrodden and enslaved, which would shield the oppressor from the world's reprobation. The patriot scholar seeks not attainment and culture purchased so dearly. He rejects the base assumption that such a religion *is* the glad tidings of great joy which our Redeemer came to announce. If, sometimes, he withdraws from the scene of conflict, and seeks the retirement of "studious walks and shades," it is but to survey more calmly the opposing forces, and renew and redouble his strength for the struggle. When the republican scholar shall thus be true to the responsibilities which rest upon him, then shall come the day, which I trust we all desire, when our whole land shall be radiant with freedom's light, and she shall stand forth in her true glory among the nations, when the footsteps of the oppressed from every clime upon her shore shall be to them the spell of an eternal *franchise.*

ODDS AND ENDS

OF A SENIOR'S TIME.

Come hither, all ye denizens
  Of sober number nine,
And learn from venerable lips
  "Economy of Time."

You start in life with confidence,
  Your hearts and minds uncalloused;
You need not fear the consequence
  Of taking too much ballast.

"Your scanning is most barbarous;
  Your answers are too loose;
Your recitation culpable,
  Admitting no excuse."

Cram less of Commons' luxuries,
And more of Kühner's rules,
Lest you may pass, when in your class,
For dunces, dolts, and fools.

Waste not the precious study hours
In wearing out your shoes:
At other times, I'll have you know,
" You 've not an hour to lose."

" Give *all* your time to Xenophon,
And all the rest to grammar;
' And one full hour ' to reading Greek,
To cure that awkward stammer."

Jump out of bed in rain or snow,
At any hour of night,
If by this means you may be sure
You 've got some accent right.

Thus shall your heads be " Virgilized ; "
The classics give you pleasure ;
Your mind a mental Hercules,
Your brain a mine of treasure.

Use each " half-minute " for the best —
Each fleeting hour of time ;
There is one place 't will tell at least,
And that 's in number nine.

THE VISION.

Softly the wind was blowing,
With a gentle, whispering breath,
Lighting the treetops bending,
And rustling the leaves beneath ;
Telling of home and of childhood,
When the heart was happy and free,
Calling up scenes that were hidden so deep,
In the mine of memory.

'Neath a little blossoming arbor,
That looked off toward the sea,
Watching the wave that followed,
Come chasing its fellow with glee ;

Watching the moon rise slowly
  From out the ocean deep,
And the stars come forth, the bright and the dim,
  Their watch over me to keep.

And while I was sitting thus lonely,
  With a heart so heavy and sad —
With the sea reaching out before me,
  And the deep blue over head,
There floated before me a vision,
  Bright, yet so shadowy and dim,
Like a dream it seemed, yet it could not be,
  I know I was not dreaming then.

I stood in the little doorway
  Of the home I once called mine;
I felt that the tears were dimming
  My eyes, as I tried to smile,
And the hand that I held so tightly —
  The look, when the "good-by" was said,—
I saw it all in the vision as plain
  As in years that were long since fled.

I heard the last word of a father,
  Speaking with feelings deep;
The last gift of a dear loved brother,
  I promised forever to keep.
A sister, than whom none dearer
  Ever lived for a brother's joy,
And a mother, were mingling their tears with mine:
  "God bless you, my gentle boy."

One more I saw in the vision, —
  One more hand I held in mine;
Felt the last long lingering pressure
  Of lips that were almost divine;
Felt the heart that was beating so wildly,
  As I held her close to me, —
And the love that spoke in her own bright eyes,
  Through her tears, was all for me.

Slowly the vision faded,
  Then I knew it was all a dream,
Only leaving where had been a shadow,
  A sunny spot, bright and green,
And telling of home and of loved ones,
  That were gone forever from me,
Calling up scenes that were hidden so deep
  In the mine of memory.

So alone in the little arbor,
  Looking off toward the sea,
I sat watching the wave that followed,
  Come chasing its fellow with glee;
Watching the moon rise slowly,
  From out the ocean deep,
And the stars come forth, the bright and the dim,
  Their watch over me to keep.

Arundo.

THE HEROIC AGE OF ROMAN HISTORY.

The eloquent Niebuhr has said, "The history of all nations of the ancient world ends in that of Rome, and that of all modern nations has grown out of that of Rome."

Time has swept away the proudest monuments of man's wisdom and genius, and in the dim perspective the great nations of ancient days fade into nothingness, yet the history of Rome stands out from the record of the past, grand and lonely, like the Memnon's head on the dead level of the Nile. The keen, discriminating research of modern science and learning has disrobed it of much that is factitious and mythical, yet still it remains a problem, endless in the variety of its aspects, inexhaustible in its interest. Rome was rightly called the Eternal city. Rightly was she called Ρωμη, force, for even now when her empire has crumbled to dust, when her city is little better than a heap of ruins, even now the Rome of history holds her imperial sway, and her unique experience is the warning and study of the wise. Hers was a regal greatness. Her laws, her social and political economy, her works of art and productions of labor, her models of heroism and examples of baseness, are all of the same full development. Mark Antony has said, "The grandeur of Rome is seen less in what she took from than in what she gave to the world." We speak now of her heroic age.

Reason and investigation may reject it as a mere figment of a crude superstition, yet there is a profound significance in that symbol of the wolf nursing the outcast infant. Thus sprang into being a great, brawny, brutal race. The milk of the wolf was the *mild* nutriment of that fiercer offspring which was to thrive on human blood. The very foundation stones of the imperial city were stained by fratricidal gore. The struggling colony increased its growing power by the foul rape of the Sabine virgins. The darker crimes of a Tullia or a Tarquin signalize its early history, fit preparations for the proscriptions of a Sylla and the infinite debaucheries of the empire. There is observable the same strange fierceness in the very literature of that day — in the poetry of the Monarchy as well as in the massive prosaism of the Republic.

But along side of this fierceness and brutal prowess, there was developed national character the strongest, the soundest, the sublimest, in the Pagan world. Side by side with these dark pictures are the grand portraits of Scævola, Horatius Cocles, Brutus, Cincinnatus, the Scipios, the Gracchi, Cæsar and Marcus Antonius. Then was the Heroic age of Roman history.

But the appreciative student of history, in common with all who would reap true benefit from the study of the past, searches for some cause, hidden or apparent, underlying, and as it were, pushing forth all this outward development. In the Platonic "cosmos" all things, whether material or spiritual, arrange themselves under these three terms: The Beautiful, the True, and the Good. This classification, at once so simple and so comprehensive, may well stand as the condensation or epitome of the universe; and if history teaches us anything, it teaches us that as a nation or national mind starts from one or the other of these ideas, so will be its growth and development. Bearing in mind that it was an age destitute of the Christianity of the present, which is the highest development of the Good, and its science which is the expression of the True, we yet say that the strength and grandeur of the national character of the early Romans sprung from the fact that it was controlled mainly by the ideas of the Good and the True. Hence those high qualities of character. The courage of Horatius; the firmness of Scævola; the probity of Pericles; the patriotism of Brutus; the integrity of Cincinnatus; the energy of Cæsar; the reverence for the gods and the oath of Regulus. While these two great ideas lay at the foundation, was achieved all that is potential in Roman history.

Could we free the idea called up by the word Rome of the luxurious but merely outward refinement of the empire, and remember only the severity, the lofty endurance, the moral grandeur of the monarchy and republic, we should still retain all that is great and sublime. While that tough, hardy Sabine element, nurtured by privation and hardship among the mountains of Central Italy, remained at the core, Rome existed. But when the aesthetic was made the central idea, then began the decline of that mysterious empire which is without parallel in history.

In accordance with this is the unchanging verdict of the past. When was the heroic age of Greece? It was at a period which, as it has come down to us in the Homeric poems, was an age of simplicity and strictness, compared with the days of Alcibiades and the revolutions. Akin to the development of such times, was the character of our Puritan ancestors. With them the Beautiful was entirely subordinated to the True and the Good. But we are not driven to the alternative of suppressing the former that the latter may assume their true place. Yet, were this the issue, we would "strike hands with the veriest Iconoclast and dash in pieces the Apollo Belvidere itself."

Let us then with our advanced culture and refinement, incorporate the hardy virtues of Roman manliness and patriotism. Let us cast aside our self-confidence, and in the light of history read the struggles which are now going on in the world. Well shall it be with us if we look well to the foundations of our national character. History teaches one plain lesson, that there must be *austerity* and *severity* in every sound individual or national life. To develop these in ourselves and in society is our great work as educated men. *We* are to breast the tide of effeminacy and luxuriousness that is hurrying us on to the deep gulf which has already swallowed Nineveh and Rome.

We are steering across a stormy sea to a dim unknown shore. Others have sailed before us and — perished. But on the rocks on which they split beacon fires have been erected, whose burning light to the practised eye never fades or flickers. Such a warning light is *Rome.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

Time with his relentless grasp has brought us to the close of another term, when a new issue of the "Mirror" must be sent forth. Taking into consideration past publications, we do not think we have much to fear from criticism; but aware that there is a proverb universally known: "Self-praise goes but little ways," we leave the foregoing articles to our friends and patrons. Yet it is natural for those depending upon others for support, to endeavor to please them to the extent of their ability. Amidst excitement of various kinds, running to fires and such pranks as are akin to school-life, we have attempted to prepare an additional number to the volumes of our "Mirror." As we before stated, Vulcan has reigned some time this term, thus affording relaxation to our minds, and exercise to our bodies. With relation to debates, we would say that they have been carried on with as much spirit as formerly, and have showed a good degree of patient investigation, thereby reflecting honor upon the "Philo." Yet our fellows have diligently applied themselves to their "*appropriate*" studies, as may be seen by a perusal of the following, which we found secreted in our "sanctum sanctorum." Before reading, we need not inform our friends that the writer is a precocious youth. Hear it:

MY STUDIES.

My first study consisted of spelling; after that, I got into Astronomy. Oh, how my body — I mean my heart swells and warms at the very name of Astronomy. It is a subject of momentous importance, and one well calculated to strike the beholder with force and admiration. My brain swims in Milky ways, and my heart's strongest affections are circling round Aurora Borealis. Nothing Mars my effulgent genius. — But I can't continue longer on this subject, for I fear that I shall Eclipse myself and sink into the blackest oblivion. After I had graduated in Astronomy, I was put into Mathematics, in which I made such wonderful progress, that after four years' study I at last reached the Rule of Two. After that I was sent to Phillips Academy, and I have easily led one end of my class through, till my present senior year. But now I have to try hard for it. After I leave the Academy I intend to go to College and try for the Valedictory or the Wooden Spoon. I know you will all wish me success.

Yours truly, Thomas.

But reader, if you wonder at the wonderful progress of our friend Thomas, whose combined learning and cares make him so wise and melancholy, how much more will you appreciate his reasous for sadness, when you read the names and attributes of the gods and goddesses which he is obliged to recite day after day in the awful presence of *Number Nine.*

Interesting indeed, may they appear in good print, with the accompaniment of a jingling metre, but in a Virgil with all the freaks of text caused by blunders of penny-a-liners and poetical license. We are forced to admit,

"There's no romance in that."

THEOGONY.

Juno, the daughter of Saturn and Ops;
Ceres, the mistress of orchards and crops;
Mars, the fierce war-god, delighted in battle;
Pan, the protector of shepherds and cattle;
Venus, the goddess of beauty and love;
Jupiter, god of the regions above.
Next is the prophet, — the mighty Apollo,
Whom the nine Muses delighted to follow;
He was the master of TRIPOD AND LYRE;
Vulcan, the master of forges and fire;
Mercury, herald of gods: at his side
Iris, the daughter of Thaumas, his bride.
Diana, the goddess of beasts and of trees;
Neptune, the ruler of tempests and seas;
Hercules, monarch of courage and force;
Cupid, the god of "affection," of course;
Hebe attended the tables divine;
Bacchus was master of madness and wine;
Proteus the fates and the future could tell;
Pluto was god of the regions of hell;
Hygiæa was queen and protectress of health;
Plutus distributed money and wealth.
First in Olympus resided the Hours;
Flora, was mistress of gardens and flowers.
What more shall I write? For there glory has flown.
The Dryads and Nymphs from the forest have gone;
The Satyrs have vanished from woodland and plain,
And the Fawns never dance in the deep-shaded lane!

Still, to show that we, harassed by our cares as we are, sometimes have a joke pop into our venerable heads, make the following effusions:

"Why is the Senior class like a fashionable clothing establishment?" Ans. "Because its *Taylor* gives *French* fits."

"Why is the 1st Middle class like a greedy child at a Thanksgiving dinner?" "Because it keeps eatin' (Eaton) and achin' (Aiken)"

"When is a boy ciphering like a lame dog?" Ans. "When he puts down three and carries one."

"What is it that gives the Senior class its beautiful appearance?" Ans. "Its handsome Garland."

"Why should the Junior class never be thirsty?" Ans. "Because it has Porter."

"Why is the Middle class like a barn full of cattle?" Ans. "Because it contains a Hurd."

"Why is the 1st Junior class never likely to be in the dark upon any subject?" Ans. "Because it has a Chandler."

"Why is the 1st Junior class never likely to suffer for want of food?" Ans "Because it has two Fishers."

"Why should a man and his wife never ride together on a donkey?" Ans. "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder (ass-under.)

"Truth is strange; stranger than fiction." So says the proverb, and he who reads the following, will own that the saying is true. The scene of course is true — for who ever saw anything else in the "Mirror"— and plainly shows that Seniors as a class, and as individuals, are unrivalled for gallantry, and, though their heads are cool, their hearts are warm as the stove in No. 5.

NIGHT WATCHINGS.

BY A MIDDLER OF LAST YEAR.

A little story in rhyme I 'll tell,
  If you 'll lend a listening ear,
Of a pleasant evening whiled away,
  By a Senior of last year.

And now as I think of his happy time,
  Of the joy that filled his heart,
A long-drawn sigh my bosom heaves,
  That in such I could have no part.

The twilight shadows that softly fall,
  Like plumes from the wings of night,
Had hid the earth in a misty haze,
  And a kind of dreamlike light.

Through the whispering trees the moonlight fell,
  With a soft and silvery sheen,
And above, 'mong the flecky clouds of heaven,
  Bright gems of the night were seen.

'Twas just such an eve as lures the thoughts
  Off from the cares of the day,
And with its gentle, soothing hush,
  Entices the soul away.

To drive from my heart the soberness,
That wearying study had given,
I had wandered off in the shadowy light,
'Neath the open air of heaven.

Near a cottage nestled amongst the trees,
Where by day sweet flowers were seen,
I stopped, nor asked the reason why —
'Twas a spell of fancy I ween.

With careless look I leaned against
The fur tree, that overhung
A little spot with a heavy shade,
And the gate that wide open swung.

The spell of fancy was broken then,
And a gentle murmuring tone
Of voice, awoke my wandering thoughts, —
I found I was not alone.

With a cautious step and a curious ear,
(Which I hope you'll commend as right),
And heart beating wildly, I beheld,
Ye gods! what a ravishing sight!

On a rustic seat, where the pale moon threw
Her light so silvery clear,
Was seated the hero of our tale,
The Senior of last year.

By his side, — and the poet *here* appeals
To the Muses for their aid, —
With her hand held fast in both of his,
Sat a little beautiful maid.

Bright golden hair fell in a shower
Of ringlets round her face,
And her glistesing eye and heaving breast,
By the moonlight I could trace.

And the blush, that fairer than all the rest,
Mantled over her cheek and brow,
I could almost see in the misty light,
And could hear her whispers low.

His glistening eyes and manly face,
Beamed joyous in every line,
As he "popped the question" earnestly,
And the answer, "I am thine,"

She whispered in tones of music,
So soft, so sweet, and so true,
That he kissed the blushing beauty, and said,
"Dearest Hattie, I love you."

On the last hot day, after reciting, I sat down thankfully murmuring, "I am done!" Chum grinned till the ends of his mouth seemed to meet on the back of his head, and whispered, "I am doing — slowly." Besides nutriment for the mind at one extremity, our boys considered exercise for the other extremities to be needful. But, mirabile dictu! the concussion received by the soles of their feet sent forth the following tale of a battle, almost if not entirely, eclipsing in hard knocks and victory its famous counterpart. Here it is:

THE FOOT-BALL GROUND ON THE EVE OF OCTOBER 18, 1858.

There was a sound of joyfulness by night,
And "Phillips'" sons had gathered then,
Their strength and their agility and might.
The moon shone o'er fair youth and brave men,
A hundred hearts beat quickly, — and when
The ball arose from off the rising knoll,
Keen eyes looked fire to eyes that spake again,
And all rushed forward with a maddened yell.

And there was running in hot haste — the Senior lately under "Mead;"
The Middler and Junior from their homes afar,
Went rushing onward with unwonted speed,
And valiantly fought in the cause of war, —
And the deep tone of the rebounding ball,
And its hollow sound upon some student's empty drum,
Roused up the lazy, like as to "Uncle's" call,
While thronged the looker-on with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "When will the game be done?"

Of all the feelings that sway the human heart, the most gentle, yet the most irresistible, is pathos. Seizing upon us, we know not how, it bears us imperceptibly towards the end for which pathos and its use are especially directed; namely, the description and alleviation of misery, the world over; with remarks feeble in composition which call them forth, we present you the following production. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

A SIGHT THAT TELLS ON THE HEART.

There is nothing that so moves the better feelings of man's nature, and awakens in his heart such a chord of sympathy for distress, as does the sight of tears. The outlet of sorrow, they strike upon the eye and heart of the beholder, and enlist his warmest interest, ere he is aware. Especially, if they flow from the eyes of woman, bedewing with tears of sorrow, a face which should ever be the home of joy, and which the brother would always see illumined with smiles, to cheer his oftener desponding nature.

They come like appeals which cannot be resisted, and whatever their cause, and however rough the nature of man, they reach his heart.

Let me paint a picture if I can. Not one whose imagery shall appeal to the eye, or the ear, for its beauty, but one which shall draw forth from the heart the sympathy for sorrow, of which every one has some share, and which, like a hidden gem, needs but to be brought forth from its hiding place in the heart, to shine like a diamond of light.

It is a bright, beautiful morning; such as ever infuses into the heart a happy joyous feeling, when no cloud rests upon the spirit, dimming its brightness, or shutting out from view, like a thick heavy mist, the beauties around. All nature without seems alive with gladness. The little birds, apparently with joy unsullied, are sweetly pouring forth their morning songs. The light, gentle breeze, that is passing on whispering wing, rustles the tops of the trees, that line the edges of the little brook that winds along through the valley. The little brook itself goes rippling on o'er its rocky bed, as if happy in its freedom from sorrow.

Look at yon little cottage by the roadside, where the farmer is coming forth to his daily toil. Naught but smiles and joy should find a resting place, 'neath its shaded roof, while all is so fair and beautiful without.

Yet see! Look closer! Sitting by the window, a woman weeping. The beautiful face, more beautiful for its tears, on which only smiles of gladness should find a resting-place, is shrouded in sadness.

Watch her as she gazes at some object before her — mayhap the last memento of a dear loved friend, now gone, which seems to call forth from her heart the gush of feeling, that finds its outlet only from her pure bright eyes. See how oft the little white hand is raised, to brush away the pearly drop ere it falls.

Like a gushing stream from some pure unsullied fount, comes up from the heart, sympathy for a scene like that.

Let us go nearer, and, with a step whose softness shall not break her reverie, with eyes and heart enlisted in her grief, try to divine the cause. Ah! would you know why all this flood of sorrow? Why the falling tears? She is *peeling onions!* ADUNDO.

Such gentlemen of the Philo, is our "Mirror." In this we present to you the index of Philo's endeavors during this term in English Composition; but that this contains a full expression of the life-thoughts of the members of the Society, we cannot believe. The greater part of our supporters have indeed been veteran members; but something more is needful. Were our "Mirror" a mere repetition of stereotyped expressions, those would be called upon who had most thoroughly learned their vocabulary; but the one thing needful is, fresh and vigorous thought with as little formality of expression as possible. We have members from every portion of our great Union, from the bleak hills and rocky vales of New England, from the fertile prairies of the West. On hill and prairie, by mountain and stream are their homes. The influences thrown around each one from infancy differ in strength and tendency from those of each other and all others, and the thoughts engendered by them are thus peculiar to the minds of their possessors. Philo calls to her treasury of thought and feeling gold from every mint, of every stamp. She demands a voice from every part of our land, that together we may know and respond to the sentiments of the phalanx of young men throughout the country. Not few and feeble, scattered here and there, must we fight, but strong and united, shoulder to shoulder, we must press forward, winning fields and reaping laurels in the van of the battle of life.

Respectfully,

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Thomas D. Kimball,
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TRUE GREATNESS.

The world is full of the names and fame of those who have been called great. The historic page, from the days of its earliest record, teems with glowing accounts of the illustrious distinction and achievements of its heroes in the past. And no observing man, who is at all familiar with the characteristics of his race as exemplified in the history of those who have become distinguished, either by their merit or their actions, can have failed to observe that centre of individual action — that guiding star which the human mind, led on by its aspirations, has ever followed — its own ideal of greatness. In the history of nations, as well as individuals, may be seen this same tendency guiding the affairs of state, and aiming at this one object — its model of greatness.

It is interesting to mark the many changes through which this ideal has passed. As we trace it amid the rise and fall of empires, and the frequent changes of civil and religious customs, — as we follow it through the ages of darkness and superstition to those of civilization and refinement, we behold it forever assuming new features and adapting itself to the different stages of human progress. The ancient Grecian, trained to warlike pursuits and versed in the daring exploits of mythical heroes, found his exemplar in the fearless warrior, crowned with the honors of many victories. Though seeming to us low and unworthy, yet to him it was the highest possible model. The religion of the times consisted, for the most part, in the worship of their sainted heroes; thus we behold them aspiring even unto the objects of their adoration as types of their own ideal.

During the middle ages, when Christianity shed forth feebly the rays of light and truth, scarcely visible as yet amid the darkness which hung like a pall over the nations of the earth, we behold a strange commingling, — relics of a former superstition, yet affected by the enlightening influence of newly revealed truth. Zeal for the Church and deeds of the most wanton cruelty went hand in hand. A bold, chivalric spirit, with this zeal for a corrupted religion, seemed to constitute the chief elements of their ideal greatness.

Emerging from this twilight of undeveloped truth into the clear sunlight of the present age, we again behold a change. And it remains for us, surrounded as we are by unparalleled advantages for religious and intellectual culture, and standing as we do at a point in the scale of progress and refinement hitherto unattained, to determine what constitutes true greatness.

The day has long since passed when bold and daring achievements were thought to form its basis. The nations of antiquity eagerly strove to reach their ideal, and succeeded; but we read their error in their own destruction. The wild, adventurous spirit, so characteristic of earlier times, has yielded to that of soberness and reflection; the desire for fame and self-aggrandizement has in a measure changed to a disinterested benevolence, and in place of the recklessness and irreligion of an untutored age, we to-day behold widely extended the principles of sound morality, virtue, and Christianity; and these may be considered the basis of true greatness. Genius may rear an edifice noble and majestic, but this must be the foundation on which it rests. Energy and perseverance may lend their aid, but they must be guided and directed by these firm principles.

Much is found in the character of Napoleon that commands our admiration; yet with what dissatisfaction and regret do we look upon his career. How do his merits fade away when we compare him with one like our own loved Washington. Yet the exploits of the former are far more brilliant than those of the latter. We are to look, however, at motives and principles. In the one we behold everything subservient to ambitious and selfish ends, while the other is prompted by a praiseworthy benevolence. In the former we see one who resorts to every expedient that his own ends might be attained; in the latter, one "whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle." It is for such noble qualities, the true elements of greatness, that we revere his memory, and pay our frequent visits to the venerable shades of Mount Vernon, where "he rests in glory and in peace."

"WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL IS WORTH DOING WELL."

A PAINTER is sitting in his studio; before him is his canvas, prepared for the brush. He has spent long years of toil, and has freely lavished his money, to acquire a knowledge of his art; and now he thinks he is ready for action. His vivid imagination has been at work for a long time, till at last it has succeeded in creating a picture as real to himself as his own being. The idea, which at first was evanescent and flitting, like the rays of the sun shining through the thick foliage, or only the light from some bright fancy flashed into his mind by a passing shadow — this idea he has pursued till now it is within his grasp, and the bright picture stands forth in his mind, plainly revealed in clear light, every part well defined, every expression is perfect, every shade is pleasing. To him his imagination seems like some divine being, holding up to his admiring gaze something of surpassing beauty, and bidding him show it to mortal eyes. He knows he has now only to embody it upon the canvas before him, and so proceeds to the joyous task. With what care does he prepare his colors, and how solicitously does he guide his brush, and anxiously proceeds from point to point until, after many days, the final stroke is made, and the last touch is given; the picture is finished.

He has labored earnestly, willingly, and faithfully, at every stage of the work, and now, as he views it completed and sees before him the reality of his beautiful conception, he has his reward for all his toil and pains-taking; he is repaid a thousand-fold for all his anxious hours; his work well done brings its own reward. So everything that is well done brings happiness to the doer.

But whatever is intended to be active and lasting, accomplishing successfully the end for which it was made, must be well constructed; the slightest error in the delicate mechanism of a watch will make it inaccurate and almost useless. The greatest enterprise of the nineteenth century failed to be successful, probably from a defect in a single point. But every action, whether ending with ourselves, or outgoing and widely influencing, brings forth fruit only when it is well done. The man who is not willing to make a failure of his life, by doing everything at halves, must make every action tell, the small as well as the great; for the great actions of a man's life are the result of his small actions; every blow must be struck at the right time, and with vigor. A wise general never leaves an enemy in the rear, but subdues all as he advances, thus keeping danger before him and securing himself from surprise; and so all men, whatever be their occupation, if they would be successful, must aim to conquer all things as they progress.

John Randolph, in the United States Senate, once said, in his customary shrill tones, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I've found the philosopher's stone! It's pay as you go — pay as you go!" The eccentric Virginian never uttered a wiser saying, and the principle is one that should be practised in all things. Men must meet manfully all that calls upon them for action, if they would achieve success. Those men, all over the world and of all times, who have done most for themselves, their age, and for mankind, have been those who have done with all their powers whatever they have attempted.

Columbus was not content with convincing his own mind that there was a continent as yet unknown to the civilized world, but he travelled over most of western Europe, circulating his belief and pressing it upon the notice of kings and princes, nobles and philosophers, and endeavoring by every available means to engage their sympathies for his theory. He strove perseveringly, in the face of poverty and repulse from many who were in power, till at length he succeeded in enlisting the aid of Queen Isabella, and then he persevered through storms and in opposition to his mutinous sailors till, triumphing over every obstacle, he established the existence of a New World by actual discovery.

And it were easy to bring forward the names of many such, who have acted well their part, and therefore have been a blessing to the human race. And it were equally easy to point to many who have made no lasting mark, and whose memory will pass from the attention of the world like foot-prints upon the sands of the sea-shore. There are around us men of both classes, and it costs no effort to distinguish them.

Every man is, as it were, building an edifice. He lays the foundation stones while in the nursery, and from its summit takes his departure for eternity. It is Life. We are engaged upon it now; how does what is already built stand, and is the prospect pleasing? What does it promise for the future? It is now if ever that we must strengthen the foundations and beautify the whole, and it depends upon our own efforts now whether it shall be, when we leave it, only a sightless ruin, serving but as a warning to others, or, on the other hand, well constructed in every part, strong, symmetrical, and filled throughout with the choicest gifts of Nature and of Revelation.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

L.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Against New England shores the wild winds sweep
The billows of an angry ocean,
As they foam and surge 'mid the howling dirge
Of the whirlwind's wild commotion.

Upon this coast is a well-known rock —
The rock of the "Pilgrim Fathers" —
Which for ages has stood, through tempest and flood,
A record upon these borders.

Of those Christian men, in that little bark,
Who, their country forced to leave,
And, in search of a home, were compelled to roam
Across the boisterous wave;

Of the cold and want, and trials untold,
Ah! who can form a notion —
Which those good men bore, as they traversed o'er
The stormy "Western Ocean?"

Their masts were sprung, their bulwarks gone,
  And their sails were badly riven;
And for gloomy days, o'er mountain waves,
  Their little bark was driven.

But their faith was strong, — their cause was good, --
  And no dangers could they fear;
For they knew that He, of " Tiberias' sea,"
  To *them* was always near.

At length they reached this western shore,
  Though no friends were there to greet them;
But the " Red Man's' song through forest rang,
  An emblem of that freedom,

Which echoes now, from East to West,
  Throughout this happy " Union,"
Which fore'er will be, renowned and free,
  A glorious land of freedom.

THE PEN AND THE PERSON.

In our intercourse with the world we sometimes hear the assertion that the pen is more one's society than is one's presence. The pen is indeed powerful, for by its influence the spirit of the people has been roused, nations shaken from centre to circumference, and thrones overturned. The pen is far-reaching; it brings fresh before us empires which flourished and decayed thousands of years ago; by its light, beauty is seen springing from ashes, mouldering ruins are again transformed to thronged cities teeming with life and animation, and wall and palace again echo the hum of peace, the rumble of chariot, or the tumult of battle. It speaks the thoughts of sages and philosophers, the words of wisdom and learning, and chronicles the discoveries of science and the progress of art. From the lyres of Muses long since broken it calls forth tones of moving power, or touching melody. The pen wakes imagination and the sense of the beautiful, by picturing to the mind, distinct and life-like, the scenery of distant climes and foreign countries. If to the mind of man the telescope has opened boundless fields of research, — revealed the movements of the sentinels which light with their watch-fires the chambers of infinite space,—the *pen* traces the waves and currents of man's power and pride, avarice and ambition, in pages written in blood, deep dyed with cruelty and woe, with here and there a beacòn light of science, truth, and virtue. By its magic power empire is traced from its birth-place to its tomb,—transactions judged by their causes and effects. Yea, we cast a retrospective glance over *all* the past, and hold converse with the mighty and the good, the wise and the noble. But, although these achievements of the pen be great, yet it is only an *instrument* of the will, a *vehicle* of thought, a *servant* of the soul, conveying only emanations. The presence of the original, the fountain, the source of thought, is far more powerful. The orations of Demosthenes or Cicero may excite feelings of pleasure and admiration in the mind of the reader, but their living utterance was irresistible; and does not the name of Knox or Whitefield forcibly illustrate the contrast? Yes, there is a language spoken by the countenance, and words and thoughts which pen *cannot* convey, lighten from the eye, and whispers inaudible are transmitted to the understanding. If cold philosophy can exist, science and research continue to advance; yet the heart grows cold under the influence of the pen alone, and the soul is solitary in its inner chambers; for *presence* creates and intensifies friendship,—forges and links the chain which binds society together and uncurtains the secret recesses of the heart. Yes, there is a power,—a language,—a *something*, in *present*, *living* personality, which language may in vain seek to describe, but of which all are conscious; such as we realize when some old friend we meet; such a mother feels when she clasps again the form of a long-absent child. For this power which presence gives is awakened friendship, *living*, *true society*. How cold the set constructions of the pen beside the gushing friendship of living words, of throbbing hearts.

Then let not mind confine its influence, whether by pen or presence, in solitude, darkness, or seclusion, like waters enshrouded in forests or imprisoned in glen, for the forest-spring when its outgoings are obstructed becomes the pestilential marsh; and the pent up fountain is the mountain lake, whose waters may be deep, yet dark, its shores sterile, its waves bound with icy fetters, while others are dancing. Let them come forth and unite with the warmth and sunlight, and be stirred by the lisping breezes; with intermingled waters let them wake the echoes of mountain and woodland with their songs, — bless the world with fertility and beauty; and bright flowers shall spring along their pathway; brilliant gems from the dark caverns of the mountain sands, and pearls more beautiful than those of ocean shall be found in their living waters.

JUNATA.

MANLIUS AND THE GAULS.

'T WAS midnight in the Capital; the sentry's fire burned low;
The garrison too weary were to watch the Gaulish foe;
The guard in heavy slumber were passing night away,
For many a weary, weary month, the foe before them lay.
The sentinel, o'ercome with toil, had ceased his heavy tread,
And e'en the watchful sentry-dogs were in the kennel laid.

Then loud spake lusty Brennus, the captain of the Gauls,
"Have I not ten courageous men to scale the castle walls?
This lofty, towering temple holds a hundred sleeping men; —
An hundred sleeping Romans might well be slain by ten."
Then out came fifty powerful Gauls as e'er Senonia bore;
And sure more dreadful enemies Rome never had before.
And then bold Brennus bolder grows, encouraged at the sight,
And takes the ten most powerful men and sends them up the height.

Now one strong man hath scaled the cliff — another's just below —
One moment more, and Rome's last tower must fall before the foe;
For the Romans in the citadel were still in slumber laid,
And all was silent, then, as death, — not e'en a watch-dog bayed;
E'en warlike Marcus Manlius was dreaming now of peace;
But then the clang of Gallic arms awaked the sacred geese.
The noisy sound of Juno's geese the garrison alarms, —
"To arms!" cries Marcus Manlius; "to arms!" they cry, "to arms!"

And now the gallant Roman youth the foeman fierce assail;
The stout Senonian trembles like an oak before the gale;
Now Manlius grim hath grappled him, — a fierce and doubtful strife;
Assist, ye gods, the fearful odds, and grant our champion's life!
The Gaul is struggling for his life, the Roman for his town;
Ye Romans, to the rescue! brave Manlius is down!

But joy throughout the citadel, — throughout our valiant band;
Our Manlius hath mastered him, with more than human hand,

And o'er the craggy precipice he hurls the vanquished foe;
The Gaul lies bleeding on the rocks, full fifty feet below!
And, eke, the gallant Roman youth have slain besides him four,
And they, beside their champion, are weltering in their gore.
And yet again, our warlike men the victory do crown,
The other five they take alive, and headlong hurl them down.

Old Brennus saw the ghastly sight, and gnashed his angry teeth,
And drew his glittering broadsword blade in fury from its sheath.
With burning ire and soul of fire the maddened chieftain vowed
That he would take the garrison, and slay their leader proud;
But o'er the sacred Capitol, great Jove's peculiar care,
Rome's proudest eagles high were raised, and kept their station there.

TRUE AMBITION.

Through Old Phillips' classic shades,
Many a class has passed and gone,
Numbering many youthful blades,
Fresh and hopeful in life's morn.

Each, in turn, has passed away
To the scenes of College strife,
And have just begun the day,
Stemming now the tide of life.

All have some great end in view,
Towards one mark their shafts all fly,
Each one has his work to do;
Onward! upward! is the cry.

Some for fame bestow their might,
Honor is their guiding star;
But the fruits that seemed so bright,
When attained, but ashes are.

Some in search of wisdom toil,
Delve they deep for hidden lore,
Wasting oft the midnight oil,
Over ancient tomes they pore.

But all efforts are in vain,
Which for selfish ends are made;
They are clouds that bear no rain,
Cisterns hewn by human aid.

Then let this be our ambition,
Ever to defend the right,
And fulfil our glorious mission,
To do good with heart and might.

Then our light will brightly shine,
Then our mark be deep and wide,
If we bow at Virtue's shrine,
Bravely breast life's flowing tide.

So that when our sun is setting,
We may sink unto our rest
Calmly as a summer evening,
Ready waiting to be blessed.

Classmates, let it be our aim
Thus to write our names on high;
This will give us lasting fame,
Though our mortal bodies die.

Sichaeus.

THE IMAGINATION OF THE HOMERIC WORLD.

If we look far back, over all the discoveries of modern genius, into the darkness of the old Homeric world, what an age of unrestrained and untutored imagination — with its ever-varying legends, its beautiful and often touching representations — presents itself to our view.

Man had not then unravelled the secrets of nature and discovered the great laws of the universe, nor had the blessed light from Heaven, in the glorious person of our great Teacher, revealed the nature and destiny of the human soul. All is darkness, thick and unbroken, save where imagination sheds a lurid, flickering light, which only makes more apparent the degrading condition of those ancient times.

Then reason, philosophy, religion, unable to find a sure and lasting home, bowed at the feet of Imagination, and left her to build a light and fairy temple, where they had failed to erect a firm and majestic edifice of truth. Her material was nature, in all its loveliness: her site, the human heart, which *must* have some image higher, nobler than itself, to fill its "aching void." Yet her builders were the depraved passions and morbid sensibilities of man's nature. She revealed to them the glories of Olympus, and great Jove's court, and, not content with that, heard in all Nature's varied voices only the songs of unseen beings, — saw in all her forces active, living agents. Every tree and flower were personified into fairy nymphs, and the old north winds, or the gentle zephyrs were naught but the prisoners of Æolus, let loose from their mountain caverns to ruffle Neptune's bosom, or fan Earth's face. Many of their noble heroes and Earth's loveliest daughters were, as they believed, transplanted by the gods to the starry heavens, where even now the mighty Hercules still keeps his midnight watch, Orion glitters with his starry belt, and the disconsolate sisters weep for their lost brother Hyas.

Beautiful indeed was the temple of imagination; wonderful as Aladdin's magic palace; but still — like some lofty ice-mountain, reflecting the sunlight from a thousand glittering peaks, yet cooling all the air and sea around — its icy pinnacles shone resplendent with the light of fancy, but all was cold and drear; it chilled all the troubled bosoms on which it rested, and, reaching far below the surface, it destroyed all the warm currents of sympathy and love which course through the heart's recesses.

The temple of imagination was the image of their unsanctified hearts. The beauty Nature had lavished upon it was stained by the degradation of its builders, its symmetry destroyed by their ignorance and blindness. Still it was the embodiment of some of man's noblest aspirations, for it recognized the soul's need of religion; it was an altar, though faint and imperfect, to the unknown God. It prepared the way for that glorious temple "not made by hands," of which Christ is the chief corner-stone. Though it rose above such dull materialism as characterizes modern infidelity, it was unable to view the glory of the one eternal God; it ascribed all things to mysterious divinities, whom the gross sensibility of the mind clothed with human passions and frailties.

Cold and heartless symbols of our Heavenly Father's love were those corrupted gods, who often cared not for human woe. Faint and imperfect representatives of God's immutable decrees were the three Parcæ, who spun out the thread of man's existence. Dark and gloomy indeed the worship of the ancient Grecians, compared with that sweet communion and holy prayer which Christians have with their Saviour and their God. Unhappy and sorrowful indeed appear the islands of the blessed, Homer's elysian fields, to those bright realms of bliss, whose glory "nor tongue can tell, nor mind conceive, eternal in the heavens."

To Homer, imagination unlocked a few of Nature's secrets; to Milton it opened a boundless sphere of thought, and,taught by inspiration, it no longer grovelled amid the materialism of earth, but plucked the fairest of Eden's flowers, ascended on the wings of faith to another, better world, and viewed the glories of the celestial city.

To the old Homeric world, imagination was the only means of communion with Nature; *us* it leads into sweet converse with Nature's God. The whisperings of the forests, the murmurings of sylvan streams, bore to their minds only the sighs of nymphs, or the songs of maidens; to us, "as we walk beside the still waters," all Nature's voices seem to reëcho the melody of the heavenly band, and fill our hearts with a foretaste of that holy joy, in heaven, of which all true happiness here is but the faintest symbol.

The religion of the imagination, the legends of ancient mythology, have all passed away. Olympus, with its cloud-capped summits, is no longer the entrance to heaven, — no longer the throne of Jupiter, the king of gods and men; Apollo no longer shoots his deadly arrows from his silver bow; Juno, Minerva, Venus, all exist only in the works of ancient poets. Now, science and art, reason and enlightenment, walk hand in hand with poetry and imagination, ever ascending, ever to press onward, "till the heavens and earth shall roll away,"— till our faint conceptions of the glory of the New Jerusalem, and our hopes of blessedness, and joy, and peace, in heaven, shall become far more glorious truths.

THE MYSTICAL MORROW.

In the future of life there's a beautiful clime,
Ever pictured in colors fair;
Where the brightest visions of fancy twine
Their imaged hues with gems that shine
Like stars through the misty air.

This beautiful clime is filled with light,
And clouds never shadow its brightness;
And thither are seen strange beauties of sight,
As Hope turns aside all the darkness of night,
With her wings of airy lightness.

Its shores are indented with winding bays,
Where the waves are ever playing;
And the wind's soft breath, as with wandering ways
It floats o'er the fields, with the wild flower plays,
And the sweetest of words is saying.

Its beautiful vales are peopled with forms
That stand on the sunlit shore,
And beckon away from the chilling storms
Of time, and whose winning power transforms
Into joy what was sorrow before.

Like a beacon-light on the ocean wild,
This beautiful islet of heaven
Lures alike old age and the guileless child
To its lovelier joys and pleasures mild,
From the morn of life till even.

But never yet has this beautiful land,
This joyous and sunny clime,
Been reached by the eager, outstretched hand,
Nor pressed by the foot its golden sand,
Nor hushed with its soothing rhyme.

As a golden cloud in the western sky,
That mantles some towering hill,
Retreats if ever we journey nigh,
So this land, lying near to the eager eye,
Is distant and far off still.

For this beautiful isle is an ideal shore,
Only fancied, and never seen;
A picture woven in dreams, that soar
Beyond where the gleaming sunbeams pour
Their bright rays the clouds between.

Yet forever bright be this beautiful clime,
For it lessens the shades of sorrow,
And lures the heart from the strifes of time,
As a spell round which cherishing hopes entwine:
This beautiful, mystical morrow.

Arundo.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

> "Obedient to the light
> That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
> The windings of the dell."

Somewhere in the writings of every poet one has the certain expectation of finding, written in an epitome, and all unconsciously told, the story of their lives. The lines quoted above, to one acquainted with his history and poetry, contain, in a few words, the life of the poet Shelley. They are taken from the best of all his poems, "Alastor," which, though written as the story of another, may yet, in many respects, be considered the almost perfect record of himself. Like the hero of the poem, *his* life was spent in roving throughout the universe for objects to satisfy the restlessness of his infinite desires.

There is in the unfortunate life of Shelley, something that draws the heart towards him, through sympathy for his sufferings, and in his poetry much that raises in the heart of one who appreciates the wonderful spirituality of his thoughts and imagery, an enthusiasm which no other poet is able to call forth. With a perfect wildness of imagination, he carries one into regions unmarked by the footsteps of others. Around his subject he weaves a halo of beauty, oftentimes obscure from his employing in delineation that finer perception of spirit life which most fail to penetrate, but such a halo as entrances the thought, and renders things which in themselves are mere abstractions, living, breathing souls. As in the marble statue dwells a glorious and godlike spirit, — as from the canvas there shines forth all the depth and richness of the artist's soul, giving a speaking, breathing reality to fancy and conception, — so Shelley invested his poetry with that same inspiration of beauty, that leads thought beyond the words, which are but the shell within which is heard the music, faint and distant, of the ever-sounding sea.

Shelley, as a poet, has been vastly underrated. His disbelief in a God, creating and ruling the universe, and instead, predicating all upon the doctrine of necessity, in the minds of many, has shrouded his beauties under the thick and almost impenetrable veil of prejudice. This thought, that he was hated by many whose good opinion he would have been happy in possessing, was oftentimes the cause that fired his inspiration. And then he wrote to gratify his own restless soul, and often, under mysterious imagery, to shadow forth great and mighty prophecies. His true power lay in his soul-absorbing love for truth and freedom, and all his efforts were expended in the one object of striving to break the chain of superstition and error which he considered man to be bound with, and laboring under.

Though living almost under the ban of society, he still ever cherished the deepest, purest feelings of love for man. He poured out the rich enthusiasm of his soul in efforts in their behalf. The noblest thoughts and aspirations, and a burning love for freedom, he stirred in the soul of humanity, and raised strong, and urgent, and prophetic yearnings for that "Better Future" he looked for.

His biographers say that in early life he was touched with the spirit of scepticism and despair, the prevailing malady of the time in which he lived. He sent up to Heaven, from a heart full of anguish, a keen and infinite wail, — as the wail of a vast inarticulate multitude without God and without hope in the world. But through the rifted clouds of the tempestuous night he soon saw, more clearly than any contemporary, the dawnings of the day. He became the precursor of that day, — its bright and morning star. With jubilating voice, he prophesied of its glories. With dauntless heart and kindling eye, he wrestled in the wild, frightful conflict of incoherence and discord, struggling upward, till he stood upon the mountain tops of the century in which he lived, watching the dying agonies of the decrepit Old Order, and hailing with exuberant and frantic joy the swift approaches of the New. And standing thus, in his rapt visions of the coming day, we fancy we can hear him exclaim, in the language of his own fairy spirit:

"Ah! hoary-headed selfishness has felt
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave;
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease, and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce rage,
Shall live but in the memory of time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years."

Time, that judges fairly of men and motives, is fast placing Shelley in the position which he deservedly occupies, as one of the first poets of that age. Though he taught much that was contrary to revelation and those principles dear to the heart of the Christian, the high and exalted motives that actuated him lessen the censure these would otherwise merit. While his beautiful versification, his pure language, his wonderful imagery and ideality, his elegant conceptions of the beautiful, — powers which render a poem, to the finest sensibilities, a source of lasting enjoyment, — will cause him, as a poet, to be long remembered and loved.

Like his "Alastor," he was "brave, gentle, generous:" and, like him, he fell in his youth, while searching after deeper depths in the fountain of knowledge.

"The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket."

CALAMUS.

THE SLAVE-TRADER'S DREAM.

THE nightly winds were still; the moon to rest
Had sunk in silence down the meek-browed west;
The stars exulted in their transient reign,
And midnight's curtains wrapt the dusky plain.
When on my couch, enjoying sweet repose,
I slept, unconscious of the world's sad woes;
I dreamed, and, in imagination's flight,
I saw a spectre, clothed in garments white,
Slowly approach, and as he drew more near,
His brawny fingers grasped a ponderous spear.
A dazzling light beamed from his glaring eyes,
His form was forward bent, and of gigantic size.
A hoary beard flowed loosely o'er his breast,
His cheeks were hollow and his lips compressed,
His burning breath, that on my bosom came,
Was like the flashes of a scorching flame;
His furrowed brow was not of earthly mould,
His searching glances seemed to pierce my soul.

With awful tone of voice, he thus began:
Prepare to die, — prepare, oh wretched man;
Thy sand is run, thine earthly course is o'er;
Ambition's voice shall bid thee rise no more.
I heard, far borne upon the evening gale,
The voice of bondage, with incessant wail;
The agonizing shriek and plaintive cry,
The stifled murmur and the deep-drawn sigh,
The tearful partings, and the last long view,
The fond embraces and the sad adieu
Of tender mothers, fast in irons bound,
Torn from their young to bear a tyrant's frown;
The groans of tortured beings, formed in God's own mould,
With tender feelings and immortal souls;
The prayers of gray-haired sires, to tyrants spoke in vain;
The sobs of weeping damsels, and the clang of captive's chain:
I heard these awful sounds from o'er the mighty sea,
And Heaven's vengeance bade me come to thee.
How couldst thou deem, oh vain, presuming man,
That thy dark deeds would unavengéd stand?
That those poor slaves, whose hearts throb to be free,
Would sink, unpitied, by a fiend like thee,
Because the baseness of thy country's laws,
However foul, defends thy guilty cause?
Did He who cast thy lot in Christian land,
And freed thy country from the tyrant's hand,
And gave thee knowledge to practise His own will, —
While Afric's sons in darkness wander still,—
Did He proclaim thee king of land and wave,
To tyrannize o'er helpless heathen slaves?
Oh dastard fool! shame on thy soul!
Low avarice leads thee on, — destruction is thy goal;
Thy curséd work has stained thy country's fame,
And brought reproaches on her spotless name.
But, mark me well, due vengeance shall awake;
Th' oppressor then shall tremble, and the earth shall shake;
The mighty sea shall darkly overflow;
And, should thy brother fiends pursue this work of woe,
Those blooming valleys, blest beyond compare,
Shall sink, like Sodom, down to black despair;
And when, too late, they loud for mercy call,
One dark o'erwhelming wave shall cover all.

But as for thee, thine earthly doom is sealed;
To death's cold grasp thy spirit now must yield;

Resign the works of time, and take a parting view;
Wake thy dark soul and bid the world adieu,—
For, ere the midnight gloom gives place to dawning day,
Thy guilty spirit shall forsake its clay.
And think again, thou wreck of fallen man,
When thou before the awful Judge shalt stand,
And those insulted beings whom thy hand oppressed
Shall dwell in peaceful mansions of the blest,
And thou, bewildered with thine own despair,
Shalt sink unpitied down ——— I say not where.

B.

HISTORY AND ITS WRITERS.

It is by experience that men and nations are taught, and by History that the experience of ages is represented. The men who have from time to time written and handed down memorials of the past have, in many instances, been men of great power and industry, who have concentrated in their productions the researches of years and the wisdom of ages. Yet historians, like other authors, have erred, both in the quality and manner of their writings. Some, by no means few, have supposed that, with a fair knowledge of the world, a ready pen, and a fertile imagination, they were amply suited for historians and philosophers. Others, possessing true merits and undeniable talents, have written histories distinguished for truth and grandeur, explaining with vigor and logic the causes of the different and great events which they narrate, while they pass over in silence the accompanying circumstances and slight events which could state their own cause and effect better than pen can write or tongue can speak.

There is always a series of circumstances and manifestations, each unimportant in itself, forerunning and foreboding a strange or great event, or accompanying and aiding its progress. They form the shading and coloring of a great life-picture, the omission or suppression of which cannot be supplied by description or eulogy. In a word, historians often obscure the brilliancy of the style, or the grandeur of the thought, the true history speaking for itself.

Of the former class we find Goldsmith, who re-wrote the history of others with such beauty of style and language that it was more a literary than a historical production, "in which no man found anything to admire except its beauty."

In the latter class we find many authors, who, hiding the preliminary steps and seizing a conclusion, remind us of those who, showing neither the terms nor the solution of an arithmetical problem, yet display the answer in triumph.

Again, the great multitude of historians write the history of great men, alone,—telling us of their struggles, their achievements, and their downfall,—and then they leave us as much in the dark as ever as to how the world itself has gone on. They tell us of the reigns and successions of kings, dwelling on their follies and their merits, glorying over a stray bit of common sense here, and holding up a single manly example there, while they are silent in regard to the freedom and progress of nations; skimming the bubbles thrown upon the surface of the ocean of life, heedless of the great and moving power beneath.

But, among truly great historians, a higher standard is now attained. We need but to refer to Macaulay in England, and Irving and Prescott in America, as examples of men who neglect neither the facts nor the traits of a nation's character, taking us to the hearts and homes of a people to trace great principles. And all may notice that Macaulay, with those like him, in writing of the life and times of a sovereign, tells us not merely what is doing in the king's palace,—calls our attention, not merely to the follies of the court, or the pompous edicts of government; but takes us to the May-pole or the green of the village, shows us the people in their holiday dress, with all reserve and trouble laid aside, that we may know what the nation itself is doing,—that we may learn a lesson from life-pictures. We are encouraged to hope that a new and truer course of history will be traced in the future, in which it will be a mirror, not of the author's genius alone, but also of the "life-thoughts" of nations.

It is for us, as students, to encourage such a system in our own reading, writing, and thinking,—a system in which history shall be a series of great thoughts, producing great events; in which men are not monuments, but milestones in the track of the world's progress, while we view the causes in the advance of Education and in the improvement and intelligence of that great power, the People.

CLASSICAL STUDY PROMOTIVE OF A GOOD STYLE.

" Etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."—*Sallust, Cat.* 3.

" The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened."—*Tupper.*

Whatever influence we are to exert hereafter, as professional men, must arise mainly from what we speak and write. Now, in order to have men listen or read, that which is uttered must be either to please or instruct. While the first object, if successfully attempted, commends itself to the common mind, even though destitute of instruction, the second can never be attained but by the aid of the first; for the naked truth, or anything else, shorn of all ornament and figure, will never address itself to the hearts of most men. Accordingly it seems to be his duty, who would strike a blow in life for any cherished principle, who would agitate reform either as a prime or secondary agent, who would give information and instruction about any matter it may be his mission or pleasure to communicate, to acquire that manner of communication which experience has shown to be the most effective means of pleasing. This is ordinarily termed a good style, and has, I think, two leading characteristics, whose relation to, and dependency upon, a study of the classic authors, it is my purpose to trace. These most evident elements of a pleasing style are ease or fluency of expression and felicity of illustration.

The study of language is generally recommended as especially conducive to fluency. Benjamin Franklin used to copy portions of the Spectator repeatedly, for a command of good English. Lord Chatham declared that he was indebted for his style to Barrow's sermons, which he learned by heart. Johnson said that he who would wield a ready pen must devote days and nights to the study of Addison.

But the study of the ancient languages has ever been regarded as by far the best palaestra in which to train the faculties to an easy and graceful style of communication; for in that study the mind continually undergoes the same process as is alone necessary for fluency, for when one looks upon a page of Latin or Greek, each word, as it passes through the mind, demands a fit English expression, the Greek or Latin sentence becoming for a moment the leading thought, and so requiring the same process of mental treatment as is necessary for the communication of an original idea. Then, as a principle, he who can readily throw the one into appropriate English can the other. Very many of the best English and American authors are more indebted to this practice than aught else, hardly excepting even their native gifts. Whence Goldsmith's purity and ease but from Tacitus and the pictured pages of Livy — which, Irving assures us, he read and re-read with delight, — from Ovid and Horace, which he relished. Burns,— original he was, and fresh, too,— still, remarks a British reviewer, he could hardly have been what he was had Homer and Horace never lived. We cease wondering so much at DeQuincey's pen when we learn that at fifteen he could harangue an Athenian mob with more correctness than his schoolmaster could an English one. William Pitt translated the speeches in Thucydides for the English edition of that work. Lord Brougham is a fine classical scholar. So was our own Jefferson, and William Pinkney, too.

But fluency of speech will not alone form a good style. The mind of the successful speaker or writer is stored with similes and analogies, by whose use conviction is sent home more directly to the heart; and where is such felicity of illustration to be found so well as in the peerless writers of antiquity? It must be somewhere sought, for no man's unaided imagination is — assuredly never has been — fertile enough to afford it; and they are the prime sources, the pure fountain-head whence all modern illustration flows. Thence were the finest touches of Burke and Sheridan. Webster and Fisher Ames oft leaned upon them for support. So did the saintly Channing, and, to some extent, Randolph. Thomas Jefferson never lost sight of them; about as much may be said of Mr. Adams. The dashing young S. S. Prentiss used to affirm that when all else failed to arouse the most unlettered crowd they would thrill and thrill again at an appeal to the shirt of Nessus or the labors of Hercules. Even Addison was of the opinion that the success of the Spectator arose in no small degree from his Latin and Greek illustrations, or from the quotations from those languages that headed each paper. Catholicism would doubtless lose many of its blind devotees were its unwieldly forms couched in everyday Anglo-Saxon. Two preachers once endeavored which should outshine the other, and draw together the largest congregation. One of them, being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote now and then a bit of Latin to his hearers, who, it appears, thought themselves so much edified by it that they slighted his rival for him. The other, finding his congregation waning, and learning the occasion of it, determined to give his parish a dose of Latin in his turn; but, being unacquainted with the Fathers, he wove into his sermons the whole book of Quæ genus. This in a brief time increased his audience, crowded his church, and routed his antagonist.

Indeed, a natural love for Latin seems to be prevalent among the common people, caused, perhaps, by the mystery hanging about it, as well as that it is supposed to embody a thought which has outlived centuries. So this pedantic use of the classics even, is eminently illustrative, independent of the real beauties and similitudes found in a critical study of the Ancients.

It is sometimes urged against grace of expression and illustration that they are needless to the cause of patriotism and truth, which are of themselves mighty and comely, and will prevail, and are, at best, but fit to girt about and garland unseemly error; that a diseased taste alone thus must be pampered. Such a matter-of-fact view is well in theory, but in reality there is not a branch of truth whose arid facts and jejune principles do not eminently rely upon them for support and propagation. Said Pyrrhus to his Epirots, "Ye are my wings." So says Truth to style, "Ye are my wings, and ever have been. History and science, learning and religion, but need the touch of your wily pencil to glide into the hearts of all men. With your aid, the skilful attorney sees the dry sceptre of the law bud and blossom in his hand, while with the magic wand he sways both jury and judge. With the power ye delegate, the gospel minister, masking the iron ribs of his dogma, wrings the reluctant assent. By ye, orators from the platform, senators from the walls of legislation, tickle the public ear and glut its fevered taste. Ye are indeed my wings, and upon you, as upon waving gossamer, the seeds of truth shall float throughout the world."

Pi Sig.

LINES TO THE OCEAN.

Thou proud, dashing Ocean, how dark is thy rolling,
How wild and tempestuous thy oft-swelling tide,
The lives and the fortunes of mortals controlling,
Of men thou art ruler, of nations the bride.

Within the dark caverns, beneath thy bright waves,
  Where no ray of heaven e'er pierces the gloom,
The young and the joyous rest lone in their graves,
  Awaiting the signal to rise from the tomb.

There myriads of mortals, in silence reposing,
  Lie heedless of joy, or of sorrow, or love;
Though their frail mortal bodies thy rough waves enclosing,
  Their spirits are chanting the anthems above.

The gold of the Indies is spread o'er the sand;
  They heed not its richness, they spurn the bright dross;
Their spirits have flown to a happier land,
  The rock is their cradle, their pillow the moss.

They sleep on in silence, and heed not thy roaring,
  Unmindful that loved ones are buried in grief;
And there shall they rest till, arising, adoring,
  In joy the reward of their faith they receive.

Roll on in thy grandeur, forever and aye,
  With the glory of earth's proudest nations o'erspread,
Till He whom the winds and the tempests obey,
  Commands thy proud billows to give up their dead.

Sichaeus.

GIDDINGS'S LAST SPEECH.

It was of an afternoon towards the close of January, 1859, that an unusual concourse might have been seen hurrying toward the hall of representatives in our national capitol. Already the galleries were filled with those who had come from every part of the land, and across the sea, to look upon the wonders of art and nature, and listen to the eloquence, which render so attractive a visit to this modern Paris. The attention of that waiting audience, diverted for an instant by the occasional entrance of some distinguished statesman or ambassador, centred itself at length upon one who had long held the honor of representing in that legislative assembly a constituency of northern freemen. His appearance was marked. There might be observed, in his erect position, the almost nervous quickness of his motions, and the piercing glance of his eye, a strength and energy which seldom wear the crown of age. But it was when he rose that there was disclosed what Collier styles the "grace of presence." Tall, spare yet muscular, his whole contour sharply defined and bold, his form seemed the index of a mind in which was blended, without neutralizing, a descent from the occidental Puritanism of New England and a training amid the conflicting forces which find their play in the restless, impulsive life of our more newly settled states. Such was the orator, the announcement of whose intention to speak upon the great questions of the day had called together that assembly, surpassing in intelligence and refinement the Roman Senate or the Athenian Areopagus. Such was Joshua R. Giddings.

He was speaking for the last time in that representative body. With a devotion to his Country and Freedom which perils and reproaches had only purified and strengthened, he forgets all personal issues, and, like the noblest of England's statesmen, gives that last hour to the cause he holds so dear. Calmly he reviews the battle-fields of his career, in which victories, not always bloodless, had been won for that "eternal right," which even in vision had nerved his fainting spirit for the hour of conflict. For a moment he dwells upon the memory of those noble men who had fought at his side, and who, as they had fallen, had once more adjured him to labor for a return of government to those principles of equality upon which it was originally founded. Again he hears the admonition which had fallen from the lips of the dying Adams, as he watched beside his bed, in that silent chamber, "privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven." He calls up from the buried past the dark shade of that hour when gag-rules sealed the lips of those who would give information to the people, when freedom of debate was stricken down, and the sacred right of petition denied, that slavery might be encouraged. Turning from these painful recollections, he sketches with the hand of a master the triumphs which Truth and Freedom shall win in that "better time" for which the world is sighing from centre to wide circumference. He gathers up the invaluable experiences of a lifetime spent in the service of his country. Surveying, with the sagacity of the statesman and the candor of the philosopher, the wide field which lies open to his keen sight, he refers those throes and deep convulsions of the political world, which some men of narrower minds deprecate as sectionalism and fanaticism, to their true and primal cause, — the eternal conflict of Right and Wrong, Freedom and Oppression. And now he is about to close. He sees the end of that official life whose inspiration and object has been "The exercise of the constitutional powers of government in behalf of Freedom; and more than this, the putting forth of the moral influence of the nation to drive oppression from the earth."

There is silence in that throng of eager listeners, unbroken save by the speaker's voice, and all bend forward to catch those "last words." With calmness, yet with emotion too deep for concealment, he exclaims, "When I have passed away, let my epitaph announce that I *hated oppression and wrong*—that I LOVED LIBERTY AND JUSTICE." Fitting sentiment for the close of such a life.

You have read of Demosthenes, whose resistless eloquence "shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes's throne;" but he composed his most splendid oration to win the crown of eloquence; of Isocrates,—but that matchless panegyric, to which he devoted fifteen years, was merely an essay written for a prize. You have read of Herodotus and Thucydides; but their finished histories were written in view of popular applause; and "Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster as he thought of the Olympic gatherings, and heard the praises of assembled Greece." The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established; and the greatest of Roman lyrists predicts for himself immortal celebrity in that proud *finale:*

"Exegi monimentum ære perennius.
* * * * Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens," etc.

How far below the sublime sentiment of those last words of the retiring statesman are all such aspirations. His life is indissolubly connected with the history of our country; and so long as there remains a remembrance of the crises through which Freedom has passed within the period of our national existence, so long shall a grateful people bestow upon him that coveted eulogy. Well might there be inscribed beneath such an epitaph those sententious words which close the sculptured history of one at whose tomb the good delight to linger, as they thread the vaulted aisles of Westminster—"Remember—Resemble—Persevere."

EDITORS' TABLE.

PATIENT (?) reader, bear with us a little, and we will weary you no longer. Thus far we have presented to you the more grave and serious productions of Philo genius; but we cannot close without giving, for the sake of variety, a little of the witty and humorous. In vacating our "sanctum," we wish to leave it "swept and garnished," for we would not dampen the momentary joys of worthy successors by any negligence on our part. In the general clearing out we come at length to the TABLE, settle down into the old familiar chair, clear a place for our elbows, and commence our investigations. The articles before us present a decidedly *litter*-ary appearance, and in introducing to you so rare a collection we hardly know where to commence, and still less where we shall end. But, taking the nearest, we offer a short summary of local news. It was prepared for us by a worthy correspondent, who, we are confident is reliable, and in many cases, we dare say, speaks from experience. In reference to skating, he says:

"We are glad to learn that the ladies have overcome their foolish fears about being seen upon skates, and that they now constitute a large portion of every party which Wednesday and Saturday afternoons find at Pomp's Pond. We wish here, not to praise their very beautiful appearance and graceful bearing, but to thank them for the favorable influence which they have exerted upon their friends of the other sex. The fellows have been much less noisy, especially those who have claimed the honor of their company upon the ice, and the Theologues have reaped untold benefits. Many a poor disconsolate, who has come forth from his study blue as the vault of heaven, has returned happy and frisky as a lamb, while some have carried away, they know not why, a strange throbbing at the heart.

"We also see a marked change in their manœuvering. Some who were, a few weeks since, good skaters, have wonderfully improved, while many who came to Andover decidedly *pedibus aeger* are quite recovered. All from a desire to be competent to skate with the ladies. If our fair friends would confer an equal favor upon themselves and others, let them persevere."

He mentions also the following touching occurrence:

VIOLENT ASSAULT AND OUTRAGE.

As a number of our gentle friends were returning from a skating party, a few evenings since, they were attacked by an old, gray-bearded man, who for weeks has been prowling about in this vicinity. Notwithstanding their vigorous resistance, the old wretch rushed upon them, and seizing their ears in his rough, icy fingers, so injured them that for a long time their recovery was doubtful.

We understand that measures are being taken to remove the old barbarian to his northern home.

It is well known that a few weeks since a party of our friends, *en route* from a neighboring city, met with a slight mishap. We are happy to state, in defence of our own honor, that the member of our editorial corps who was present was not the DRIVER.

Our correspondent heads his account with:

DANGER OF MEDDLING WITH METTLESOME STEEDS.

"Isaac, do not touch that gun, for, although there is no muzzle, nor stock, nor lock, still it might go off." Good old Mrs. Partington! Would that she were living and could come to Andover and extend her advice to some of our friends.

Several youths, a short time since, procured two of Andover's far-famed steeds, always remarkable for fleetness, and, attaching them to a vehicle, rashly attempted to go to Lowell. The sequel is soon told. While returning they were deposited in a snow-bank, from which they were compelled to pursue their flying quadrupeds two miles, and finally must needs ride nine miles upon some nicely adjusted pine boards.

Again we say, would that Mrs. Partington had been here.

The following, from the pen of one who is doubtless an admirer of our distinguished American poet, will be read with interest. Its simplicity of style cannot fail to remind one of its well-known counterpart. We think it speaks well for its author, and we shall expect soon to hear him telling love-stories in glowing hexameter:

THE DESTRUCTION OF TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

"Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition,
I should answer, I should tell you,"
From the records of old Boston,
From the dark and musty records,
Found among the family records,
Private records, public records.

On a dark and misty morning,
Lots of Indians, big and little,
Indians tall as any fir tree,
Indians short as any dwarf tree,

Indians fat as fat man could be,
Indians lean as any broomstick,
Issued forth from various houses,
Issued forth from hiding places,
Proceeded straight to Boston Harbor,
Boston Harbor where some ships lay,
Ships sent over by a country,
Country called our *mother* country,
Country called by us Great Britain.

Filled with tea alone these ships were,
Tea produced in the East Indies,
Carried thence to that Great Britain,
Where the merchants then resided.
Now, to please these same great merchants,
Britain sent all these ships over,
Filled with tea, packed in stout boxes,
On which was a tax of threepence,
On each pound of tea was this tax,
To be paid by Young America;
Hard-up then was Young America,
Very little money had he
To be spent to please the merchants;
Therefore, as I once have told you,
Did these Indians then proceed forth;
(Really they were not true Indians,
Only white men dressed like Indians.)
Various boats were in the harbor,
Mud-scows, whale-boats, flat-boats, long-boats,
All were anchored in the harbor.
In these then embarked the Indians;
In these then they paddled swiftly,
Paddled swiftly to the ships' sides,
Then climbed up upon the ships' decks,
Then climbed down into the ships' holds,
Then brought up the tea in boxes;
Hatchets had these so-called Indians,
And with these they broke the boxes,
Split the heads from out the boxes,
Then they cast the tea in boxes,
Cast it into Boston Harbor,
The large harbor near old Boston.

Thus the harbor took a large draught,
Thus, the first time since creation,
The old harbor drank some black tea;
Thus was struck a blow for freedom,
Struck by valiant Young America;
Thus began the Revolution,
Out of which sprang our Republic.

EDENIADES.

One correspondent furnishes us with a sermon defying all comment. "He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

Bredderin, de words of my text am discovered in First Jericho, eleventh varse: "Circumlate de optics prior to gymnastekisin yer corporeal supporters;" or, as the vulgar hab it, "Look before you leaps." My buzum am crowded wid a tremendous heap of afflicting and curus commotions, wid which I would like to eddephi you, but for your sakes I fourbear, and precede widout furder debate, alteration, or delay, to my fust head.

Dar is many times, bredderin, when a feller wishes he'd looked afore he leaped. I can lustrefy dis by retailing an antidote which tuk place when I was young, and afore I'd jined de church. Yer see I went a courtin Elder Bones's darter. Now Lucy Bones was berry cumly to look at; she stood six feet two in her stockin feet (though she ginnerally went barfoot, kase she used to put her heels through de stockin so 'mazin quick). Well, one mornin' early in de summer, I got up mighty spry, put on my tallest collar and my blue coat and gold buttons, and arter fixin' up ginnerally, I started for Elder Bones's. It were a lubly mornin'. De roosters were a makin' melody in de barnyard, and de Elder's two porkers were squealing a duet for dere breakfast. Bredderin, you may bet it was n't long before I had popped de question to Lucy, who was a bakin' de hoecake for breakfast; and bredderin, yer may also bet that it wasn't berry long afore I was ejaculated from de back door in a more circumlocutious way dan I went in, wid de toe ob Elder Bones's boot performing a drum solo on de tender part ob my unmentionables.

Finally, dere am a bright side to dis text, which I should like to dwell upon, but yer know dat de more scrubbin' a darkey gets de darker he becomes; so it is wid you, bredderin, de more I try to enliten yer it only makes you wus and wus, and leaves yer jist as much in de *dark* as before.

In conclusion, I would state dat a collection will now be taken up, to defray de expenses ob a clam-bake on Pomp's Pond next Wednesday arternoon. Brudder Taylor will preside, assisted by Sister Edwards, who is informed dat her young uns can't be allowed on de raft unless dey stop throwin' clam shells and sandwiches at de younger bredderin. Close de exercise by singing de well-known hymn, "Camptown race track five miles long."

Next we give a compilation,—
Lines of curious combination,
All alike in termination,
Really worth consideration:

After much *procrastination*,
Which Seniors call *deliberation*,

Perhaps it was my *inclination*,
Arising from no *animation*,
Surely 't was but *hesitation*,
I came to this *determination*,
Not to go to *declamation*,
More, than not, from *imitation*,
And to cut that *botheration*;
Then I 'd get my *recitation*,
And meet with "Uncle's" *approbation*
Learning Greek *reduplication*
From his splendid Dutch *translation*,
Kühner's grammar — great *vexation*,
Made for flunks and *consultation*,
Chiefly for the Senior *Nation;*
Honored with the *cultivation*
Of Greek roots, without *cessation*,
Middlers, without *exaggeration*,
Have long begun this *occupation*,
Toiling for their *education*,
In Kühner, famed for *condensation*,
Of which "Uncle" makes due *celebration*,
To us without *appreciation*,
Marks each and every *variation*
From every grammar in *creation*,
Mostly on *accentuation*,
For which we have no *admiration.*
Now you who 'll leave your *situation*
To gain the Senior's *appellation*,
Do with greatest *emulation*,
Strive to get the *application*
Of Kühner's rules and *dissertation;*
Always keep in *expectation*
The frequent review of Greek *translation.*
I did not go to *declamation*,
Nor did I get my *recitation*,
But, with deepest *meditation*,
Tried to find some *dedication*
To this silly *complication*,
But could not, — what *aggravation!*
Find it, in my *agitation*,
From any word of Greek *formation*,
Nor from Latin *derivation*,
So I have no *consecration*
That has any *application*
To this great *accumulation;*
Of endings without *variation*
And there was no *alleviation*
For me, in my *situation*,

Except to make *annihilation*
Of this indecent *fabrication*,
Till this came in my *cogitation*,
That each might give an *appellation*
To suit his taste and *situation*,
As was his great *abomination*
Of this frightful *machination*.
Next day, as was my *calculation*,
I saw, with deepest *consternation*,
Yet with heart-felt *resignation*,
Our worthy "Uncle" take his *station*,
And call on me for *recitation*,
And stopped me for *pronunciation*,
"Pause there! no *hesitation!*
You have had no *preparation*,
To make so poor an *exhibition*."
And then, with great *exasperation*,
He made his favorite *exclamation*,
"Mark that for *investigation*,
See that you have full *explanation*,
Prepare it for next *recitation*,
Or I'll make an *annexation*
Of you to the Middler's *station*,
For you, in your *elevation*,
That would be great *aggravation*."

Yours truly,
General Ed. U. Cation,
Of the Class of '59.

The correspondent who furnished the local news also gave us the following account of the fire which occurred a few weeks since:

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Often have we wished—oh, wicked thought!—that this term might not pass away without a fire. Not a destructive one, but just a little brush, where the fellows might display their own, and see the Theologues' prowess. Last Friday our wish was realized. A little, shrill cry of fire penetrated our sanctum, so inspiriting, so thrilling, that it brought us instantly to our feet, and as quickly scattered to the winds every wise or sober thought, not excepting even the mathematics. We dash aside our books; we tumble down stairs; we rush to the engine-house, where, by a similar process, numbers of equally excited youths are rapidly collecting. We seize the drag-rope, and, amid a perfect medley of indescribable sounds, the machine is soon brought to under the lee of a pond, near the burning building. Here we need three eyes—one to watch the fire, another to admire the Nuns, and still another to look out for the Theologues. Leaving the first two to care for the engine and the ladies, let us gain a position where the third may gratify its curiosity. What does this eye see? Ask it.

Several Theologues wondering how much heat the burning pile evolves; a number of others mourning the fearful destruction of edibles, especially their favorite pork and molasses; others eagerly engaged about nothing.

But the fire is rapidly increasing, and something must be done. Pitying the unfortunate owner, our friends make a wild rush for the house, to rescue whatever they can lay hands upon. Follow them! Slam bang goes one "covey" down cellar; wonderful that he escapes the well! Snuff! snuff! another's olfactory nerves have designated the cupboard as his field of action. Instinct leads a third to the garret; while a fourth stumbles into the women's apartments.

Huzzah! out they come, bearing their trophies — mammoth cabbages from the cellar, a few shrivelled apples from the pantry, all that wiser second thoughts availed to save, wonderful things from the garret, spinning-wheels, candle-rods, and lots of little ancient relics and broken traps, and some women's apparel from the female quarters. Oh, how their comrades shout and dance about them, the noble men! It is needless to state that the Phillips boys conducted bravely, as usual, and that our friends of the Shawshin did pretty well for their size. These things are always expected. It is perhaps useless to thank the ladies for their encouraging presence, for they know that the fellows were all grateful.

Will our respected principal pardon us for thankfully acknowledging his careful oversight.

But enough. The fire is over; the fellows' wish has been accomplished, and peacefully repose the ashes of the departed dwelling. And now, as each returning Friday afternoon pours its warm sunlight about this deserted spot, numberless youngsters secretly exult over that day's gallant deeds, and chuckle at the thought of the bright half-dollar which the Faculty are going to give to each engine boy.

Yours truly, F.

Listen to the bell-ringer's adventure, and then we will release you.

Long shall we remember that EVERLASTING BELL, with its familiar and oft unwelcome tones. Even now "Thy old groans still ring in my ears."

'T was the hour before dawn, and throughout every house,
"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;"
Deep slumbers detained every fellow in bed,
While dreams and bright visions were filling each head.
The moon in the west had quite vanished from sight,
And clouds were concealing the stars' feeble light;
All nature, thus shrouded in darkness profound,
Was hushed in a silence more fearful than sound.

But this calm, holy season of peaceful delight,
This hour of repose, far the sweetest of night,
Was robbed of its quiet, was hideous made,
By a compound of sounds too unearthly to read;
Yet our muse, notwithstanding the story is fell,
Conceives it a duty the public to tell
The facts of the case, that in ages to come
The fellows may learn such misfortunes to shun.
From the peaceful repose of his own little bed,
Awakened by whiz of a clock near his head,
Slowly rises a youth, whom the sequel will show
To have been the chief cause of this terrible row.
His toilet soon finished, with little delay,
He calmly commences the work of the day,
And swinging aloft a huge, deep-sounding bell,
He prepares all the commons to rouse by its knell.
Quick, donning his hat and unclosing the door,
He steps o'er the threshold; but now, with a roar,
With a crash, with a rattle, a mingling of sound
Such as long-faced attorney might fail to expound,
From the garret above him, just 'scaping his crown,
Cans, pails, kettles, bottles, come tumbling down,
With bed-posts and stove-pipes, which, hitting his pate,
Had rendered the story too sad to relate.
A moment he pauses, his fears to dispel,
Then loud through the hall peals a terrible yell,
While the bell's brazen throat caused a deafening clang,
As high in the air through the darkness it rang.
Soon, fully regaining his presence of mind,
Our hero on vengeance is strongly inclined,
And raising his fist for a powerful crack,
On the opposite door it descends with a whack,
And, active as Pyrrhus at sacking of Troy,
He bounds to and fro in the height of his joy.
But now, as he turns his slow step towards the stairs,
One would think him a peddler arranging his wares,
For here an old kettle, deprived of its bail,
Or a bottle once fragrant with jolly Scotch ale,
Roll away from his feet as he seeks in the night
To shun the old oil-cans and posts on his right,
Thus causing a clatter and medley of sounds,
Very like the old rag-man abroad on his rounds.
But now for a season our hero we leave,
A moment's attention to others to give,
For justice requires us, in sketching this scene,
To notice all parties who figured therein.
As the slow-rolling hours of the previous night
Were nearing the midst of their lingering flight,

And the pale, feeble light of the struggling moon,
Through dark-rifted storm-clouds was piercing the gloom,
A party of scoundrels, on mischief intent,
Were silently planning this little event.
Through the old, lonesome garret they wended their way,
And carefully sought, by a lamp's feeble ray,
To fathom each corner, and find every trap
Which would rattle, or tinkle, or rumble, or snap,
Or in any way render a pathos select,
Or add to a harmony force and effect.
A careful selection is rapidly made,
And quickly in longo ordinis arrayed, —
A queer old collection of nondescript things,
All carefully fastened together with strings,
And a bed-post, in size somewhat nearing the pine
Which stayed Polyphemus when muddled with wine,
Stand nicely arranged for a dangerous fall
Adown the old stairway and into the hall;
A cord, firmly bound to the door-latch below,
Is carried above and secured to this row;
Then, deeming their plans and arrangements complete;
These midnight marauders effect a retreat.
Their project produced a more thrilling effect
Than e'en the most sanguine had dared to expect,
For never before, in patrolling his rounds,
Had a bell-ringer uttered more terrible sounds
Or screwed from a bell a more hideous din
Than our hero produced from this musical tin.
But time is too fleeting, and words are too mean,
To justly portray this most heart rending scene,
Yet we cannot refrain from requesting each youth
To carefully cherish this one simple truth:
When, nicely ensconced under bed-quilt and sheet,
You hear the loud clatter of bell-ringer's feet.
And know by the clear, piercing sound of the bell,
That some faithful companion is shaking it well,
Dont grumble, and draw up your chin with a snap,
Because he has shortened that last pleasant nap,
But rather be grateful that you can repose
Where cold cannot trouble your fingers and toes,
And pity the man who, by labor so dread,
Thus early is forced to abandon his bed.

Now, kind friends, we must part. Our fire burns low, and the cold without begins to invade the precincts of our "sanctum." You are weary, the printer is impatient, and we will only say "farewell," and leave you to your own reflections. We have endeavored, from the articles before us, to make such a selection as would present a faithful "Mirror" of our Society. Whether our present number, when compared with those of previous terms, gives evidence of improvement in English Composition, we leave for your decision.

"What is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier."

With such feelings we submit it to our friends and patrons, and with the best wishes for the future success of our paper, and hoping that our pen may fall to more worthy hands, we lay it aside for our successors.

Respectfully,

EDITORS.

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THE MIRROR

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

'T was a day of mourning in the Empire City. Life, but just before so joyous, seemed paralyzed; death and sorrow had shrouded all things in a universal gloom. Business was suspended, pleasure forgotten, gayety hushed. Sadness was depicted upon every countenance; and beneath their mourning drapery, the very buildings seemed to respond the common feeling. Flags floating at half-mast, and at intervals the heavy notes of muffled bells — all clearly proved what depth of sorrow thrilled a mighty people.

But now an imposing funeral train moved slowly along the silent streets. Low martial music, and the muffled drum-beat, led the advancing column; citizens, soldiers, a riderless steed followed a funeral car, on which rested the lifeless form of Alexander Hamilton. 'T was an hour of deepest sadness — America's last tribute to her departed statesman. But why linger here? Why forget, in moments of sorrow, years of gladness? A nation has revered this lamented hero.

The island of Nevis, in the British West Indies, was the early home of Hamilton. Born in poverty, nurtured by adversity, the stern principles of a Scottish father, the equally firm purposes of a Huguenot mother, seemed blended in his character. Those principles, purposes, that character, it is our intention to notice.

Stern, persevering industry, the conquest of every difficulty — this was eminently Hamilton's. Down deep in his nature, the basis of all others, was this trait; and every thought, word and deed, bore its impress. It would be pleasant to enlarge upon its influence — trace it through a lifetime — see childhood, youth, manhood, moulded, ennobled by it; but we forbear. One single illustration, its great life-work, this must suffice.

The period succeeding the Revolution — who does not recall it? Its perplexities, sorrows, almost Egyptian gloom — what American knows them not? Peace, indeed, had been declared; but had that secured quiet? A long war had closed, but were its evils remedied? Debts, foreign and domestic, a clamorous army, an impoverished treasury, excitement, conflicting opinions, — a thousand minor dissensions harassed the Republic, until liberty seemed gained but to perish in its native land.

At this crisis, so fearfully momentous, whence should come deliverance? Strong minds trembled, patriots were disheartened, the people hopeless. Must America fall? * * * * * Years have rolled away; that dark hour lives but in the past. Yet its history — can this pass from memory? We seem to see its darkly gathering cloud, to hear again those deeply rumbling thunders; nay, more; do we not recognize the deliverer? 'T was the persevering industry of Hamilton.

But effective industry, though sternly persevering, demands yet another feature, the guiding hand of wisdom, — wisdom, deep, searching, comprehensive. This, too, was Hamilton's. In proof of this, we have, as before, but to allude to his connection with government. We see him, when undertaking the relief of the country, at once selecting its finance as the primal cause of difficulty. We see him, when commencing his arduous task, as quickly devising plans for its successful completion. Calmly examining the whole matter, weighing carefully every probability, providing for every contingency, — he seems from the first to grasp the whole affair, and to know just where and how the country will ride out the storm.

The patriotism of Hamilton none will doubt. So thoroughly was he imbued with this principle, that it seemed with him a second nature. It regulated his private life, it guided his public career. It seemed to unite him by an indissoluble band to the land of his adoption. His country's interests were his, her joys and sorrows met his willing response. Her enemies found in him a bitter opponent, her friends an ally. One single aim — the nation's good — ever actuated him.

But it is in the national assembly, and at the bar, that we find him in his true element.

Let us in imagination enter a judicial assembly in the city of New York, during the year 1795. An individual rises to address the jury, and irresistibly all eyes are directed towards him. A form slightly under the medium height; a delicate, intellectual face; rosy cheeks; a lofty, prominent forehead; and a courtly, dignified, and exceedingly graceful bearing, betoken the possessor of unusual attractions, and a giant intellect. Calmly and slowly he commences his appeal. Descending at once to the very depths of his subject, he unravels all its intricacies, and lays a broad, firm basis, on which to found his plea. Following it through all its windings, he presents it in a clear, logical aspect, and argues from these premises with accuracy and force.

And now he enters his true element. Here begin the most remarkable evidences of his wisdom, his power. We observe a change in his manner. The attractive, graceful eloquence, which has almost unwittingly led his audience thus far, assumes a deeper, richer cast. His subject enlarges under his powerful grasp. His massive intellect seems roused to a fearful tension. His hearers bow before his sweeping eloquence. Now in low, distinct tones he gently sways them; now the thunder of his oratory bears them upon its resistless tide. Without hesitation, without delay, he leads the facinated judge and jurors through an ever-brightening, delightful region, until argument rises to demonstration, and eloquence is rendered useless by conviction.

Such the intellect of Hamilton. We might extol his high principles of honor, his modesty, rarely guiding such an intellect, his domestic virtues; but we forbear. Let us glance for one moment at his melancholy death.

The brightest picture has its darker side, the fairest day-dream often dissolves in deepest gloom. Thus, apparently, closed the life of Hamilton. Ensnared, overwhelmed by the intrigues of a bitter enemy, he fell in the very zenith of his existence, and a nation's hopes and fears sunk crushed and bleeding about the stay to which they had clung for support. We cannot here adduce the many palliating circumstances attending this so-termed unwarrantable act upon his part. We merely urge his enemies to consider the time, the cause, the then popular estimate of the deed. We urge them to study the life and motives of the man, and especially his conduct throughout this trying scene, — to remember that as a patriot, a Christian, he conscientiously met this as one of the conflicts in life's great battle. We doubt not that he erred, but he did it unwittingly. We claim not that the act was right, but that it, as did all prominent in his life, sprung from no unworthy motives. We censure the deed, but not the intentions of the man.

The life of Hamilton is well worthy our study. Here, as in a mirror, are foreshadowed virtues, noble principles, sad mistakes, equally claiming our attention. We see here an honorable distinction, honorably obtained ; a reputation based upon the purest foundation. As the pure, warm air ascends by its own buoyancy, so Hamilton was borne upward by his own inherent excellences. Character, in its deepest, broadest sense, was the true secret of his success.

FRIGIDE.

A FUTURE REPUTATION.

THE truest and noblest men of the world have labored and wrought for the future. The words of Halleck —

If a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I 'm alive to wear it —

is an expression widely at variance with the thoughts which fill the mind of the true genius, while often he is laboring at his unappreciated toil.

If artist, in the highest sense of that word, whether poet, painter, or sculptor, beyond the encomiums of the present he pictures a reputation that shall live when he himself shall be gone. It is this hope that enables him to incorporate soul into words, and draw forth from the wells of his nature the strains of beauty and eloquence, whose tones shall echo far down the "corridors of time." It is this desire that infuses into his imagination the wonderful pictures, that, transferred to the canvas, shall bear his name a legacy of greatness to posterity. It is this enduring fame, looming up through the mists of the future, that guides his chisel as it brings forth from the quarried stone some image of ideal perfection, which, to his foresight, becomes the lasting record of his genius.

The ambition of our natures is a thing ever unsatisfied. It acts and sways in all, — often trammelled by other qualities or surrounding circumstances, yet oftener it urges us on for the accomplishing of wrong purposes. But, when exercised aright, it is one of the purest and best qualities of our being. That it is a quality to be exercised and employed, is predicated upon the fact of its existence; not emplanted within us for crucifixion, but for building up, strengthening, and enlarging the better powers of our natures that need incentives to high action. The fact that the reputation which springs from nobility of soul put into practice, is lasting—that noble deeds, whether the product of the head, the hand, or the heart, leave behind a fame that far outlives the man himself—is a sufficient reason why, in laying out the objects and plans of life, a wide range should be viewed, and works and thoughts should be performed for the future. The present is forgetful and unappreciative, when only *it* is consulted.

Milton, in his poverty and blindness, drew forth from the wealth of his imagination a work that will live forever. The adulation of the present he thought not of, it being insufficient to satisfy his outreaching soul. He wrote for the future. It may be that he did not look down through the years to come, and see the honor that would cover his name; for before the brightest genius there oftenest hangs a mist, clouding the favor and fame of the future, and then he labors for the satisfaction it brings to his own nature. It was thus with him, and he put his work in such form that it would be lasting; and though regarded as of little value then by the world, yet the thought of Milton, as he sold the copyright for five pounds, that "the world would not willingly let it die," is more than realized, and the great poem is held in higher repute, and the name of the "blind old bard of Paradise" is more honored as time passes away.

More than two hundred years ago, a young man, the son of poverty, but having the fire of genius in his soul, travelled on foot from Seville to Madrid, and through the kindness and assistance of one of the great painters of the day, spent three years there in studying the models of the great masters of the art, and perfecting his own powers and abilities.

Within a few years there took place at Paris a sale at auction of some pictures by the great Spanish painter, Murillo, the poor boy of two centuries before. The agents of England, of France, of Russia, and Spain, were anxious to purchase for their respective sovereigns. The master-piece of the great painter, the "Assumption of the Virgin," representing the mother of our Saviour in the act of being carried up into heaven, — a painting whose beauties surpass description, considered by many the finest in the world, — was sold, over the bidding of England, Spain, and Russia, to the agent of France, for the immense sum of $123,000.

What thoughts this scene calls up! The old artist is dead. Two hundred years ago his genius transferred to the canvas the conceptions of his own glowing mind. Wearily he toiled at his pallet, sustained by the greatness of his own soul, not for a present reputation alone, but for one which should be undying. He lives in his paintings. Wealth, power, and rank, bear no proportion to the estimate now placed upon his genius.

He, too, worked for the future. Who shall tell, if he could have looked down the vista of time two centuries, and have seen the value to be placed upon his works, whether this in itself would not have been a sufficient incentive to earnest effort and unremitting endeavor, even though while he toiled it was with but a tythe of honor and reward?

The history of Murillo is the history of thousands of the honored names of earth, — the same in kind, but only here and there one equalling it in honor. The future is the best paymaster. Aside from that, the praise that is accorded now is but a moiety of the amount rightfully sought by a true ambition. In laboring for a future reputation, it matters not so much the path one chooses to conduct him to the summit, — always supposing it to be an honorable one, and consonant with his powers and abilities, — whether it be the head alone, as in the case of the scholar, or the labor of the hand, combined with every power that centres in the man, as in the case of the artist, the artisan, and the inventor, or the ever-varying powers required in a professional life, that is employed as the means of founding a future name. If it would be lasting, it must in a great degree be unmindful of the present. The noblest works of men of genius have in their infancy endured the greatest opposition. Fitch, the projector of the steamboat, before Fulton carried his idea in practice, moved about with a bursting heart, almost distracted, hearing the compassionate expression, "What a pity a man of so much genius is crazy!" How stands his reputation now? On how noble a basis it rests!

Thus it is in every path of life. Success is sweet; but if it be obtained at the expense of the future, how poor the exchange! Each noble example of the world's history points out the better course, — to aim high, beyond the narrow verge bounded by the present; for the difference between a reputation, valuable in the present only, and one formed for endurance, is the difference between immortality and extinction to-morrow.

HOPE.

When weariness comes, with her struggling fears,
To throw a chill shade o'er our pathway of tears, —
When the heart is bowed down, and friends flee away,
Ambition grows languid, and fortunes bewray;
When the care-drawn lines on the forehead show
The soul-lit fires that are dying below;
When the fever of grief finds never a calm,
And the romance of life is cheated of charm;
When the pathway of glory seems the pathway of death,
And life grows weary of its laboring breath, —
Then Hope, from her eyry, with noiseless wing,
Comes to soothe th' heart's sorrows, fresh courage to bring;
On the path of the future new splendor to pour;
To herald the morning that lies just before,
And shine the precursor of triumph nigh,
Like the rainbow tints on a sunset sky.
  Not always the one who best starts in the chase
Is surest of ending and winning the race;
For too many, alas! give over to doubt,
Who promised the fairest when first they set out:
While Hope comes along with well-measured tread,
Ever chanting her song of "Promise ahead;"
Knowing well that reverses, and midnight storms,
Mould and fashion the mind to sublimest forms.
  Oh, then, let us hope — be to conflict resigned —
For 't is struggle alone that strengthens the mind.
The sturdiest oak that o'ershadows the heath,
Has met with, and battled, the hurricane's breath;
And the shivering blast thro' the mountain pine,
Has nursed the eagle for his home on the brine.

Remember, if vict'ry has never yet come,
Yours is surely ahead, though later than some ; —
That the darkest hour is close by the morn,
And Triumph is nigh : Press on ! press on !
Let storms break around thee — their fury is vain —
Let heart-friends forsake thee — thou need'st not complain !
The storm only hides for a season the sun,
That shines the more bright when its raging is done ;
And friends are capricious ; like all other men,
They love you to-day, and to-morrow again
They 'll tell to your neighbors a meddlesome tale,
And in learning your faults no enemy 'll fail.
In vain, alas ! here we may hope friends to find,
If rivals o'ercome, and we e'er fall behind :
The world is too busy, with us to condole,
And victors shout glory that they 've got the whole !
Then buckle on tightly the girdle of Hope,
And take for your motto, "I 'll never give up ;"
Rememember that struggle success underlies —
Surmount in the contest, and bear off the prize.

THE PAST.

THERE is no more earnest denunciator, no sterner leveller of vice than the Past. There is no more unselfish promoter and upholder of virtue than it. Like the great soul of nature, or the more intellective soul of man, unseen yet felt, it received its impulse from above ; and, like Socrates, generous, magnanimous, it moves among men to instruct and make purer. Results are born of the Future, but the Past holds the key to successful action. Memory has only to gather the thoughts, the actions which lie embalmed in the mausoleum of antecedent ages, and Intellect, stimulated to the work, with Conscience for her guide, from the incongruous mass works out result after result, — and each result is an eternal Truth.

The Past is no beggar. Sternly proud, it thrusts not its presence upon us. It will not bend, but we must bow. " Our cognitions," says Hamilton, " are not all second-hand." There are tendencies of the mind, instincts of the affections, independent and lying even back of our primary cognitions. Thus is the study of the Past, either from books or from personal observation and experience, attractive to all. Show me the man, however ignorant, who does not deport himself in accordance with the lessons drawn from the history of his own past life, or that of others, and I will show you an anomaly in human nature. God creates means — we must work them. He has turned the powers of the soul backward in affection. It is for us to grasp the Foreworld, analyze it, draw conclusions, and fructify our hopes.

Out of the soul proceeds that chain which forms the great progressive cycles of the world. And yet every truth, every principle, is measured not by the growth of the day, but by the development of the age. Therefore, again I repeat, the Past is the ruler of the man. "Our life," says Emerson, "is but an endless flight of winged facts or events." And history is but the recital of the foibles of autocrats and statesmen, the eccentricities of philosophers, truths known, principles wrought out, and bringing to the nation, the class, and the individual, success or defeat. Through memory these "effects," or "facts," enter the soul, and the intellect in its operations becomes seemingly the active receiver, or the passive recipient. I say *seemingly*, because I am no believer in *literal* soul-impressions. For how can that which is inert, of itself impress an active, living power? Intellect becomes a slave to the Past only when reason grows languid. And from the fact, that the majority of minds are passive to the thoughts and theories of the world, must we account for the slow progression of the race. The truths educed from the lives of individuals and nations, the principles brought to light by mathematicians and philosophers, in the space of a century, are few; and these have always been the results of intellects independent in their volitions, as ideas stamped with originality and individual power.

The tyranny of facts, then, is the weakness of the mind; and, therefore, the truth of the words of Scotus, "Tantum scit homo, quantum operatur." The Past becomes truly great and important for study only as her lessons pass through the keen logic of the reason, and her memorized "facts," or "events," are subjected to the control of the intellect. Neither the mental nor the moral could exist without her; yet he, who scans page after page of history to gather truths and phenomena only to use as tinsels to blind the ignorant, or as carcanets with which to surround a sluggish intellect, does it at the expense of his firmness of character, and whatever strength of judgment he may possess.

The Past should be studied as a Unit. From a partial study of it, Intellect cannot possibly draw reliable inferences. Like a kingly palace, its beauty lies in its connection. Shingles look best upon the house-top; bricks are valued most in the chimney. Details of history are truthfully instructive only in the mass. "Consequents cannot, by an infinite regress," says the philosopher, "be evolved out of antecedents, which are themselves only consequents." Neither can Reason with impartial justice pronounce decisions, unless every particle of the Past is sifted together. Leo X. and Martin Luther were the direct agents of the Reformation. Mohammed and Arabian Idolatry palpitated into life the present popular religion of the Persians and the Turks. But, to solve the question, What is true religion? we are not to study these alone, — no, not the sacrificial worship of Moses, nor even the spiritual homage of Christ; but the whole religious world must be united, — the mind must survey completely before it can obtain the answer, or even approximate to a true result.

Again, in the study of the Past, there should be an appreciation. Pure intellectual reasoning will not always bring out reliable results. Passion and conscience must be evenly balanced. Gibbon gloats over the errors which crept into the Christian Church during its infancy, and with sarcasm attempts to build up an irrefutable argument against the religion of Jesus. Christian philosophers, in reply, content themselves with proving the purity of its birth, and lay the cause of all these errors at the door of a mysterious, yet necessary law. The mind should receive a few rays before it judges of the great orb itself. To the ignorant, education is the maker of fools. The statesman regards it as the "bulwark of liberty." The Russian looks with contempt upon the liberty-loving Circassian; but a French Emperor has envied the poor Switzer tending his flocks among the Alps. The past is like a grand panorama — the nearer we approach the canvas the better we can judge the merits of the painting. If we would read Socrates and gain good, we must come in humbleness and purity of emotion. If we would read Plato with appreciation, intellect must be previously sharpened.

I have spoken of the affection which man universal exhibits for the Past. Thus does its study become to many simply the means to excite to pleasurable, yet unhealthy activity, the emotional powers of their natures. Cause and effect to such are but the fancies of the mind; analysis and comparison, a phantasmagoria; and results deduced, merely visionary. The Past, as a subject, has been watered all over with the tears of these sentimentalists, who can think of it only as does the home-sick youth of the parental roof which he has left for the first time. I love to look upon it as the home of intellect, and all that emanates therefrom. It is my daily Mecca; and every time I bow to the pilgrim-stone, it seems as if I feel the presence of that Great Prophet, whose judgment penetrates all the future: for every power of my soul beats stronger. — Intellect is quickened, and Conscience is less afraid. E.

PROSPECT HILL IN SPRING.

HERE let me rest, on this majestic peak,
Where undisturbed the wild bird sweetly sings;
Where I may view the charms of Nature's cheek,
Tinged with the pencil of returning Spring.

Wide gleams the beauty of "Old Bay State's" hills,
Unstained by dark, designing men of crime;
While shady groves, and softly rushing rills,
Add to the scene a feature most sublime.

How fair, O, venerable hill! thy sloping sides,
Where new-born verdure scents the passing gale;
While far beneath, in all their native pride,
Primeval forests deck the blushing vale.

All sweetly smiles to the slow-sinking sun,
Whose parting rays gild stern Monadnock's crest;
As in his western glory moving on,
He bends his course to his nocturnal rest.

'T is not yon towns, that rear their lofty spires,
That captivate my wandering vision most;
Art's gilded front in all its bright attire,
Is but a show where human pride may boast.

The works of man shall fall, and rise no more,
And man himself soon fills the silent tomb;
But Nature her celestial charms restores,
And with the Spring returns in all her bloom.

O, blind admirer of the works of art!
How void art thou of life's ecstatic bliss,
If, in the dulness of thy sordid heart,
Thou art a stranger to such joy as this!

O, joy supreme! what more can man desire,
While wandering on life's dark and dubious road,
Than scenes like these, to wake poetic fire,
And lead his soul enraptured up to God?

B

CINCINNATUS.

In the midst of the desert, the weary traveller often meets with some lone oasis, with its refreshing verdure, its shady bowers, seeming like a second Eden spread out in beauty before his view. So, as we wander over the most unfruitful ages of the past, we often find noble examples of virtue, instances of true manliness, amply redeeming the sterility of all around them. Among those few persons who have been tried in the balance and not found wanting, — who have been subjected to the severest tests, and yet been true to their country and to their fame, — is Cincinnatus.

It seems as if we could see him now, humbly cultivating his own farm, just outside the walls of Rome; in perfect peace enjoying the fresh morning air; pausing for a moment to listen to the warbling of the birds; all alive to the beauties of Nature; drinking in with delight all her lessons. And as he raises his eyes to the lofty towers of proud Rome, glittering in the sunlight before him, we see the patriot's tear roll down his cheek at the thought of the commotions which were fast destroying the prosperity of his native land. And then, as he bends again over his plough, we can read in that glance of pity and love a true patriotism, or rather a loftiness of spirit which transcends all patriotism; we can see a man — a man in every sense of the word, both able and willing to save his fatherland. Let us leave him for the present by his plough.

There is an unusual excitement in Rome. The Senate is crowded. News of appalling import has reached them. A consul with his large army is surrounded in a narrow defile by a victorious army. Who shall rescue him?

The people are assembled — consternation is pictured on every countenance; but it is only for a moment, for some one has shouted, "Cincinnatus!" The masses take up the cry. "Cincinnatus!" — that almost forgotten name, yet remembered *now*, in this time of danger — let *him* be dictator; *he* shall rescue Rome!

Hurriedly the deputies of the people ran from the city to his retired farm. There he is, clothed in the plain habit of the Roman farmer, still holding the plough, happy in the rural employments he so much loves, all unconscious of the honor that awaits him. Quickly the deputies tell him of the great emergency — that all Rome is looking to him for deliverance.

He casts one reluctant glance at the green fields he must leave; to *his* mind the joys of rural life, the endearments of home appear far preferable to the highest office of honor in a troubled state. But still he does not hesitate. That eye, once so calm, now flashing fire, — those lips, once smiling, now compressed, show that his whole spirit is aroused, reveal a soul determined to make any sacrifice for country and for friends.

Sixteen days later, Rome is once more all alive with excitement. Cincinnatus in triumph is returning to the city. History might put into his mouth — he is far too humble — that proud boast of Rome's greatest warrior, "I came, I saw, I conquered." But now his character is to be put to the severest test. He is the supreme ruler of Rome. No laws, no decrees can thwart his will. The tempter, from the high pinnacle on which he stands, offers him all that his eye can reach. Was ever temptation stronger? Could a more enticing allurement ever glisten before ambition? But Cincinnatus, in the midst of his power, thinks of his plough — of his neglected fields. Before a spirit so noble as his, ambition must cower; no bright visions can captivate the integrity of such a soul.

The news goes like wildfire throughout the city — Cincinnatus has resigned the dictatorship! The wondering populace scarce believe it true. Ah! Cincinnatus, in thine unfeigned humility, little didst thou think that on that day thou didst a deed which, wherever thy country's struggles are known, shall be told as a record of thee! Greece can boast of a Miltiades, a Leonidas, of warriors whom all the power of Eastern opulence could not overcome. Rome had her Scipios, her Pompey, her Cæsars. History tells us of an Alexander, who mourned for more worlds to conquer; of a Hannibal, whom the dangers of the snow-capped Alps could not terrify; of a Napoleon, whose mighty genius made all Europe tremble. But an enlightened posterity is not dazzled by these great names. Like the king in that beautiful fable, who, passing over the rose and all the fairest of the flowers, gave the prize to the humble violet blooming by the wayside, posterity lays its crowns on the brows of those few persons in whose characters appear beautifully blended modesty with wisdom, philanthropy with genius. Yes; greatness united with goodness, power veiled in love, intellectual ability adorned with humility — these are the shrines on which time lays his offerings, which mankind delights to honor. Such was Cincinnatus. It has been said by one, that genius is self-conscious; by another, that humility is the foundation of every virtue. Would you see these two qualities blended in perfect unison in one person; would you see a fortitude and self-confidence which would shrink from no danger and neglect no duty — a meek and lowly spirit, which would forget self and drive all thoughts of selfish ambition away, forming together a character which has stood the test of ages, and which is visibly inscribed with the image and superscripture of God — we can point with delight to Cincinnatus, the great prototype of Washington, of whom, as of the humble, pious patriot of Mount Vernon, it might be said, "he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Σμινϑευς.

THE PALACE OF NEREUS.

Far down in the depths of the Indian Ocean,
The azure-eyed daughters of Nereus dwell;
Where the zoöphytes wave with a banner-like motion,
And beds of green sea-weed incessantly swell.

With hearts without malice,
Down deep in their palace
The daughters of Ocean in pleasure abide;
Olympian nectar is mixed in their chalice,
Their dolphin-drawn chariots float on the tide.

There Doris, and Chloris, and fair Galatea,
And Doto, and Proto, and Melite pale,
Fair-haired Amathea,
And youthful Actaea,
Through glittering forests of coralline sail.

I could tell you the history,
Hidden in mystery,
Of Doris, — their mother, as poets relate; —
How Nereus pursued her,
And found her, and wooed her,
And won her, and wed her, and made her his mate.

How fondly he kissed her,
His true-loving sister, —
E'en *Jove* took his sister, fair Juno, to wife; —
But *I* know, and *you* know,
How Jove and how Juno —
His wife and his sister — were wedded in strife.

But Nereus with Doris —
For so say the stories, —
Down under the ocean in happiness dwells;
With these fifty daughters
Deep under the waters
His palace is garnished with pearl-colored shells.

Beneath a pavilion
Of rose and vermilion
The frothy old Nereus and Doris recline;
And near to their seat is
The beautiful Thetis,
And dolphins attend them arranged in a line.

And cuttle-fish muster
With rainbow-like lustre,
And purple-finned mullets, and gold-fishes bright,
With sea-ribbons pendent,
And banners resplendent,
And the moon-fish floats by with its tremulous light.

Anon.

THE YANKEE.

The Puritans had landed upon the coast of Plymouth. The winter of 1621 — that winter of pains and griefs, of watchings and deaths — had passed. The blue violet had peeped modestly up to the warm sunshine, betokening the genial breath of Spring. Samoset had marched boldly into the colony, and welcomed the English to his forest country. At this time — ere the scalping-knife had been dug up, when the red pipe breathed forth nought but fumes of peace — the word Yankee had its birth. The story is thus told:

"One sunny day in June, some children of the settlers at Plymouth, picking flowers in a little valley a short distance from their homes, were startled at seeing an Indian lad spring suddenly into their midst. They hastily threw down the flowers which they had gathered, and ran as fast as their little feet would let them towards their homes. The Indian, who, by the way, was a son of Massasoit, and afterwards the renowned Phillip of Mount Hope, seeming hurt at what he had done, called after them in earnest tones, 'Yenghees! Yenghees!' and assured them, as well as he could by gesticulations, that he did not intend to harm them. But the children, misinterpreting these words and signs, were frightened the more, and made hastier their retreat. They of course related what they had seen, together with the strange words of the Indian boy."

Thus the word Yankee came into existence. When and how the word was applied at first, and how it was handed down to posterity, the history from which I gather this derivation of the word does not state. Perhaps some future historian may dig away the dust which covers the answers to these interrogatories indirect, and make them known for the benefit of mankind. We hope, at least, that the crater of Time will be sparing of its ashes until then. Let it be said, however, for its own honor, that the word Yankee is of legitimate birth. No taint is upon its origin. Since the time when man attempted to array his puny strength, embodied in that mighty tower of old, against Omnipotence, never could a daughter of old mother Language kiss her new-born child with a purer joy. It was born in amalgamation, to be sure; but the old lady never had any Shems or Hams — her children were all Japheths. She never acknowledged among her progeny

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray."

The individual whom they call Yankee is very difficult to find, because you hardly know what to accept for a definition of him. Webster and Worcester were never so much at variance in the spelling of words. The Irishman defines him in Bible phraseology, — "An hard master, reaping where he has not sowed, and gathering where he has not strewn." The Englishman defines him phrenologically, — "A big bump behind, retreating forehead, eyes sticking out; hence, animal passions predominant, language full, reason small — an animal distinguished from the brutes by having the gift of gab." The Frenchman defines him physiologically, — "A man somewhat abdominous, having a huge mouth and narrow chest." The Russian defines him thus: "A man like ourselves, hardy, energetic; reckons his property by the number of his serfs; subsists on tallow-candles, and lives in every respect the same as we do; yet not *quite* so smart." The Virginian metamorphoses him into a peddler, begging a lodging for the night, paying in advance with cracked ware, and stealing it in the morning before he departs. The Alabamian considers him a man continually gazing at the moon, a visionary theorist, a hair-brained fanatic.

Such are the many definitions of the Yankee in vogue. But there is one other left, and that — pardon the self-conceit, kind reader — is ours. The Yankee, according to our definition, is a man of good judgment, of energy, and firmness; but in the phrenological scale we place his Benevolence and Reverence at 4.

The Yankee is always a Yankee. If a Yankee at birth, then he is in manhood and old age. The Yankee, too, never comes into the world weeping — his features are sternly inflexible, and the mother, to her sorrow, finds out too early that his finger-nails are not lacking this same rigid property. In early childhood first appears the germ of that peculiar restlessness which seems to be a prerogative of his nature. His mother learns him some sacred ditty, but he cannot content himself without ending it with Yankee Doodle. She teaches him some child-prayer, but to her pious horror he intersperses it with snatches of negro melodies. Ere he has arrived at his teens, he puffs his cigar with the complacency of the man; prides himself upon the superior cut of his coat; calls his father the old man, and her who nursed him so carefully in his baby days, the old woman;

and weekly, before the little cracked looking-glass in his chamber, lathers and scrapes away, that he may force some obstinate hair to start. The man displays the same restless disposition — always discontented, never concentrating. Old age finds him with energy untiring, and Death carries him out of the world kicking.

All the fault we find with the Yankee, is, too much of his energy centres in the bump of Acquisitiveness. Money to him is too omnipotent. Too many of his dimes have golden rims, blinding his Ideality and Reason. The saying that Yankees are like cats — throw them up as you please and they will come down on their feet — was very wittily said, yet it is not always true. This continual thirsting and hankering after money at the expense of intellect, the glittering attractions of aristocracy, and their consequent allurements to profligacy, make sometimes even the Yankee come down in any other position than on his feet.

The Yankee is a clever fellow, and, what cannot be said of every one who lays claim to this quality, a smart one. Said Cortez, in reply to the disdainful interrogatory of the king of Spain, "Who are you?" — "I am a man who has won for you more countries than your father left you towns." So has the Yankee won more conquests for Truth than the older nations have fought battles for her.

Ever since the youthful days of the Indian Alexander, the Yankee has led the van of Progress. God placed a mighty hill before the feet of the human race, when at the Fall he instituted the great law of Progression. Having no alternative, man commenced the toilsome ascent. How far towards the summit he has gone, we have no means of determining; but this we know, that the summit will finally be reached. And if the premise be true, it is logically certain that the Yankee will be the first to stand upon it. This, at any rate, we predict. And as Moses from Mount Pisgah viewed the Promised Land, so then will he, standing upon the pinnacle of his intellectual greatness, be able to penetrate the secret recesses of Nature, and understand even the mysteries of the Creation.

MARK MILES.

THE SUBJECT AND THE MAN.

Never, perhaps, before has there been such an interest felt by the young men of the country in English Composition, as now. The advance of American literature, the circulation of American works, the annihilation of that contemptuous question, "Who ever reads an American book?"—all these tend to encourage young men to seek for influence as writers.

But a greater incentive is seen in the desire which all should have to wield effectively that mighty weapon, the Pen, to-day, to-morrow, and in the future; for in a country like our own, where the humble lad of to-day may become the dignified President of to-morrow, and the tattered frock of the farmer-boy give place to the graceful toga of the statesman, what aspiring youth would despise the aid of that ever-burning torch, which may gild by its light the bright and golden future?

Yet it is one thing to desire, and another to obtain. There is too much power everywhere misapplied. We cannot be too careful in what direction, and with what spirit, we cultivate those powers, higher, broader, deeper, and holier than all, which dwell in the temple of the mind. Little good will it do us or the world, if we repeat again and again what all have known before, except as stepping-stones to the proof of greater problems. Why is it that those whose minds flash forth strong and brilliant sparks of light in a private discussion on any subject, write cold and lifeless truisms; while the curtain of the future, lifting before them with golden promise of hope and reward, should inspire within them thoughts to electrify the pen, and send forth gladdening strength on the wings of the mighty Press?

We hear with admiration of fidelity even unto death, for great opinions; but every honest thought in the heart of man will one day be a cause, weak or strong, as the valor of its originator and the exigencies of the times shall determine; and where is the man who can stand before his God, with one power misapplied in the nature He has given him? Fidelity to opinions honestly espoused, is always noble; but the noblest sight of all is to see a man in the dignity of truth defend his own opinions, implanted by God within him; saying, like noble Luther, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me. Amen."

What we ask, then, is, that the man, in all his power and grandeur, shall inspire and strengthen the spirit of the cause.

Thank Heaven, we have many men to-day who are truly identified with their causes. Thackery and Dickens, losing in their ardor none of their beauty of style — known everywhere as the friends of the oppressed, and the reformers of abuses — finding humanity everywhere — showing under the tattered blouse and the soiled working-dress a manly generosity and simple piety — melting the heart as they appeal to the convinced — showing that the man and the novelist can consistently be united — going from love to man to love to God — they are worthy examples to us.

Sumner, bringing his classical lore and his generous warmth to the defence of Liberty, and Brougham infusing the cause of Reform with his own keen powers; the one laying the best years of his life — perhaps that life itself, once so bright with promise — a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country's freedom; the other, for the sake of his life-cherished cause, wasting year after year the fibres of that iron frame, content if over its remnants the glorious monument of English Reform shall rise, as a memorial of his faithful battle in the good fight, — may well tell us of devotion which we may imitate.

Such are examples of men known to the world, who have won respect and reward for manly independence. Every man, however private, owes it to himself to pursue the same noble course. On the mind of every man the feelings he cherishes in regard to subjects of every magnitude, according to the candor of his examination and the magnanimity of his conclusions, will have an influence, making him truer as a man, and as a writer more generous and impartial.

To such an one the lives of those around him are not without interest, or a chance for sympathy, but replete with scenes and incidents to warm his heart and move his pity; to give him a motive beyond himself, for action and interest; to teach him everywhere lessons of divine and human nature; to fill his heart with great purposes and love for his fellow-men.

To him history is not a dull succession of dates and events, of use perhaps for illustration or argument, but the story of the world's sorrow and joy, its sufferings and their alleviation, — of industry rewarded, of education advancing, of Truth opposed, yet irresistible, of the struggles of the weak against the strong, of right against wrong, of reform and enlightenment against superstition and ignorance. It shows him thrones tottering, despots overthrown, Popery, Feudalism, and the old institutions of oppression yielding to the advance of the ages, and the majestic temple of Liberty rising over their ruins.

In its voice he hears the refrain of Freedom, like the peal of a mighty organ, rising and swelling with its rich harmony upon the breeze, joined by the voices of freemen from every land — the war-songs of Greece and Poland, the grand old hymn of awakening Germany, the fiercely chanted Marseillaise from France; while England and America, with joined hands and loving hearts, send forth their song of Liberty triumphant. And as he listens, grander and deeper it sounds as it thunders over Europe, shaking the stately citadel of royalty

> "From turret to foundation-stone."

To him, as eagerly he listens for instruction and encouragement, as the one great lesson, its every event proclaims, in prophetic tones,

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers!"

Thus, taking a true point of view, placing ourselves in the position of those we judge, entering with the strength of our being into the subject we discuss, we may make our mark, and do our duty in the great and busy world. So shall every professional man ennoble and be elevated by his profession; every thinking man reap a full harvest of rich and golden thoughts; and so shall the world be benefitted by the flood of light upon it from the richness of the Subject, and the power of the Man. s.

HALBERT AND ALVIRA.

A TALE OF ANCIENT DAYS.

'T WAS midnight, and nature had lost her sweet bloom,
And darkness had shrouded the world in deep gloom,
The ocean-waves' murmur came loud on the gale,
And sullenly echoed far down the green vale;

When in her dark chamber, bewildered by sorrow,
Alvira sat, waiting the dawn of the morrow.
Her soul in an ocean of anguish was cast,
And she wept to the pitiless breeze as it past,
Which brought the low tones of the conflict afar,
And chilled her young heart with the terrors of war.
She heard through the gloomy night, distant and low,
The battle's wild rage, and the shout of the foe —
Her thoughts rose to heaven in unuttered prayer,
While she murmured aloud, "My Halbert is there!
O, merciful Heaven! do thou prove his shield
While the angel of death wafts his wing o'er the field!
O, save him whose heart is more pure than the dove:
For Halbert I live, and I live but to love!"

The hoarse hum of conflict came near and more near,
And the cry of the onset invaded her ear;
Her struggling breast heaved with approaching despair,
As she strained her dim sight through the dark midnight air;
Her trembling hand presséd her woe-stricken brow,
And she murmured, "My Halbert, ah! where art thou now?
There, there in the vanguard, where long he has stood,
My fancy beholds him, all streaming in blood;
His armor is pierced, and his valor is gone,
He standeth unaided, unhorsed, and alone.
"But see! while stern death seems to chill every vein,
His spirit of courage rekindles again;
New light seems to beam from his dark, flashing eye,
And I see his dread falchion red gleaming on high;
His foemen before him are stretched in their gore —
Their battles are fought, and their warfare is o'er.
I see my own Halbert rush on with the brave,
Where thousands find fame in the peace of the grave.
"But again he is wounded! his blood rushes red!
He is doomed ere the morning to sleep with the dead.
Again he's surrounded — his weary arm yields —
His falchion is broken, and dropped on the field;
He calls for assistance, but echo replies; —
O God — he has fallen! — he struggles — he dies!"

But why should vain fancy embitter my woes?
Why thus do I deem him hemmed in by the foes?
And why do I weep, as if o'er his green grave?
Will the mercy of Heaven not shelter the brave?

My Halbert 's a warrior — his valor is tried —
He has oft quell'd his foes in the height of their pride;
His motives are high, and his heart knows not fear —
The proudest shall tremble to challenge his spear.
"But still, on the breezes that wave the dark wood,
His groans reach my ear as he writhes in his blood.
Begone! raving fancy, and leave me alone:
O, merciless fiend, from my presence begone!"
Thus passed she the hours, till the rosy-cheeked dawn,
Unconsciously smiling, cheered woodland and lawn;
And ere the sun tinged the dark mountains with red,
She had wended her way to the field of the dead.
The clashing of armor resounded no more,
The breezes were still, and the battle was o'er.
Like a phantom she roamed o'er the blood-covered plain,
And gazed in the face of the wounded and slain:
Her faltering step spoke the woe of her mind,
As she sought for one form which she dreaded to find.
But soon trembling hope bade her bosom adieu,
For the cold brow of Halbert at last met her view;
His breast-plate was pierced where his bosom had bled,
His helmet was cleft, and his spirit had fled.
She welcomed despair, as she knelt by his side,
Then sank on the breast of her lover — and died.

B.

NAPOLEON III.

The position, name, and character of Louis Napoleon, situated as he is on an imperial throne, the inheritor of unrivalled renown, the representative of a resistless purpose and sovereign will, render interesting every intimation of his success, not only to nations, but to individual men. We have not time to follow in detail the progress of his heroic career, — only to mention a few of the eventualities which, from vague impressions, have moulded tangible things; from a smouldering fire kindled a burning flame; from a wandering exile nourished a ruling monarch.

The nations begin to feel that the "name of Napoleon is in itself a perfect programme." His words are fulmined across the waters, and echoed in our hearts with trembling response. To-day, as his vast and impatient army comes pouring down upon the battle-fields of Italy, we begin to acknowledge his grandeur and respect his power. The kingdoms which have hated him cordially, now begin to dread him fearfully; and toward whatever country he turns his bayonets, there does terror reach its fever-point. His enemies feel that his will is law; and whatever may be his intentions, such is the resolution and tenacity with which he clings to a once-conceived design, that they look forward with foreboding expectancy to the probable and imminent accomplishment of his secret plans.

Whether this shall be, or no, — whether his glowing genius shall attain to its meridian light, or fall suddenly from its towering sphere, — the tree which he has planted shall yield its fruits in autumnal ripeness to gathering hands, and he will have left profound traces of his genius upon the land endeared to him by the ties of family adoption, and the congenial associations of never-to-be-forgotten grandeur. We are frequently and unjustly told that he is rapacious as a conqueror, dominant and coërcive as a ruler, and cruel and despotic as a man. That he is ambitious, no one will deny. That he is chivalrous and patriotic, eager as a soldier and sovereign — in loyal remembrance to his great uncle — to wash away in blood the stains of indignity which he endured, is equally true. But who has he wronged? What province has he oppressed? What city has he plundered? Whose life has he unjustly taken? Whose honor has he wantonly assailed? His lot was cast in an age of revolution — a revolution which he has nobly terminated, by leading his countrymen out from the servitude of tyranny and physical force, to an inauguration of order, authority, religion, and dignity, in the eyes of nations.

When Louis Napoleon was elected President, he felt with equal bitterness the grandeur of the past, and the nothingness of the present. France was convulsed with anarchy and disintegration. He looked about upon a confused medley of disloyal and discouraged subjects, who loved glory passionately, but ran away from it persistently; who yearned for national supremacy, but revelled in hereditary frivolity. He entered upon his duties preaching as he practised, revealing his intentions when the deed was done.

He met with obstacles which would have overwhelmed a man of less genius and will than he; but his was a character which difficulties could not conquer, an energy which calamity could not relax, a fortitude and constancy which threatenings could neither subdue nor bend from a prescribed course. His purpose was as fixed as the eternal stars, as unwavering as their serene light, as high as their lofty place. With a coolness, resolution, and consummate skill, — which can alone explain his greatness, — he conceived, arranged, and executed his designs according to the dictates of his own will, and men were as pliant in his hand as pawns upon a chess-board.

He boldly scorned the rage of peers and potentates to fan the flame of by-gone ambition in the hearts of plebeian Frenchmen, where it was now glimmering in its own decay. Upon the discord of broken union, the scattered fragments of misrule, anarchy, and ruthless despotism, he laid the foundation of law, and order, and union, and harmony. Everywhere he substituted for the old tyranny a more civilized and resolute policy. He roused his subjects from torpor and indifference, and trained them for civic life. The poor and rich received common justice and equal benefits. Into the sympathies of the former he entered with noble generosity, and taught the latter that they could not beard him with impunity. He restored his country to its former grandeur among the nations; and now, as he leads his advancing columns to the contest, they fear and tremble. The noise of his hundreds of thousands, as they rush to arms, the loyal subjects of his will, — unbending, but as yet unknown, — resounds like the roll of thunder through the earth, and all are ready to pay homage to the man who once was scorned in a prison cell.

But Louis Napoleon has not yet reached his destiny. His glory is still advancing, and yet greater glory will be hung around his standard. His gallant navy shall spread her banners on every wave, and he shall yet be known, and read, and felt by every man.

The stamp has not yet been put upon his character, which is to seal it up for ages yet to be. The jealous and supercilious opinions of the living, will be superseded by the impartial investigations of those to come: and in the imperial archives of posterity his name shall be inscribed among the noble sons who have lived to honor their country and adorn mankind.

But, whatever may be our different opinions of this man, we need write no homilies of sentimental delicacy upon what appear to be his flagrant sins. Providence will direct his course; and if it be his purpose only to satisfy the cravings of an infernal ambition, he will fall a victim to his own ill-balanced principles, and be sent abroad upon the waste of life, an enemy to himself and an alien from mankind.

If, on the other hand, with the system of regulated freedom and national progress in view, he is, as I believe, resolved neither to rush recklessly into mortal combat, nor shrink by one hair's breadth from the heroic responsibilities of a great and arduous position, the hand that endeavors to check his course will be palsied, and obstacles will be parted asunder and driven before him, like the clouds of a windy day.

Then woe to the land that trampled upon his country in the days of its adversity; for he will be as resistless as doom, as terrible and relentless as death.

May his career be long and prosperous; as unsullied in the future as unwavering in the past; that ever, as now, at mention of his name, I may feel the out-goings of a devotional spirit, an involuntary desire to bow down in reverence, not with the false adulation of mere hero-worship, but with the sincere sympathies of a soul bending before the shrine of superior wisdom and greatness.

OBITUARY.

ONE loving look, one parting word, one silent prayer, — he was gone. Angels had borne his ransomed spirit home. Yes, 't is true; the last bond severed, the last tie broken, his soul has winged its flight. Heaven's choral anthems greet with joyous welcome our schoolmate, classmate, brother Philomathean, HENRY BARKER.

Death at best is a fearful messenger; but when its blow falls at our side, strikes down the friend whom we dearly love, severs closest ties, 't is then we gain the first true conception of its meaning. Thus, Philomatheans, it speaks to us to-day; a brother is its victim — a loved, cherished heart has felt the wound.

It would be pleasant to dwell upon the many endearing qualities of our friend, — his piety, Christian influence, cheerful life, — but we must not. One parting tribute, our heartfelt sorrow, and we leave our companion in his lone, silent home.

We recall the hour of burial, our thoughts at the open grave; and even now, as then, returns the story of his life. A few short summers, winter's chilling blasts; death closed the drama, and eternity enrolled its records. It was a brief existence, yet full long; for Heaven called the weary wanderer home.

Such a life, such a death — they need no encomiums. Our brother was a Christian, in its deepest, fullest sense. His ever-faithful attendance at the place of prayer, his voice so often raised in supplication, his warm heart, his triumphant death — shall we attempt to praise these? His work is done, his rest gained. Earth for him has lost its charms; Jesus is his portion. Oh, the delightful assurances of the Christian's hope!

"Brother, thou hast gone to rest." Thy life-labor is ended, thy reward attained. Other men shall pass where thou hast trod; thy loved form will sleep in the silent tomb. Sad thought — loss untold — yet for thee what gain!

The Saviour's arms shall fondly encircle thee; and thy memory, as thy life, shall extend the cause thou lovedst. Happy, thrice happy thus to live — the height of rapture thus to pass away! F.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.— Our limited space will not permit our entering into a discussion of the grave questions which have grown out of this war, which now seems to have almost approached a crisis, nor to enter into any details, which must necessarily be uninteresting. We must satisfy ourselves, and we trust we shall the reader, with one or two reflections.

We are not of those who believe that Louis Napoleon is fighting against the assumptions of a despotic power, nor, with a magnanimity so inconsistent with his past life, seeking to protect and enlarge the liberties of the Italian people. Policy may dictate to him such action; and so may ambition, — a thirsting for Napoleonic fame, — blinding his reason, urge him to take the same mis-steps which finally crushed the power of his uncle. We utter no predictions. A day may bring us rumors of peace, or the low mutterings of a broader and deeper tempest. As we recall to mind, however, the intriguing disposition, the many inconsistencies of the present Napoleon, the conservatism of Prussia, the jealousy of England, and the feverish thirst of Russia for conquests, we should not wonder if the spark that flickers upon the plains of Lombardy to-day, finally kindles all Europe into a blaze. If such should be the result, we would welcome it. The *end* we judge; with God we leave the means.

In these great warlike movements, the superficial reader will see only the trampling of armies, or the jealousies of rival powers; but the earnest thinker will acknowledge a thought in every bayonet, an idea in every charge, and all these tributary to a mighty principle, — to that same great principle which destroyed Rome, degraded Spain, and drenched England in fraternal blood, — to that same power which is still working and heaving under the political and social system of Europe; — the power of a *true, living* Christianity. We are not of those who measure the liberty of a people by their learning. The religion of a people is our criterion. Liberty follows only in the train of Christianity; and as every battle which has taken place in Europe since the first bishopric of Rome, has waxed stronger the throes of this mighty power, so has every war weakened more and more the planks of that common constitution upon which all monarchies are founded.

Even if all Europe should be convulsed by the present war, when ended the crown may still glitter on the head of England's queen, the carpeted halls of the Tuileries may still receive the haughty tread of an Emperor, and Austria still bend at the beck of royalty. But we know that the throbs of liberty will beat stronger in hearts oppressed by taxation, that governments inconsistent with humanity and the enlargement of mind will be weakened, and an easier conquest will there be for that final throe, when despotisms shall fall and dynasties crumble, when Christianity, triumphant and supreme, shall assert an undisputed power.

Humboldt — Choate. — Sad news comes across the water, coupled with that of the great conflict now going on there — the death of Baron Von Humboldt, known throughout the world as the man of science and philosophy, and the true and noblehearted philanthropist.

Another sad duty it falls to our lot to record — the death of Rufus Choate. It is fitting that the departure of these two men should be mentioned together. Each, in their respective stations, stood far in advance of all their compeers.

Few men have lived to enjoy more honors than have deservedly fallen to Humboldt. Few men have left behind them a name so enduring as will be his; for his long and illustrious life has been spent in behalf of mankind. Who can measure his influence for good, which, as a scholar and Christian, he leaves as his legacy? He was a man whom kings esteemed it an honor to claim as a friend — who used his knowledge for the great cause of human advancement, and his influence to combat error and strengthen the right — whose tongue and pen were ever heard speaking the noble sentiments of truth and humanity.

Of Rufus Choate we need say nothing more than to point to him as a noble example. From the foot of the ladder, toiling up until he reached the topmost round. His eloquence was his success. No man possessed an equal power of swaying his hearers by the gift of speech. It was an eloquence of heart, of feeling — an eloquence glowing with deep and fervid emotion. Of his other qualities we may barely speak. A large-heartedness, an earnest enthusiasm in his labor, whatever he undertook, and a disposition which always placed him upon the side of the oppressed and unfortunate. The abilities which he brought to his profession were large. Nature had endowed him with noble powers. To these he added, in early life, untiring perseverance and the resolve to conquer. We are familiar with his life, and know its results.

The two places where stood these two great men, are vacant. Humboldt and Choate are gone. The inquiry comes at once, Who fills the post they occupied? One cannot look at their career of honor and reward, without having the answer spring up in his heart — "That it might be I." But their success was the result of earnest toil. No dreamer's life will win the golden prize. "Virtus in actione" alone can gain so noble a reward. As we look upon their lives, and the almost full fruition of their hopes, we say involuntarily, may we also enter upon the task with high and noble resolves to conquer, — not for success in itself considered, but for the good we may accomplish with it, — satisfied that if it comes not outwardly, it will in that sure and certain plaudit, "He hath done what he could."

The road to fame! 'T is often like the way
That passes up the side of some steep mount,

On whose bright top there rests the golden sun ;
While here and there a single slanting ray
Shoots downwards thro' the narrow opening,
To light the toiler, who, with earnest heart,
Is slowly travelling up the steep ascent.
Bold cliffs and jutting crags impede the way,
And torrents rushing thro' the deep ravines.
But far beyond, the luring light is seen,
Toward which, with many a turn and winding path,
To shun the thick-besetting obstacles,
It upward rises, till upon the brow
It merges into open, glorious day.
Bright visions, stretching far on every side,
Are the reward, when once the height is gained :
And wreaths of glory deck the winner's brow,
Who, gazing backward in the distance dim,
Sees all the path, thro' which with struggling steps
His toilsome way has led, *lie pointing up:*
And the bright goal, for which he toiled and won,
Bursts on his sight — the glorious Sun itself.

So much for stern, sober reality. One moment, friends, as by a picture of its solemn assembly, we introduce the mirth which resounds through our Philos' halls.

AN EVENING IN PHILO.

I mourn my first production, and the fruit
Of that poor poem, — happening to suit, —
Which made your Editor half ask, half tease,
" Write me a piece ! a poem, if you please."
So, in despair I seize my tattered quill,
And let my fingers scribble as they will.
After the roll is called and answered through, —
Some for themselves, yet some by proxy, too, —
Now, Editor, the records being read,
" Prepare to pucker," and we 'll start ahead !
But first, howe'er impatient, we must wait
While Philo's " nurslings," fearing it is late,
Go, in a straggling line, with noisy tread,
To seek their mothers and be put to bed ;
While some evince, by ever drowsy hum,
How long ago their bed-time must have come.

The Criticism lays the earliest claim
To its proportion of reward or blame;
Of this we say, what all admit is true,
The critic tries to give each man his due,
But damps his ardor, or excites his hope,
By too much censure, or too much soft-soap;
Yet striving earnestly, as all have seen,
May reach at last the just and golden mean.
Some Senior, Middler, Junior, it may be,
Is then appointed on extempore,
Who stumbles through with many an awful pause,
And leaves the floor with long and loud applause.
And then some luckless victim, ripe or green,
Gives an address with lofty tone and mien —
Follows the planets in their starry round,
Or disinters the fossils under ground;
Drawing in fancy then the magic line
Meant in close hug the nations to entwine.
" A change comes o'er the spirit of his dream," —
He closes with a paragraph on steam.
Then speakers on debate our thoughts engage;
" Each player struts his ' hour ' upon the stage " —
Arguments, wit, and pathos are employed
To make the keen debate the more enjoyed;
While champions try their prowess hilt to hilt,
Or splinter lances in an equal tilt;
They give and take, like giant chiefs opposed,
Until the closely-fought debate is closed;
Tellers appointed, and the question put,
One side is satisfied, the other not;
Then, slowly rising, with his notes in hand,
The President, with tone and manner bland,
With the whole house in fixed attention bent,
Gives his decision on the argument;
While the debaters, by their eager eyes,
Show the importance of their greatest prize.
Parts are appointed, and the question chosen;
Names are proposed, and motions by the dozen;
Perhaps some standing regulation wise,
Which has seemed needful in some member's eyes
To check some great abuse which he has seen,
Or lubricate the wheels of our machine.
At last the erring time-piece plainly shows
Their time is nearly drawing to a close;

And then, adjourning to the foot-ball ground,
From when the moon begins her nightly round
Till in the West she casts her shadows long,
They "make night hideous" with their shouts and song.
UNCAS.

We publish selections from a series of letters received from a scientific correspondent in Central Africa. We will not question the plausibility of his theories.

SPOONEYVILLE, CENTRAL ETHIOPIA, June 17th, 1959.

YOUNG FRIENDS: — As there has been some misunderstanding relative to my country, its customs and general features, I have determined to write you a few short letters; and the more, since I know that the cause of science, and the general welfare of the world, will be greatly advanced by them. But you will wish to know my name and descent, therefore I will briefly inform you that I am the great Ham Hornblower, directly descended from Ham Noah, who, at the death of his father, received as his portion the whole of Africa. I am an old man, and withal wise, a logician, astronomer, and metaphysicer. I have long dwelt in the country; indeed, Spooneyville takes its name from that peculiar phase of my great ancestor's character; therefore my statements may be received with the greatest confidence. But to my subject.

I will first speak of our chronological development, and in doing so I shall correct a very serious mistake in yours. By my date, you will infer that either you or I labor under a serious misapprehension. You are in the wrong, as I shall presently convince you. When Noah left the ark, he placed his three little sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in separate lands, to keep the tally of the earth's revolutions. He gave a board and piece of charcoal to each, with especial directions to make a broad, black mark upon the recurrence of certain phenomena. A large bell was hung upon the horn of the moon, just above Shem's seat, against which his head was to thump at every revolution. Then he was to wake and use the charcoal. Japhet was to wield his coal whenever the tortoise that carried the earth shed his feathers; but Ham was to determine his record by the wisest, the only true method, the law of gravitation. (I should state that Ham then resided in the suburbs of Spooneyville.) But how, you ask, was this done? A small boy was suspended from Jupiter, by a piece of India rubber, sufficiently long, when stretched, to bring him within twenty miles of the earth. The law of gravitation kept him exactly in this position, until the earth, in its revolution, brought Spooneyville beneath his feet, when the pressure being removed (gravital force here extending but ten miles aloft), up he would dart, sixty miles or more. At every recoil Ham seized the coal. Now these records for a time coincided well, but at length they became confused. As Shem was writing a poem, the Chinamen came and stole his board. Totally unable to remember the number, in deep grief he repaired to Japhet, that he might pony before the duocentennial which Prof. Noah was soon to hold. Japhet, bathed in tears, explained to him that Vulcan had just before killed his turtle for a love-feast for Jupiter and Juno, and that, while weeping, he had blotted out his charcoal marks. They wickedly determined to fabricate a record, and, with a barefaced lie, confront the Prof., and criminate poor Ham. Their scheme succeeded; and the world to-day, outside of Spooneyville, are just one century behind the time. Ham's small boy still hangs suspended above the mountains of the moon; and upon a clear day, from the summit can be heard the rattling of his heels, as they shake from the violence of the recoil. Here I must close. You may soon expect another letter from Spooneyville, and

Your Philosophistic Friend,
HAM HORNBLOWER, P. B. B.,
Son of the great Ham Noah, M. C.

Perhaps the older inhabitants will recall the tragic fate of the Three "Theologues."

Once there came from Boston City —
Boston called the modern Athens —
One who called himself a captain;
With his purse so large and weighty
Treated he the Institution,
Treated it to foaming soda,
Ginger Pop, and beer called lager;
Stories, too, he told of islands —
Islands in the Indian Ocean,
Where the ripening fruit is hanging
Always mellow on the branches;
Where, in shady coral grottos,
Crystal fountains, ever bubbling,
Fill the caverns with their music,
Fill the air with melody —
To the sober Theologians
Stories told he of the heathen
Dwelling in these sunny islands.
So he won them all to like him,
And the theologues regretted
That the red brick Seminary
Had no place that wanted filling —
No Professorship was vacant.

Now the time comes when this captain
Sails away from Boston harbor;
With the captain went three students,
Members of the three divisions,
Senior, Middle, also Junior —
These did sail forth with the captain.

* * * * * * *

To the village came a stranger:
Dark and swarthy was this stranger,
And the people of Andover
Knew him not, nor where he came from.
Then he *told* them where he came from —
From an island in the ocean,
Ocean distant from all others,
Which is very seldom sailed on,
Which is called the Indian Ocean.
Then the old men of the village
Eager asked him of the captain,
Of the three brave theologians
Who had sailed from Boston harbor.
This they asked, and then the stranger
Answered thus their eager questions:
"I will tell you how we caught them;
When their ship had reached our island,
How we swam at dead of midnight,
Tomahawked the sleeping sailors,
Killed the one they called the captain.
On the shore we built a bonfire,
On the fire we put a kettle,
In the kettle poured some water,
Put the little Junior in it,
Boiled him down and made a pot-pie —
Very good was Junior pot-pie!
Then we seized the lively Middler,
Dropped him also in the kettle;
But the Middler was not eaten —
He was tough, and very stringy,
And we tried in vain to roast him
Till he should become as tender
As the Junior picaninny;
From his bones we made some hat pegs,
From his ribs we made some tooth-picks,
From his hide some poor shoe-leather —
This was all the Middler furnished.

Then we ate the Senior student —
Very tender was the Senior,
More so even than the Junior,
Needed very little cooking,
Less than either of the others;
From this one we made some beef-tea,
From his head calves' brain-soup made we;
And I tell you, on my honor,
That the Senior went down better
Than the Middler or the Junior.
This is all I have to answer."

A SENTIMENT FOR THE NUNNERY. —

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that *little* LONG."

SPOONEYVILLE, CENTRAL ETHIOPIA. July 4th, 1959.

YOUNG FRIENDS: — Again I resume my pleasant labor, and this time to present a topic to which I am sure you will listen with delight, for its astronomical, philosophical, and mechanical features. I refer to our country's great law of motion, and its effects.

But first a word respecting gravitation, to which I adverted in my last. In Spooneyville, gravitation extends but ten miles aloft. Hence, as the mountains are exceeding high, particles of earth are continually flying into the air (the mountains meanwhile rising bodily to supply the deficiency), where they gyrate and revolve, until the superior gravital force of your country draws them back in the form of earth-worms. Hence the numbers of those reptiles found in Andover after every shower.

But to my subject — the great centre of all conceivable agitation in Spooneyville, and its marvellous results. Our source of power is beautiful for its simplicity and antiquity. It was the invention of Ham. In the division of Noah's property, the great stern-wheel of the ark fell to our worthy ancestor. He, after mature deliberation, determined to employ this wheel for his country's good, and, with great skill, erected it as centre of motion. Now my friends, listen to the logic of the system. In Spooneyville, you recollect, gravitation extends but ten miles aloft. Now, below this point, the atmosphere is carried along with the earth; above it, away from earth's influence, of course it is quiet. Ham placed the bearings of his wheel just ten miles from the ground; hence, while the lower fans encountered no resistance, the upper ones were subjected to a terrible pressure, as the earth carried the axle in the contrary direction. The moment the wheel rested upon its bearings, it turned so rapidly that forty artificers lost their lives. Forty million lines of shafting, and three hundred million great pulleys and belts, carry the motion throughout the land.

But this wheel is sometimes dangerous. Small boys, though repeatedly warned, have often been blown away by its force; and about six years ago, one little chip, more bold than others, was sent so high in air, that before his mother had missed him, he had fallen upon the United States. I have recently heard that he is dwelling in Andover, in your State. The dear child's name was Frederic Hymer.

Now to the uses of our wheel. I might mention many (for art, science, everything in Spooneyville, lives by the great wheel), but to a single feature, our national pride, I can only refer. I allude to the Spooneyville Skipper Bomb Express Cars. I will endeavor to describe these cars and their motion. The cars are simply large copper balls, containing internal accommodations for about forty persons, fitted with windows and a door with a very strong handle. They are thrown by centrifugal force from a very large cylinder, as follows: The conductor, as the proper time arrives, grasps the handle upon the car with his right, and another upon the cylinder with his left hand. The wheel revolves, the car follows, the conductor meanwhile straining every nerve to preserve the connection, until a great speed is attained, when, at the proper moment he lets go of the cylinder, and off fly car and conductor at a fearful rate. When fairly under-way, the latter enters, collects fares, and prepares for alighting, which is easily accomplished in a pond near the station. The passengers usually retain their seats until the car stops.

This system is excellent for developing the muscles of the conductors' arms. Accidents sometimes occur, yet a great public good must not be sacrificed for a few lives. One evening last fall, a large car left Spooneyville for the Atlas mountains. The conductor was a very tall man, and very ambitious. This trip usually requires a whirl at a way station, but Villikens rashly determined to avoid this, by a stronger one before starting. A speed of four hundred million revolutions was attained, Villikens lost his hold at the wrong moment, and away flew the car, beyond the earth's attraction, far off into space. The sun caught it, but on account of the speed could not bring it into a circular orbit. Immediately it assumed an elliptical course, in which it must ever move. For a long time we heard no tidings from it, but recently mourning friends were somewhat comforted by an article in a foreign paper, describing a new class of heavenly bodies, called comets. They read and reread it, and laughed as they recognized in this long-tailed star, their car, with old Villikens clinging to the handle. Its brilliancy was caused by the lights flashing from the back windows along the old man's *scarlet breeches.* We were intending to speak of other wondrous things, but must wait until we again write. One more accident, and we close. Long time ago, an old man was carried away from Spooneyville in the following singular manner. Stopping at the station one evening to witness a departure, he incautiously went too near to the cylinder, and was caught by a brass button upon the conductor's coat. In agony he seized the first accessible object, hoping to check his impetus. 'T was vain; for the old man quickly went aloft, carrying with him several large hoops and a hoe, which he chanced to grasp. The hoops were dropped in a current setting towards Saturn, and to-day the telescope reveals them encircling that planet. The old man clung to the hoe, and with it fell upon the moon; and now, during a clear night, he may be seen anxiously looking towards Spooneyville, and beckoning earnestly for a return car.

Expect to hear from me again, and remember me as

Yours, metaphysically,
Ham Hornblower, P. B. B.,
Son of the great Ham Noah, M. C.

'T is simple, a very little thing to be a poet, as any one may see.

THE POET'S LAST EFFORT;

OR, LINES BY MOONLIGHT TO THE SHAWSHIN.

Some one has presented the following very touching lines, dedicated, as is stated, by a theologue to the Shawshin. Ths author was seen by moonlight upon the old bridge near the railroad, waving his arms wildly over the black water, and wasting his stanzas upon the midnight air. Our friend from a neighboring thicket intently listened as he sang:

"Raging river, splashing river,
On whose current rolling wide,
Boats are shattered all to sliver
If they chance to get untied;
River deep, and black, and muddy,
River flowing through the bogs,
On thy banks I'll roam and study —
Sing my stanzas to the frogs.
When the gentle shades of evening
Throw their mantle o'er thy face —
When the whip-poor-will and tadpoles
Fill with melody this place —
When the fishes whisk and fugle
Far beneath thy dark-blue wave,
Then I'll try, with song and bugle,
Every river muse t' enslave."

The poet stopped, seemed perplexed, hastily produced a pocket dictionary, and searched for the word fugle. Not finding it, and disliking to lose so valuable an appendage to his line, he annexed a foot-note, explaining fugle as the classic Hebrew term for leap about and jump about, as illustrated by Prof. B———. Desiring to try the effect of a different style, he wrote:

"On thy green, tender banks, gently winding Shawshin,
I will sing in soft strains to my Dorothy Dean;
We will walk 'neath the moonlight along thy sweet banks,
And list to the polliwogs singing their thanks."

Here the poor fellow was sadly puzzled to find a substitute for the word singing, as he thought it should not occur twice in the same verse; and our informant heard divers deeply affecting sighs, as many very significant but hardly appropriate words were rejected. Warbling their thanks, chanting their thanks, squeaking, belching, ogling their thanks, in quick succession died away upon the midnight air. Soon, with a yell of delight, the poet seized his pencil, and quickly wrote "blurting their thanks," which he deemed most excellent, as emblematic of polliwog nature. Next, desiring a touch of the pathetic, with longing glances at the moon, he began:

"Roll on silver moon! guide the poet in his lay,
While the horn-bugs whizz, flying every which way,
While the hoppergrasses sleep in the new-mown hay,
And the spiders, big and little, at home do stay."

The poet read and re-read this verse, deeming the metre rather lame; but, thinking that the true poet should most regard the nature of the sentiment, he allowed it to remain for the beauty of the thought. Next, striking an attitude, the poet addressed himself to the sublime:

"Through the star-spangled heavens, when, shrouded in night, and dotted with stars in a galaxy bright, thou silver-horned moon dost bedraggle thy rays, enrobing all nature in light golden haze."

Here the youth in the bushes inadvertently squeaked. The poet thought it a thrush or bulfinch, and immediately dedicated a stanza to the little bird:

"Warbler, sleep — let not my strains
Rouse thee from thy pleasant dreams;
Sleep, while darkness round thee reigns,
Till the orient morning gleams;"

And a smile of hope overspread the author's face as he thought of the beautiful words warbler, orient, dream, etc. Suddenly an idea seized the poet. His poem was dedicated to the Shawshin, and what would Dorothy think of him if he could not better confine himself to his subject. He determined to call his former verses episodes, and hastened to address a closing stanza to the river:

"Thy windings, gentle stream, are like the whims
Which, lightly flitting through the poet's brain,
Seem, as the bend the current, far away
To lead the roving thought; enticing oft
The mind far from her deeper, central main,
Into the wilder schemes and roving flights
Of fancy. Thus have whims, of texture slight
As gossamer, beguiled our foolish pen;
Yet, as thy windings all at last reveal
An ocean gained, so may our foolish whims
Lead all, at last, to one far wiser thought —
That all cannot be Poets."

Here the author ceased; and the youth, released, slowly and sadly turned away from this his last pleasant labor for Philo's Mirror.

VALEDICTORY.

The fairest day that ever dawns,
And keeps its brightness shining,
Brings evening's hours, and silent shades,
On hill and vale reclining.

The labors, whatso'er they are,
That bring the greatest pleasure,
Must have an end, like other joys,
When time fills up its measure.

We come to say good-bye. Good-bye!
Sometimes the words mean sadness;
But here, where all has pleasant been,
They have a share of gladness.

Our hearts go out in earnest thanks
To you, as friends and brothers;
We 've brought most pleasure to ourselves
While laboring for others.

Our little all we 've rendered you —
   Poems, wit, and sober pieces;
Our labor brings us sweet reward
   Only when you it pleases.

Let nobleness of heart and word
   Attend our actions daily;
Farewell, ye editorial chair —
   Haveto, longum vale.

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THE MIRROR

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JOHN C. MINOR,
ALBERT T. CHARLES, } EDITORS.
T. FRANK BROWNELL,

EDITORIAL.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:

When we look back at the array of Editors who have occupied this same easy-chair, and while the remembrance of their efforts and their success is still fresh and glowing before us, it is not surprising that we enter the sanctum with some misgivings, and that the easy-chair feels most decidedly uneasy. It is always pleasant to bring up pictures from the past, and especially when they show how fully our hopes have been realized. Although, at the commencement of the present term, so many had taken leave of "Old Phillips," who performed a noble work for themselves, and set a bright example for others to follow, yet, instead of Philo's prospects being at all clouded, our brightest anticipations have been realized. New members have come in, and "come out" in the Society; older members have been more earnest in improving themselves in argument and eloquence — let the "Mirror" show how they have succeeded in English Composition.

Autumn is dead. The forests wept golden tears at its burial, and now the chilling breath of Winter creeps round the old hill like the cold dews of evening after a glorious sunset. We welcome those icy blasts, for they bear on their wings the holy incense of a free people.

There is something [in the very air that sweeps through the forest that sings of Freedom; a noble song it is; and that anthem that nature raises, is echoed back from distant lands, and it will continue to swell louder and still louder, till every land and every nation shall catch the thrilling strains of Freedom, and all shall join in the grand chorus of Liberty.

> "E'en now, the word that roused our land,
> Is calling o'er the waves 'Awake!'
> And pealing on from strand to strand,
> Wherever ocean surges break.
> Up to the quickened ear of toil
> It rises from the teeming soil,
> And bids the slave his bonds forsake.
> Hark! from the mountains to the sea,
> The Old World echoes 'Liberty!'
> Till thrones to their foundations shake."

It is a noble cause to live for, and a noble one to die for. It is a cause that changed the stammering student into the greatest orator of ancient times, and clothed the words of Demosthenes with its power. It filled the soul of Patrick Henry with the fire of eloquence, when he cried out, from the depth of his passion, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

Even though inspired by Liberty, yet it is not every one who can make a Demosthenes or a Patrick Henry, — and it is a false ambition that would try to be like either. Many have lived and died, unnoticed and unknown, who have gained greater victories, and gathered more laurels, than any general whose name is handed down to us through the pages of history. No monument tells of their exploits, and the fame of their greatness is not recorded in the annals of the past. They were simply good men, — men of integrity and principle, who, in conquering themselves, gained their highest victory, while their lives of usefulness and sincere piety gained another victory here, and a reward hereafter. Liberty is indeed a noble cause; but he who is true to himself, and is sensible of his responsibilities to others, is working in a cause far more noble. Such a man will never be found recreant to his duty, either in the cause of Liberty, or in any part of the great of Humanity.

Some one has truly said, "Raphael did well, and Phidias did well: but it is not painter or sculptor who is making himself most nobly immortal. It is he who is making true impressions upon the mind of man — frescoes for eternity, that will not shine out till the light of heaven reveals them; sculptures, not wrought in outward things, but in the inward nature and character of the soul."

There is a power at work in the world. Like a subterranean fire, it is slowly but surely consuming the strongholds of error and superstition. It is building up schools and churches, and establishing a free press in every land. Sometimes it shows its might, and, like a volcanic eruption, breaks forth in a civil war or revolution. Sometimes it appears as a revival, or popular reform. At times no one notices it, but it works all the more effectually in common, every-day life; and when a few years have shown its effects, men look in astonishment at the power of Truth. The sun is often concealed by clouds, and, while the damp fogs envelop every object in their gloom, then we seldom see much that is charming or beautiful in nature. But soon the haze grows lighter — then a sunbeam shoots through — the misty veil is scattered in every direction by the rays of the victorious light, — and soon the glorious sun himself appears, fretting the clouds with golden colors — every brook and lake reflecting the brightness, while he pours a flood of glory over rock and forest and hill. Then we find that the meadows are veined with glistening streams — we see new beauties springing up on every side — then we acknowledge the grandeur of nature. So it is with Truth. Though often hid by clouds, yet it *must* overcome them; — and then it turns those very clouds into garlands of victory. And when it throws its full light over the scene of its contest, we are as hopeful as though we had never known discouragement.

It is this power that lightens every burden, brightens every hope, and makes life worth living for. Every one engaged in its mission feels a noble desire and a high purpose within him, inciting to better deeds. The statesman acknowledges its power in the mighty throbs that tell how great a heart is concealed under the form of "popular opinion." The philanthropist sees its power in the silent influence of an educated public, and in the quiet workings of an inner life. Its voice comes to the student, calling him to loftier heights of intellectual attainment, and bids him help, by influence and example, to hew into a thousand fragments the gnarled and knotted log of bigotry, that has so long obstructed the road to knowledge. It comes to us; and, while telling of new labors, and assuring us of certain success, it demands every power and every talent for service in the mission of Truth.

SICK-BED REVERIES.

The clock ticks in the darkness the long night through,—
In my chamber so lonely, so still, and so "blue,"
When, worn with my studies, I toss on my bed—
Ticking so steadily over my head.

When my heart is weary, and my face flushed red,
And cares sadden the thoughts for lessons unsaid,
And long to come out in the sunshine again,—
I count its slow ticks, and forget to complain.

When the storm howls around my chamber so cold,
And I shudder as round me the clothes I fold,
Through the blasts of the tempest I hear the clock tick,—
Ticking its vigils over the sick.

And the moon sails out of the clouds so dun,
The bright beams glimmer on the restless one
Lying awake after studies so long,
Hearing the clock tick through the storm;

And I think of the many with trials untold:
In the storm, and the wind, and bitter cold,
Their lone watches keeping through the long way,—
Longing, as I do, for approaching day.

Roofless, penniless, hungry and wan,
With nothing to eat, they pray for the dawn:
While I lie in comfort, hearing the clock tick,
Till, in thinking of others, I forget I am sick.

The pitiless sleet blows down the wet street,
And the cold blasts freeze her blue, aching feet;
And she sinks on the pavement, starving and faint,
To pray for the morning, with sweetest complaint.

O Thou who watchest the poor orphan's way!
Save me! oh, save me! dear Lord, I pray!
Let me not die—so young—in this way!
Save me—an orphan—O Lord! I pray!

She breathes a blessing from her trembling lips,
As she takes the money from my cold finger-tips:
The window I shut, and retire to my bed,
While the clock ticks merrily over my head.

Oh! while you float onward to eternity's shore,
To no cold little orphan, refuse to lend oar:
For the blessing she breathes on your soul, sad laden,
May a password be at the gate of heaven.

The clock of time ticks steadily on;
The Maker of you and it is one;
Whether in work, or whether in play,
It shall strike for you on that Great Day.

Oh! whether in work, or whether in play,
Be generous and kind, — "strive, watch and pray."
While it *ticks*, take warning! — do not delay!
When it *strikes*, 'twill call you to joys away.

HORACE MANN.

When great men die, the intellect of a nation weeps; when good men die, the fountain of its great heart is touched. Webster, Massachusetts mourned as Pride mourneth her fall; but the death of Mann has awakened a deeper, though a humbler, grief. The garland which she twines around the memory of her adopted child is that of reverence for sovereignty of intellect, a love for dignity of character, and the charm of that superiority of judgment which lays the foundations of states. The garland with which she decks the memory of that other and her own, is the feeling which gushes forth from a heart of pride and love, — pride, for talent magnanimous; love, for work at the fireside, for affection given.

The whole life of Horace Mann was one of self-denial and of toil; the whole influence of his character, a power towards liberality of thought, towards a deeper affection for God, a broader philanthropy, a nobler sympathy for man. In its strictest sense the son of poverty, while yet a youth he gained that self-reliance, that energy overcoming restraint, that perseverance removing doubt, which made him what he was. Wooing to himself the virtues of the forest and the field, his body nursed by the simple fruits of humble toil, his soul fed with that divine ascititious bread whose source is God, his intellect developed, vigorous and healthy; his passions strong, yet guided by moral habits, independent and stable; — such was the self-training of the youthful Mann, and when the great Minervian fount was open to his intellectual appetite, its crystal drops were eagerly quaffed. In college he had no superior in those studies which have as their chief aim the development of the reason, and the strengthening of the inventive faculties. The ripeness of his judgment, the vigor of his thoughts, gained for him honor and preferment; while the conscientious, surrounding as a halo the intellectual, won for him the fraternal love of the good, and even the reverential respect of the bad.

The motto which he adopted when he took his seat for the first time in a court of law, shows to us that sacred love for truth which characterized his every act afterward. Said he: "I will undertake no case which I believe to be wrong." Thus at the outset, did he, without argument, by the strength of his own consciousness, overthrow the subtle plea of policy and custom. Faithfully did he keep his resolution; and in 1827, when he entered the House of Representatives, this inflexible rule, often inconvenient and productive of alienation of friendship, brought him an independence of character, a power over his natural sensitiveness to invective, an intellectual reliance, equal even to the nobleness and the utility of the thought which united to a generous sympathy an affection — its ardent glow kindled upon the altar of Truth — genial to the great principles which underlie the good and beauty of society, prompted him to those works which caused the tendrils of the great heart of Massachusetts to go forth unto him in its love, and which has gained for him a name that shall live in her archives even to the going out of her political life.

The whole public life of Horace Mann was one of faith to principle, rather than to party. His speeches savor not of sarcasm and invective, but are strong in their logic and their common sense. Aiming not for political emolument, his character was unassailable to party shafts. Indeed, he spurned, as corrupting to morality and fatal to government, the intrigues of parties and the fetches of cliques. In the Legislature and in Congress, he was, emphatically and truly, a man of the people.

But the nobility of his character shone forth most clearly while Secretary of the Board of Education. When he accepted the office in 1837, the cause of general education had become comparatively unpopular; its relations to government had been lost sight of amid the turmoil of politics, and the love of monetary power; the tariff question, and that of internal improvements, dividing the country into two great and hostile parties, had almost smothered, in the heat of the discussion, by the effects of partisan reverence, the last ray of that sympathy of the old Puritanic heart, which, attractable to the aspirations of the youthful intellect, discovered and nourished with parental pride those principles which now form the great educational system of the New England States: and the statesman and the ruler, in his strivings for power and his thirstings for glory, forgot that the nobility of strength and the duration of name is indexed in the heart of the people. Religious sects, in the clashings of faith, in their feuds and their bigotry, forgot, too, that the rationale, the religion of practice and education, go hand in hand; that the dawn which followed the ten centuries of darkness was heralded in by the Protestants and the printing-press; and the clergy, prejudiced and selfish, listened not in their reasonings to the solemn truths — pregnant with mighty lessons — which, like ancient cressets, throw out their warning light on every page of religious history, — saw not the interposition of the great Father in that final, that greatest, and that most unequal struggle between the religion of Christ and that of Mohammed, when the Christian but imbecile Frank met in deadly conflict the mystical yet intellectual Saracen on the plains of Western Gaul, — perceived not the great lesson which it unfolded, — the weakness of superstition, the power of intellect.

With these influences, and such as these, indifference and selfishness on the one hand, sectarianism and bigotry on the other, was his strong mind and generous heart obliged to contend. The results of his labors, the highest attestations of his philanthropy of soul and superiority of mental strength, are as familiar to us all as the historic pages of our country: The School Fund, infusing a new life into and strengthening the great educational interests of the state; School Registers and County Conventions, arousing the people to a sense of their duty as citizens of the Republic, as guardians of its future welfare, as stewards of their God; Normal Schools and Educational Presses, levellers of sectarian pride and selfishness, elevators of the intelligent poor, destroyers of aristocracy and the tyranny of pride: his lectures, unfolding with all the beauty of his rhetoric, yet with power and with judgment, the responsibility of the teacher, the interest of the child, the duty of the parent; his twelve long annual messages, which may truly be said to bear the same relations to the

Educational System of Massachusetts, as do the laws of Justinian to the jurisprudence of Europe — one of which called forth from a foreign Review the following tribute, the noblest, we think, that has ever been offered to his fame: "This volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people, and if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth."

In 1842, to the regret of all, he retired from his post as Secretary of the Board of Education, and in 1852 accepted the office of President of Antioch College.

The effects of his labors upon the educational interests of the State of Massachusetts we may judge. He ribbed together into system the great principles which uphold the dearest rights and prosperity of her people; he infused a greater power, a loftier influence, a nobler pride, into every order and condition of her society. By his energy and talent, she stands to-day a model to the world in her Common School System, and in the educational privileges she grants to her people; and those great ideas, those mighty principles which he then declared, — those opinions, quoted as authority in national legislatures, in British parliaments, in kingly councils, — are left to her, and to the world, his richest legacy.

But of his labors as President of the College we cannot so well judge. The future must record their merits, — the great West must speak their fame.

On the first of August, with the going down of day, occurred the death of this truly great, this noble man. And such a death! Even the death-angel must have paused as he loosed the silver cord, and the messenger have stilled his pinions as he watched the quiverings of that mighty soul. For two hours before his departure, with more than mortal eloquence, in thoughts that could only spring from the intellect untrammelled, did he address the tearful few around his dying-bed; and afterward, as the veil was lifting from before his mortal vision, with what tenderness of emotion, did he grasp each trembling hand, and breathe into the ear of each friend or loved one his dying counsel — the warning and the cheer — his last farewell! With what strength, too, of Christian hope, with what richness of Christian faith, calmly as drops the child to sleep wearied of its play, did he take his exit up to his Father and his God! And then, too, with what tears of emotion, with what darkness of sorrow, did that noble band of students, amid the tollings of the college bell, gather around that simple grave, just on the verge of the college green, to pay their last respects to the departed dead, while the telegraph and the press, aye, the very air that swept so lightly past, was bearing to a thousand hearts the mournful tidings that Horace Mann was dead! E.

MY SOUL.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Of lonely Fear; disquieted in vain;
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
A cloud-like, weeping train:
Through the long day they dimmed the autumn gold
On all the glistening leaves; and wildly rolled
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing
Across the sunset sky,
O'er its rich isles of vap'rous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.
And when the solemn night
Came rushing with her might
Of strong oracles, from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast,
Prophetic murmurs passed,
Wakening or answering some deep sybil tone
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.
"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more!
Faint spirit, strive no more; for thee, too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inwnrd wasting fires; Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way
Beyond their blighting sway,
At heaven's high gate serenely to adore.
How canst thou hope earth's fetters to unbind?
Oh, passionate, yet weak! Thou trembler to the wind!
"Never shall aught but broken music, flow
From joy of thine, deep love or tearful woe:
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh
From the reeds hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague, wild symphony.

No power is theirs, and no abiding place
In human hearts: their sweetness leaves no trace —
Born only so to die!
"Never shall aught but perfume faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe —
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.
"So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall cling
A coiling sadness round thy heart and brain —
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain.
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall!
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued
In cold and unrepining solitude."

Then my soul yielded. Spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it, heavy with the dews of death.
Its powers, like buds before the night-rain closing:
And as, by conflict of wild sea-waves tossed
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing —
When silently it seemed
As if a soft mist gleamed
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling
To many a shape and hue
Of visioned beauty grew,
Like a wrought banner, fold on fold unfurling.
Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye,
Unrolling, then swept by,
With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were there,
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arched by skies
Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemmed with many an island wildly fair,
Which floated past, on, into orient day,
Till its groves of wondrous flowering trees
Colored the silvery seas;
And then a glorious mountain chain uprose,
Height upon towering height —
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steeped in golden light;

While as it passed, those regal peaks unvailing,
  I heard, methought, a waving of ariad wings,
And mighty sounds, as of the vision hailing
  From lyres that quivered through ten thousand strings ;
Or as of waters, forth to music leaping
  'From many a cave, the alpine Echo's hall,'
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
  Linked in majestic anthems; while through all
  That billowy swell and fall,
Voices like ringing crystal filled the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirred
My being's core: then, moulding into word,
This piercing sweetness bade me rise, and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by Faith and Love drawn from a human heart.

WAVENDON.

SCIERE EST REGERE.

BOOKS are to some men food and sleep; for it is them only they appear to digest — among which they find their only rest. From long vigils over dusty tomes, from intense and deep study, from sickness and disease, midnight toil and aching head, comes either the treasured mind or the lifeless corpse.

A love of books is one the noblest gifts bestowed on man. No reason so blinded by passion, no intellect far-seeing and limitless in its aspirations, no heart so debased, no soul so expanded, but finds its corresponding temper. A mind developed by a long and arduous course of study, if united with a noble, honest heart and will, is capable of highest, loftiest consummation:

> "it dares the stake
> If but by fair conviction led."

On the other hand, it is limited by no height of crime, no depths of dishonor, if actuated by a selfish purpose. It is a foolish belief that "knowledge is power" — ruinously pursued, ruinously ended. That knowledge is power, is as true as that ignorance is power, and money is power; indeed, more souls are lost from the fond idea of future glory, as, one might almost say, from the love of wealth. That knowledge is merely a ladder on which to raise a feeble body to commanding view, and that a life of study is rewarded by the hollow-hearted praise and poisoning tongue, is but the idle fancy of a disordered mind — a diseased imagination. But that too much labor, too much struggle, too much heart-ache, too much wasting, poring, cannot be too much for the world's good, or the certain prospect of enlarged and enlarging capacities in a future state, is the natural, healthy foreknowledge of a gifted mind. It is not reasonable to suppose that a mind endowed with such infinite expansibility, such pure reachings of a farther good, — a higher power, — is to cease at the body's death ;— that the dusty road and toilsome ascent, and glimpses occasional of a Beulah-land, and later, the sun-tipped minarets, are but the light and shade of *earth ;* but rather that the aching head and parched lips may be refreshed with cooling waters, the tired feet strengthened, the drooping spirit cheered by the certainties of a long vista of happier dreams and nobler acts.

Knowledge is a limitless, boundless ocean, whose farthest waves lash the endless shores of eternity, upon which all embark, — none ever returning to their former place. Knowledge is a great leveller, for it humbles him most who pursues it in the highest degree. It reforms vice, cheers poverty, satisfies desire. It wields a power immeasurable, if truth actuates. It has supported and glorified Demosthenes and Tully, whose words

"spread
Beyond the sphere of sound, the indignant brow,
The stately waving of the arm discoursed —
Flowed arguments from every comely limb,
And the whole man was eloquence."

What has it not done? Where are not its victories? It has overturned empires; established republics; it has reared gorgeous edifices of civil and religious liberty; stemmed the current of ignorance and injustice; guided through devious ways the great and good; filled a happy land with educational institutions; planted churches in every hamlet, in every valley. The busy hum of manufactories thunders its praises. The locomotive in the tangled wild heralds its coming. The teeming city and the secluded village feel its reanimating power. Its messengers whiten the sea with their sails; ports receive their richly-laden cargoes, and peace and prosperity abound. It guides a congress of intellect, and

> "Sovereign Law, the State's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress — crowning good, repressing ill."

A celebrated writer says: "The true type of knowledge is a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith; a power apart from the aggrandizement of self; a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it, but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness;' but a power distinct from the mere circumstances of the man, rushing from him as rays from the sun: borne through the air, and clothing it with light; piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest. Worship not knowledge! worship not the sun! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator! Let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

Knowledge strengthens a man, as the far-reaching roots the oak. Through this Luther stood against the world, saying, "I cannot do otherwise, so help me God!" through this we read of Massillon, who, in his description of the Last Day, caused the congregation to leap to their feet terror-smitten; of Whitefield, who swayed assemblies renowned for their magnitude; of Pitt and Fox, whose

> "mighty war
> Shook rulers and nations in its jar:
> Beneath each banner proud to stand,
> Looked up the noblest of te land; —"

of Sheridan, compelling the defender of Hastings to confess that he was the greatest monster that ever lived; of Burke, Erskine: of Patrick Henry, of Clay, Marshall, Webster, and of Choate; of Newton, Humboldt, Shakspeare, Macaulay, Hume, — and of all those

> "whose footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of Time."

Such is the power of Knowledge — such are her victories.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

When summer's sun declines along the hills,
Sinking in purple glory, and the shades
Grow longer o'er the green, and all the air
Seems laden with sweet perfume, as light fades,

Floating from unseen censers, — zephyr-swung,
A golden mist rests on the pensive air;
While, ever chiming in the distance, comes
From spire and minaret the call to prayer.

Those murmuring tones, ringing at close of day,
Send saddened sweetness to dispel all care;
And ling'ring memory fondly loves to shed
A glistening tear at sunset call to prayer.

Oh, may those holy sounds forever swell
In harmony with heaven's rejoicing choir!
And, while we worship, bow in reverent awe,
When comes the welcome call, To prayer! to prayer!

Wavendon.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

Had I been schooled in the "Silent Academy" of ancient Memphis, so renowned in history, and which reflected immortal honor upon a country ripe in science, literature, and art, while Greece was in her infancy, and Rome unborn; or "could I write to the point, and stop when I had reached it;" or had I the gift of that young but learned Egyptian, Achmed, the author of the "Art of Brevity," — I might then hope to do justice to my subject.

In searching the records of the past, where are recorded the deeds of those who have written high on the page of their country's history their names, and by their acts, their country, their age, and posterity have been blessed, — those who lived for their country, and whose influence will be felt through all coming time, — none stand more prominent, or reflect greater honor, than the names of Lafayette and Washington.

Who does not love to contemplate the lives of these great central suns of the last century, who wrote their names on the page of immortality, and whose memory is embalmed in the affections of their countrymen. They ascended far up Parnassus' mount, and listened to the enrapturing songs of her muses, and the siren eloquence of her orators, although the ascent was steep, rugged, and laborious; and were the biumvirate of liberty, philanthropy, and patriotism of the last century — weaving together, and blending into one, the history of France and our own country.

Each was endowed with a genius transcendently brilliant, and an intellect of the highest order.

They inherited princely fortunes, which, together with their lives, were devoted to the furtherance of universal liberty; and though seemingly designed by Providence to fame and glory, yet they owe their success, the glory they have won, and the immortality of their names, far more to self-denying, earnest exertion in behalf of justice, virtue, and the cause of truth.

Lafayette, the intimate friend of Washington, and our country's guest! As we read his history — how he early espoused our cause of independence, gave of his wealth for its furtherance, aided in person, and when cold reception was returned for proffered service — we feel it a divine Providence that he should be the last survivor of the Major-Generals of the Revolution of '76. His life, so replete with virtues, so exceptional of errors, so self-denying, and strict in integrity, — his life, so familiar to every reader of American or French history that I will not here recount his more than triumphal visit to our country in 1824, when the whole nation bowed to do him homage, — his glories on the battle-field, nor his counsels as a statesman.

What honors await him? What glories crown his labors? What pen can do justice to his memory? Calm in his last hours, and triumphant in death, — thus passed the boundary of time the greatest man of France, and one of earth's noblest minds.

George Washington, the nearest name to the hearts of the American people, is registered the highest in our country's history, and deepest engraven in the affections of a grateful posterity. He stands out upon the high promontory of fame, above where mortal man has ever dared to tread. No name of ancient or modern times; and the world's history is without a parallel around whose name cluster such honor, fame, and virtue. To use the language of another, "His fame is eternal, and his residence creation." Again, the writer adds, "Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, and victory returned it." His virtues were but the type of a perfect man — like the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, so perfect in symmetry that no marked distinguishing feature appears above the others. His proverbial truthfulness and contempt for meanness — his rise in public favor, and early enlistment in opposing British oppression. From his lips first were spoken "Independence entire, and independence forever, from British usurpation;" and for sound judgment in council, the world has agreed, no man has been his equal.

In the darkest hour of our country's history, when disaster met the army on either hand, — when from the east, the south, and the north dissension arose, and all seemed despair, — the army small, pardon offered by the Crown to rebellious subjects, and when hope had well-nigh fled from all, — Washington stood firm. No misgivings were ever known to escape his lips. His presence quelled mutiny, gave hope, revived confidence, and struck terror to his foes. His prudence in counsel, firmness in resolution, and boldness in danger, have been admired by the great of every country.

The remembrance of Brandywine and Germantown; of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; of White Plains, Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis; and the ever-memorable battle of Dorchester Heights, — have crowned him with honors as a general, above Marlborough, above Napoleon or Alexander, or any warrior of antiquity.

The greatness of Cæsar, the virtues of Scipio, the patience of Hannibal, the exertion of Napoleon, the perseverance of Demosthenes, the genius of Phidias, the sagacity of Mansfield, and the wisdom of Brougham, — yes, the philanthrophy of Wilberforce, — were all combined in the character of Washington. He stands, the Colosseum of greatness, and the Parthenon of excellence.

No pen will be needed to eulogize his name with Utopian words, for his life is his history, and the glory of his life is his epitaph. How pure his virtues, and how god-like his life, when contrasted with the tyrant of Sicily, the oppressor of Egypt, the terror of Europe, or the conqueror of the world!

From the lives of Washington and Lafayette, whose characters we have so imperfectly described, may we learn that virtue and high purpose of life is the only true source of happiness; that intellect, when sanctified by a Christian spirit and holy desires, has God's approbation stamped upon it; and the reflected glory of such principles, the benign influence of such minds, will be as unchangeable as Truth, and as enduring as Eternity.

THE SONG OF THE BOOKS.

With careworn, anxious face,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat on a rickety chair,
Unheeding the time as it sped.
Ding — dong — ding!
Goes the old Academy *gong;*
But still, with a dolorous voice, the youth
Dolefully drawled out this song:

"Read — study — learn,
While the sun shines warm and bright!
And read — study — learn,
Till the 'small hours' of the night!
It 's oh, that I could get
To some island in the sea,
Where Learning has never been heard of yet,
If *these* are her joys for me!

"Read — study — learn,
Till the eyes are red and sore!
Read — study — learn,
Till I 'm sick of heathen lore!
Greek, and Latin, and gods, —
Gods, and Latins, and Greeks, —
Till, nodding, I snooze over Homer's verse,
And snore while Cicero speaks!

"O men, with thousands a year!
O "Uncle," with gold-bowed eyes!
Think, think of your youth, and tell me, with truth,
Were ye learned then, and wise?
Books — books — books —
Though your presence I 'm forced to court,
Ye blast at once, with a double blow,
My rest as well as my sport!

"But why do I talk of sport
On this bright September morn?
I hardly know what the word now means,
I feel so sad and forlorn.
I feel so sad and forlorn,
That it almost makes me weep
When I gaze on smiling Nuns so *dear*,
And feel myself so *cheap!*

"Read — study — learn, —
My labor heavily drags;
And what's the result? — a brain perplexed
With intellectual *snags!*
A little Latin — still less of Greek —
Of Mathematics — not much —
And a body so lank that my very bones clank
At the East Wind's chilling touch!

"Read — study — learn,
While blows the summer breeze;
Read — study — learn —
And fall-fruit ripe on the trees!
Parse, and scan, and recite —
Recite, and parse, and scan —
Till the heart is sick, and the brain confused,
And I sigh for thy realms, O Pan!

"Read — study — learn,
By the morning's hazy light!
And study — learn — read,
As the day gives place to night!
While underneath my nose
Burns villanous kerosene,
Tainting the air with its noxious glare,
Nor helping the sight, I ween.

"Oh for the hills that I love!
Oh for the joys that were mine,
Ere I dreamt of the toils of student-life,
Or the terrors of *Number Nine!*
For only a few short hours
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew *Ann Dover's big S–m*,
And a life so earnest, so real!

"Oh that these plaguy books
  Were deep in the ocean sunk!
For what can I do at school to-day?
  Try to recite, and — *flunk!*
A jolly good smoke would ease my heart —
  But, ah! that *scent*-sitive nose,
Ere I'd entered his room, would sniff the perfume
  Of tobacco from my clothes!"

With careworn, anxious face,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat on a rickety chair,
  Perplexedly scratching his head.
      Ding — dong — ding.
  Screamed Phillips's musical *gong;*
But still, with a dolorous voice and air,
Rocking himself on his rickety chair,
  He dolefully drawled out this song.

THE FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT.

THE eye of night was shut. Darkness had shrouded the laughing face of nature as with a pall; the winds, weary with their warfare, were lulled into a dreamy silence, and the world lay like a slumbering infant beneath the hand of God. The stillness of the midnight hour had cast its melancholy over mountain, plain, and deep; the heart of the mourner had forgotten its sorrows; the iron hand of oppression had for a time relaxed its grasp; and all animated things seemed to be lost in the luxury of repose.

But in Egypt how quickly changed! A work of omnipotence was to be done, — the slave was to be freed; and the soft silence of that appointed hour was to be broken by the voice of woe. But the proud monarch, in the security of his power, thought not of death, — the stern task-master slept in peace, and the thoughtless multitudes were unconscious of approaching danger. No gentle voice whispered the tidings of sorrow in the ear of the sleeping mother; no warning spirit broke the slumbers of the king to tell him of his fate; and no sound disturbed the stillness of the scene, save the everlasting murmur of the Nile, as it rushed from the caverns of Ethiopia, sang its wild music as it rolled past Dongola, sounded its clarion voice at the hundred gates of Thebes, cheered the midnight sentinel on the battlements of Cairo, and passed on to hide its waters in the bosom of the deep.

But this moment of quietude was but the ushering in of the hour of despair; for the appointed time had now arrived; the bow of the Almighty was bent, and his wrath was kindled against the oppressor. And when, in the lonely dwellings of Rameses, the chosen children alone slumbered not, though weary with oppression, but watched in silent prayer, guarded by the sprinkled blood of the Paschal lamb, — suddenly the cry of death burst upon the ear of night. Where, but a moment before, silence had reigned, not only in Pharaoh's palaces, but in every dwelling of the land, the voice of weeping was heard; for the angel of death had laid his cold hand on "the first-born of every house," and his sleep was made eternal. King, princes, rulers, fathers, mothers, and gentle sisters, each waking from peaceful dreams, and each family weeping for its own, poured forth their separate cries of anguish from ten thousand homes, till all blended into one deep, continuous wail, which pierced the frowning darkness of the night, and echoed from the mountains to the sea.

But in the midst of this universal woe, the children of the Lord, untouched by the hand of death, rested in the calmness and security of their hope. Their prayers were answered; they saw their fetters broken; their visions of freedom were being realized; and God had brought deliverance.

The spirit of the haughty king was subdued; terror had taken hold of the hearts of the oppressors, and Jehovah had rolled on the fated land the thunders of retribution.

Then was the leader of the injured slaves summoned to the palace; and he who hitherto had feared not God nor man, now trembling in his capitol, begged that the bondmen might gather their flocks and herds, and speedily depart. Then joy filled the hearts that knew not joy before; tears were wiped away; and the tongue that had been wont to send forth murmurings, now uttered its song of triumph mingled with praise.

The dawn approached; and as the sun rose from his gilded dwelling in the east to cheer the waking world with his smiles, the liberated band left the scenes of their suffering and woe, cast one lingering look on the forsaken homes of Gosham, and eastward turned their slow but triumphant march, — proving the omnipotence of God, and the impotence of man.

LIFE.

Life is but a fleeting bubble:
Life is but an empty dream:
Life is full of care and trouble,
Without one cheering gleam.

Life is full of joy and gladness:
Life is stern reality:
Life discards each sign of sadness;
Life defies mortality.

Life presents these different phases,
As 't is viewed by different eyes:
Some who wander through its mazes,
Deem it almost paradise.

Others, restless, wander onward,
Seeing not the beauty spread, —
Seeing not the lovely sunshine,
Nor the flowers on which they tread.

Life to them is dark and dreary
As a midnight ocean-storm:
Tossed about, and worn, and weary,
Thus they hasten to that bourne,

Whence no traveller back returning,
Can his former sorrow, feel:
But the lamp of life there burning
Doth the wished-for rest reveal.

GENIUS.

Though the path is not always selected, yet every one possesses a natural taste or fitness for some trade or profession ; following this inclination of the mind, and choosing a sphere of life in which we are every way qualified to act, and attaining to a moderate position in the world, we are styled successful. But should we devote our whole energies to the mastery of the particular branch we have selected, and succeed in rising far above our fellows, we are regarded as Geniuses, and are said to be talented.

Genius is a mental quality which impels us to new and original trains of thought; it is a strong natural fitness for some kind of business; it is possessed by few. By a man of genius, we understand one who, to keen perceptions, unites a mind which readily grasps and comprehends whatever is within its reach.

Contrary to prevailing opinions, Genius is not of rapid growth. There is no mysterious divinity presiding at our birth to endow us with such superior mental powers as will enable us to learn by intuition, — even for Genius there is no "royal road to learning." Success implies hard labor. For a time, some may sweep like a comet across the intellectual horizon; but he who endureth to the end labors hard.

Milton and Bonaparte were Geniuses; yet Milton was fourteen years in composing "Paradise Lost" — and it was more than thirty years from the time he first determined to write it till it was finished. He was a man of hard labor. Not content with the acquirements made at Cambridge, he pushed his studies for years afterwards, and ruined his eyesight. For his efforts, succeeding generations have awarded him the rank of second epic poet. Bonaparte devoted his whole powers to military science. From his first appearance in the military school at Brienne, to the last stroke at Waterloo, he studied with his whole energies.

The ingenious mechanic spends years upon his inventions. He tries experiment after experiment. Sleeping or waking, his mind is upon models and the successful performance of his inventions. The musician practises for years. With what care does the painter or sculptor perfect his model! Years are spent in carefully improving it, — each blemish is carefully removed, and its place is supplied by a beauty. Yet these are called Geniuses.

Not so with the literary man. He must be quick to perceive and apply. He is expected to know almost without previous study; and, if his faculties require him to study hard, it is not till he takes a high stand among his compeers that justice is done him.

The influence of Genius lives forever. One after another the prominent men of modern times have modelled their course after the heroes of ancient days; and the men of the present will assist to form a standard for the future. Every political gathering prepares a stage for the exhibition of some mock Demosthenes, — each session of Congress exhibits a would-be Webster, — and the possessor of a long box of paints imagines himself a Raphael.

Every department of life affords opportunities for the development of Genius; sooner or later, it finds its position. It is nearly always the offspring of humble station. Search the men of history. Scarce one of them inherited position, — all rose by their own efforts.

Each of us thinks himself a Genius. We have all determined to become great men, — we have selected our models, and marked out our course, — we mean that history shall record our transactions, and fame inscribe our names on her magic scroll. A few will succeed. The remainder, forgetting the old story of the hare and tortoise, will trust all to Genius; and, rousing from disappointment, wonder how Fortune could be so adverse to them.

All honor, then, to him who possesses and exerts Genius. May he ever attain the position he so much deserves; and may we, who are so soon to act our part in the theatre of life, modelling our actions from those Geniuses who have gone before us, achieve the success becoming our standard, and gain not only the approbation of the world, but the approval of our consciences, and have the satisfaction of having lived a useful life.

SACERDOS.

TIME.

Like a current that's rapidly passing,
Though tranquil its motion may be,
And steadily onward 't is moving,
Till it pours itself into the sea —
Is time, with its minutes and seconds,
So silently gliding away,
That the earliest scenes of our childhood
Seem naught but a thing of to-day.

Our lives are composed of those moments
Which we often so carelessly spend,
As though a treasure so precious
Was given for naught but this end:
Henceforth, then, let wisdom instruct us
To value the worth of our time;
And consider that now is the season
For improving and training the mind.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE Term is rapidly drawing to a close, and another issue of the *Mirror* must be sent forth on its mission, to show our improvement in English Composition, and to remind those who have left our pleasant Academy home that the spirit of improvement still glimmers in the breasts of Philomatheans; and that, whatever others may be doing, we at least are preparing ourselves to take an active part in the busy life we are so soon to enter upon. Trusting that the present number may compare favorably with former ones, we launch our *Mirror*, leaving our friends to decide upon its merits. The term has been very quiet. Nothing has occurred to disturb the routine of school life — not a fire, not even an alarm. The Commons have been the abode of peace and quiet, and even the Seniors have comported themselves less haughtily than usual, doubtless owing to the salutary influence of the programme for the 27th of last July. The Trustees, in the fulness of their hearts, have given us a new ball-ground, and, with the assistance of the school, have fitted up a few gymnastic fixtures. We may now soon expect to hear no more of dyspepsia, headache, and even those foul fiends the blues, will " throw down their arms and disperse." Our debates have been carried on with unusual vigor. With the departure, last term, of those veterans who so nobly sustained our discussions, and so gallantly twined another wreath amid the well-earned laurels of " Philo," a determination to maintain the reputation of our society sprung up; and well has that determination been kept. By careful preparation, patient research, and entering into the spirit of the discussions, our debaters have placed our debate on a favorable comparison with those of past terms. But while " Philo " has thus received her share of attention, a perusal of the following piece will demonstrate that successful efforts have been made in another direction, and will justify the hackneyed motto " Perseverantia omnia vincit."

THE AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

" And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew."
GOLDSMITH.

WHEN Johnny Jones was twelve years old,
  He laid aside his toys,
And " cut " the naughty company
  Of saucy, naughty boys;
For Ambition seized him by the ears,
  While at his play one day,
And sternly said, " Go home, John Jones!
  One of *your* age at play!"

John's spirit fell, within his breast,
Some ten or twelve degrees;
He felt himself degraded, and
Extremely ill at ease;
So, starting home, as he was bid,
He thought his follies o'er,
Then firmly said, as brave boys will,
"I'll be a boy no more!"

That night, when slumber sealed the eyes
Of both his parents dear, —
When amorous cats their *tails* of love
Unfolded shrill and clear —
John looked into his looking-glass,
And said, with eyes aflash,
"I'll leave all foolish, childish games,
And raise me a *mustache!*"

Next day the blade that oft had reaped
The stubble from the chin
Of Jones the elder, was brought out,
And Master John "went in;"
He lathered well his upper lip,
Then tried to shave it prim;
But, as he *cut* the younger boys,
The older blade cut him!

Still, undismayed, from day to day
He soaped and scraped with care,
And sometimes went beneath the skin,
In search of precious hair;
But not a hair appeared in view,
E'en when he made a gash,
In hopes to see the roots of his
Incipient mustache.

What will not time and labor do
For him of stubborn will?
Time came and went, and went and came,
And still John shaved, and still
Small hope there seemed that he could e'er
Coax out the timid hairs;
But joys well-nigh despaired of, come
Sometimes quite unawares.

When eighteen years had lent to John
  A manly form — not face —
(The elder Jones meanwhile had found
  His silent resting-place) —
When learning crowned him with success,
  And youthful hopes were bright,
A wondrous change came o'er his — *lip*
  One pleasant summer night.

For when he in the morning rose,
  And looked, as oft before,
To see what hirsute joys for him
  Kind Fortune had in store, —
Amazed, confounded, there he saw,
  As plain as eyes could see,
A monstrous, real, live mustache,
  As deeply *red* as he!

In ecstasies, that years of toil
  Had not been spent in vain,
John capered round his chamber floor,
  Then to the glass again;
When, lo! the coveted mustache
  Had grown a foot or more;
And ere he got his trousers on,
  'T was trailing on the floor!

Astounded at the *fast* freaks of
  This new-born, youthful *heir*,
John tried to reach his chamber door,
  But gave up in despair;
For that which he in love reared up,
  His earthly joys to crown,
Unkindly tripped his trembling feet,
  And knocked its father down!

A yell of terror shook the house —
  And soon, all armed for fight,
Came servant-man and kitchen-maid,
  Their mouths agape with fright;
"Quick! — get a scissors — quick!" cried John,
  "And cut this hair away;
Oh, ne'er will I a razor raise,
  If rid of this display."

* * * * * *

In vain! — they could as soon have dried
The ocean with a mop,
As with a scissors cut away
That gushing hairy crop;
Though every clip took off a yard,
The hair still sprouted out,
As water, on a rainy day,
Will tumble from a spout.

The doctors then were quickly sought
To view this case so new;
But ere they came, full forty rods
This mighty mustache grew!
It squirmed and wriggled round the room,
And filled each vacant space —
Oh never, since the world began,
Did hair run such a race!

Of no avail was doctor's skill —
Each powder, pill, and plaster,
Instead of stunting this mustache,
But made it grow the faster;
And John Jones, once a handsome youth,
Looked round with maniac stare,
Which made his best friend say, "Alas!
His face I cannot *bare!*"

When all that modern art could do,
Or learned skill suggest,
Was done in vain, and still that beard
Declined to take a rest, —
Why then, of course the next best thing
In such a case was done —
A hole was cut "clean through" the floor,
Through which the hair might run;

And four stout men were hired to clip
The stream as it came through;
And though they labored with a will,
They found enough to do;
For fourteen loads of hair were seen
To leave John's house next day;
The next, twice fourteen, — all piled up,
Like ponderous loads of hay.

Man-power was soon relieved by steam;
And now a yawning shears
Quick severs, with a savage bite,
The hopes of early years;
And John Jones, sad and pale and wan —
The picture of despair —
Sees daily from his face depart
Some thirty loads of hair!

MORAL.

Ambitious youth, remember this —
That Fortune, in her blindness,
When importuned for fancied bliss,
May show you *too much* kindness.

We are glad to see that the Trustees have taken in hand the " Students," and have prepared a code of laws, not only just and much needed, but calculated to promote the highest welfare of the Institution. The course hitherto pursued by its members has often given us much pain, and we sincerely hope that hereafter a " marked change for the better may be visible."

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Sec. 1st, Art. 1st. — Every member of the Institution will provide himself with a pack of cards, a bowie knife, and brass knuckles.

Art. 2. — At least one half of the members must provide themselves with wives before the close of their course.

Art. 3. — Every member will come provided with a dozen of *Wolfe's Schnapps*, a merschaum pipe, and a pound of Turkish tobacco.

Art. 4. — Every member will be expected to bring a brass coat with blue buttons, slouch hat, a pair of false whiskers, and a yellow-wheeled horse and bob-tailed buggy.

Sec. 2d, Art. 1st. — No member will be allowed to confess the Nuns more then seven times a week.

Art. 2d. — No member will be allowed to ask more than fifteen questions to a public lecturer on physical culture.

Sec. 3d, Art. 1st. — Every member will be required to rise not before 9, nor after 8 o'clock, A. M.

Art. 2d. — Members of the " Poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business-fraternity," will make due exertions to advance the object of the society.

Art. 3d. — All members leaving their rooms open to the inspection of the Faculty, are requested carefully to hide all junk bottles, yellow-covered literature, and copies of "Fistianna."

Per order of Committee.

J. H. Flechenbottom, Sec'y.

Attest. H. F. Tripod, Clerk.

To enliven the dulness of the Table, we insert the following, many of which may appear slightly *class*ical:

Why is there a prospect of the first Middlers getting gloriously tight? Because they Seymour Porter (see more porter).

Why is one of the first Middlers like the King of the Cannibal Islands? Because he is a veritable Savage.

Why is it always pleasant to meet the Nuns? Because it is Hale Sweetser (hail! sweet sir).

Why is the first Middle Class like Alba Longa? Because it contains a long Lane.

What two members of the Senior Class bear the relation of the general to the specific? Wood and Hazlewood.

Why is a politician like a dog with his tail cut off? Because he *stumps* it.

The following lines evidently describe a "Theolog." in the two most important periods of his life, — when he first comes to Andover, and after his first term in Junior year: —

In his hat there was a "brick,"
Under that — and very thick —
Was his head.
Though his head was made of blocks,
Yet his purse was full of "rocks"
— So they said.

* * * * *

But I saw him after that,
When he wore a kinky hat
On his head;
And his shoes were worn away,
While his pockets seemed to say
"Nary red!"

The following letters, from our own correspondents, will be read with interest. Owing to the late arrival of the steamer (just as we were going to press). we were unable, for lack of time, to translate them, but doubt not that most of our subscribers will easily understand them.

Cariad a arwydda yr hyfrydwcha fodola yn meddwl un dyn am ddyn arall: neu y cyfaddasrwydd a dybir fod mewn gwrthrych.

Yr ydym yn carn Duw pan fyddorn yn ymhyfrydu yn óruchel yn ei natur ài berfferthderau.

Yr ydym yn caru dynion, par ganfyddom rhyw ragoriacth ynddynt i wneuthur cyfeillion o houynt.

With *gariad* yn Nuw. y deallir. ei hyfrydwch anfeidrol yn y mwynhadd o hono ei hun. yn Dad, yn Fab. ae yn Ysbryd Glan; ac yn ei greaduriaid fel gwaith ei ddwylaw er ei fwyn ei hun.

Bella-an-Glan.

" A chlan big seriobamaid na neihere cuguib. cum bur ngardeacais do beih iomlāu: Agus a si so an teachdearachd do cualy mud uayasau, agus foillseyeamoid dibvse ean gur solās ē Dia, agus Nash bwile doracadās ar bih an."

Mur Charid Erin.

We present to our readers an original song, the first Philo song ever printed. We hope the "Mirrors" of after-terms may teem with many such. for there is nothing like a good *home* song to lighten the cares of school-life. and cheer the student on in his career. Let our poets do their part the coming term.

ORIGINAL SONG.

Air — "*Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.*"

O, Philo! the mistress of learning,
The boast of the brave and the free,
Fresh laurels thou 'rt constantly earning,
And we offer our homage to thee.
To thy standard brave heroes will gather,
As thy honors stand foremost in view,
And the dearest affection, forever,
We 'll render, Old Philo, to you.

CHORUS.

We 'll render, Old Philo. to you:
We 'll render, Old Philo, to you:
And the dearest affection, forever,
We 'll render, Old Philo, to you.

Now we leave for our homes in vacation,
Our friends and our loved ones to greet;
But our hearts will bound high in elation,
When again in thy halls we shall meet.
Should the world throw enchantments around us,
And the scenes at other places be new,
Yet we 'll ever remember with gladness
The days of Old Phillips and you.

CHORUS.

The days of Old Phillips and you:
The days of Old Phillips and you:
Yet we 'll ever remember with gladness
The days of Old Phillips and you.

May the stars of thy banner be unfurled,
And forever in knowledge grow bright,
And thy name be made known to the world
As the mother of freedom and right!
May thy sons be the heralds of wisdom,
Whilst their course in life's journey pursue;
When the summit of fame is ascended,
Three cheers for Old Phillips and you.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for Old Phillips and you:
Three cheers for Old Phillips and you:
When the summit of fame is ascended,
Three cheers for Old Phillips and you. R.

Such, gentlemen of the Society, is our Mirror. Its contents have been penned by no veterans; yet we may trust that each thought is the germ of future influence and greatness. We have presented before you the droppings of Wisdom, Wit, and Poetry, that have fallen into the well of the Mirror; and now, as we take leave of our duties as Editors, we most heartily thank the members of the Society for the willing and valuable assistance that has been rendered us. We would like to whisper a few hints, and give the customary good advice at closing; but we have already trespassed upon your patience, and so we bid you — farewell.

Respectfully,
EDITORS,
A. HERR MYLIN, } *Committee of*
J. APPLETON BENT, } *Publication.*

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WHOLE NO. 143.

THE MIRROR

OF THE

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Vol. VI. MARCH, 1860. No. 2.

William G. Peck,
James Brand,
Thomas Raftery, Editors.

THE STUDENT'S WARFARE.

To the student contending in the scholastic field, his warfare is one which neither the closing scenes of an academic or collegiate course terminates; his contest is unending, his goal never reached, until the cares and troubles of this life have passed away, and the narrow house has served as his last earthly resting-place. And in the few fleeting years which are allotted man to spend upon this little globe, — for, says one:

> "Between two worlds *life* hovers like a star,
> 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge."

How obvious, then, does it appear, that in order to accomplish the true end of our existence, we must fight manfully, hand to hand in the great battle of life, concentrating our energies, and directing all our powers to the attainment of something high and ennobling. We read, among the annals of Greece and Rome, of customs which then existed, having a tendency to make life, as it were, a blank. Thus the Olympian competitors devoted years to training the muscle and toughening the sinews, that they might excel in athletic feats, and return home triumphant, wearing the crown of laurels. The Lacedemonians were so enwrapt with military distinction, that even the Spartan matrons charged the youth to return with their shields, or upon them. The Athenian and Roman orators, as a class, who were adored at times almost equal to the veneration of the gods and sacred oracles, labored not so much to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men, as to rise to positions of eminence and power. The monarchs of the Orient knew nothing of the value and preciousness of those moments spent in feasting and riotous living; their life was one continual scene of hilarity, living in a state of mind far remote from happiness, and dying in all the agonies of the inebriate's death. But, to the student of the present age — to him ready and willing to battle in the cause of truth — a broad field of usefulness lies before him, in which he may win the laurels that crown only the truly great; for the world regards to-day with greater veneration the spirit exemplified in a Wilberforce, than the ambitious and insatiable desires of a Napoleon — the loving tenderness and true heroism displayed in the life of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling, than the fearless and undaunted courage of the fabulous Semiramis. For this nation has advanced in art, science, and knowledge; it has become more enlightened, more wise and prudent at every onward step of time. The past teems with valuable lessons to guide our course in the future, and no longer are the masses swayed or influenced by the voice of the demagogue; nor do we, as a nation, bow at the shrine of Superstition. Yet, although so great a change the lapse of time has brought about; although we may well be proud of the enlightenment and refinement which everywhere prevails; still, the duties of the student are not less arduous, nor is his struggle nearer its end.

Now, there is no vocation that can claim so extended or noble a field of labor as that occupied by the scholar. It is true, there are other wide spheres of influence; there are other employments which secure to men honor and renown. Thus the military hero, by his knowledge of military tactics, by his valor and indomitable will, may put to flight the opposing force, by a sudden onset, — well-aimed bullet or single thrust of the lance gain a decisive victory. He may march unflinching to the very cannon's mouth, and, fighting, maintain his ground with a degree of courage which characterized the three hundred at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ. But his contest is not half so noble, or his victory so glorious, as that of him laboring in the cause of others.

We are all students, in one sense, — the farmer to agriculture, the mechanic to his trade, the laborer to his employment. But it is only in connection with the student of literature, the man of letters, that we would use the term; upon him depend for their stay, the dissemination of religious truths,— the most effective instruments of civilization, — the multiplication of books, the almost limitless power exerted by the press, the management of affairs of state; in a word, the thousand and one devices to incite men on to noble endeavors.

We, Philomatheans, are a band of students, just, as it were, equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth, preparatory to the conflict. We have assembled from the most remote portions of our country, to lay the solid groundwork of an education, — to mould the character, to invigorate and strengthen our mental faculties. A few years only, and we separate, each to carry to a higher seat of learning the principles already inculcated, and from thence still higher, till we come forth fully armed and prepared to fill the stations of those now contending on the broad arena of life; and, using aright the talent we shall then possess,— standing up boldly in the defence of truth, causing every word and act to be a true index of our characters, — we shall at the close of our warfare obtain a victory far greater than the sword has yet achieved, and be able to say, when that last hour shall come which terminates the earthly existence of all, in the words of another: " This is the end of earth — I am content." P.

A LIFE-PLAN.

If there is anything within the range of human advantages that is better calculated than any other to call forth all the powers of mind and body, and to apply them in the most effectual place and manner, to rouse the slumbering energies of the soul, and give the very being of man that independent grandeur of prowess which enables him to rise above the vortex of circumstances, it is the fact that he has a life-plan before him, in which he can see his field of action mapped out and awaiting his executing hand. Let man but look out of himself — let him but fix his mind on something, and though his heart is as barren of noble impulses as his head is destitute of holy thoughts, yet that something will be a nucleus around which his affections, his hopes, and his energies will cluster, and, warming his frigid nature to animation, will kindle into a flame of intense life that will leave the impression on the world's mind, that he was, after all, a man.

We know that there are those whose amiable caution rises higher and broader than any other organ of the head, and who rise up in their all-important dignity to say "Beware!" and to tell us that the mind must not grasp at great things, for "it is all ambition." We know that there are those, of strong and sagacious intellect, who are strangers to all the extremes of passion; who speak and act according to mathematical rules; who love and hate on philosophical principles; and who, like the ponderous engine, are mighty only on the track; who will say that this theory of a life-plan will make "men of one idea." We have seen such ones taking a comfortable nap, in the security of their great minds, under the touching sentiments of a faithful sermon, and who, just waking in time for the benediction, would go away complaining of the unpleasant voice, the awkward gesture, and the faulty logic of the preacher. And rather than be enthusiastic, rather than be impetuous, they are so careful lest they fall into the grievous sin of being "men of one idea," that they actually accomplish their object, and die *without* one idea.

We have no desire to offend the morally fastidious, by encouraging that propensity which the world calls ambition, and which was displayed so prominently in the lives of Cæsar, Napoleon, and Alexander. But we do say, that every individual who intends to do himself justice, and to benefit mankind, should have something definitely before him, some high and ennobling course marked out, which will act as a loadstone to his energies — something to make life interesting.

It is needless to say what qualities should enter into that plan. There are many ways of acting one's part; there are many channels through which the great end of life may be attained; but that end itself is known to every reflecting mind. But even if it were a man's design to do evil, if he really desired to be supremely mean (for that is the essence of all evil), we had rather see him proceed on a broad and well-delineated plan, than to see him shuffle himself into the lowest grade of genteel iniquity, and then shuffle himself out again by mere chance.

The very constitution of the mind shows the imperative need of some specific aim in life, to ensure a man of a healthy development of powers. We cannot think without something to think about. We cannot speak without something to say. But the moment some particular subject is fixed upon, distinct from all others, the moment some particular sentence is determined upon, or a single deed is to be done, the whole man is aroused to earnest effort. And the more specific the object is, the more thorough will be the work, and the more satisfactory the results. As the great variety of subjects often perplexes the youthful writer, and destroys half his motive force by indecision, so man, in the broader walks of life, becomes bewildered by the thousand engaging objects that meet his vision. His desires being satiated, his keen powers of discrimination blunted, he stands in the world like a splendid statue, surrounded by admiring crowds. They see his fine proportions, his noble brow, his expressive lip; but he moves not, he speaks not, and they are led to exclaim: What is this perfect man in form? What is this object of admiration, over which the wings of genius flap in conscious power? Has it the power of locomotion? Has it the power of articulate speech; of imitation; association; love, or hate? Does it even live? No; it is after all but a block of wood or a marble stone.

If there are any who scout the idea of a young man's having a life-plan, and bending all its energies for its execution, on the ground that such a course has been pursued by selfish, ambitious men, let them first draw the line between it and so-called ambition; let them distinguish between noble aspirations and merely selfish desires; and then let them go forth and look upon the works of God. Every leaf and every ray of light gives evidence of a plan. Heaven is a plan. Earth is a plan. Hell is a plan. The universe itself is one vast plan; and all that it contains — material and immaterial, animate and inanimate, angels as well as insects, seasons, sunshine, oceans, and stars — all seem to join in one sublime effort of praise, with an exalted enthusiam, a Godlike ambition.

B.

THE SONS OF THE OCEAN.

How fearful to be on the foaming sea,
When the tempest the ocean is sweeping;
When the bending mast gives way to the blast,
And the struggling wreck is sinking!

When thunders clash, and the lightnings flash,
And the elements are all in motion;
When the sea-birds quail, mid the terrible wail! —
Then pity the sons of the ocean.

Yes; pray for them then; your prayers may save
From an anchorage 'neath the "lee;"
That dear ones ashore may welcome once more
The friends whom they love to see.

The sailor is brave, and toils on the wave
From frigid to burning lands;
And his country he loves, that his life would lose,
To guard against hostile bands.

Then remember the sailor, that true-hearted hero,
Whose friendship, so readily won,
Is true to the last, 'mid the billows and blasts,
Till the sands of his life are run.

R.

THOUGHT.

"To act, is easy; to think, is hard; to act according to our thoughts, is troublesome."—*Goethe.*

A *thought* is the blossom of a growing mind; an act is the fruit. It is the necessary companion of labor; the tide on which float away the accumulations of a lifetime or a day. Its formation may be the work of years, or a consequence of a trivial circumstance. It may fall *ripened* with an active result, or green, unmatured, be forgotten and neglected. It may occur after long periods, which, in their changing progress, in their different scenes, and consequent net-work of fate, have been as watchful guardians of treasure, rich-producing at the only proper time. Without the act it must be valueless, except as a discipline of mind; as if the wealth should be withheld until the golden opportunity of good is passed.

The man *with* thought, without the force to *act*, is like Tantalus, unable to enjoy, though struggling to obtain.

The mind, as a choice vineyard, must be cultivated; or it is like a painting of Raphael, soiled and dusty, in some garret left, creating at once pity, that its owner has no greater soul, and sorrow, that it was not possessed by one who would display its beauties to admiring friends.

But, though the mind be cultivated, it does not follow that its thoughts are always of more value; for a too exalted position begets arrogance, and arrogance humiliation; for ambition sometimes stoops to enjoy the spectacle of burning Rome, or leads the way to touch with sacrilegious hand and too much honored torch, the temple loved and reverenced.

From palace hall does not come the sweetest music, or there never would have been a Beethoven; nor the song most ravishing, or there never would have been a Jenny Lind. From obscurity of poverty do not come the less heroic deed, or the less noble sacrifice; or else no Grace Darling would have braved the tempest, or Florence Nightingale have flitted through the hospitals of the Crimea.

Then it is the *use* of it that makes it prized, the *neglect* of it that makes it mourned; for a mind neglected, is like the statue of Memnon, breathing wails over ruins once imposing and magnificent. A very few turnings change the course of many streams, and it is through the *continued* action that they break their barriers ; and thus, as it often is, the conflict of bad passions moulds the nobler deed, as after the darkest storm the sunshine is the brighter.

"Men must learn to think, before they can discern truth from error." The first impression is generally the deepest, and longest to be retained, and it requires a strong force to change the course of life without destroying its power, materially, if not entirely; and it bears the marks of the struggle ever after, as the deep ravine tells that the flood swept through, and, from some cause, left it. Thus, a thought may change the purpose of a life, as it was feared that the hidden iceberg would cut the feeble cable across the Atlantic, floating terrible and dark ; so the whole determination of a life, sunken in the mind of its possessor, may be torn asunder, broken by a single passion, as irretrievably as the fragile wire.

If this power be derived from good influences, it may raise him ; if from bad, it requires all his firmness of character, all his strength of mind, to overcome it ; and we see many a wreck tossing in the waves, a sad memento of a former pride.

Acts are *generally* the expressions, in black and white, of a man's thoughts. A noble act bespeaks the generous thought, and the selfish deed the contracted mind ; the charity, the private life ; the outer, the inner man ; — advertisements of the goods within.

Thought never pulls down its flag to its various enemies, though pressed at times, — triumphant in right ; beaming highest ; a beacon, flashing down through all time, lighting the dark places, reänimating, restoring the servant, the master ; crowning the *act*, noblest and best ; and the *act*, never ceasing in its waving of the waters, blessing countless beings, or forever injuring.

This knowing, trusting while we work out the great problem of the Infinite, *we* may

"Act — act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

DREAMS.

I HAVE been wandering far away,
To a softer clime and a fairer day;
My soul went forth to those islands bright,
Where the blessėd shall dwell in realms of light;
My soul has been to a holier sphere;
Then how can I bear to linger here?

I have heard the voices of silver sound
That float these hallowed isles around;
I have seen the forms of light that stray
In those bowers of brightness, far away;
For my soul has been to a holier sphere;
Then how can I bear to linger here?

I may not mourn for earthly woe,
For my heart is warm with heavenly glow;
The joys of earth are not for me,
For I have dreamed of purity;
My soul has been to a holier sphere;
Oh! how can I bear to linger here?

AMBITION.

IN life man has always more enemies than he can well struggle against. He may combat successfully with the perils and dangers in the outer world, and yet in the world within he may be totally defeated. It is far easier for him to resist the passions and wills of others, than to resist his own. A rock that has stood a thousand years, and defied a thousand tempests, is a noble sight; the hurricane has no power against it, and the fury of the ocean's surges cannot move it; there it stands, gray, stern, and strong as ever. It is, indeed, a noble sight; but an infinitely nobler one is that of a man who can govern his own ambition. History tells of an Alexander who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. The man deceived himself; there was a world within him, in which he might have gained a victory greater than he had yet obtained, by conquering his own passions. History preserves the name of Napoleon, as a landmark in the course of time; but the glistening hosts that charged at the battle of the Pyramids, and the desperate valor that won Toulon, Austerlitz and Marengo, would lose their lustre beside the diadem which might have crowned him if he had conquered his own ambition. It is true that history records their glorious achievements; but history records other achievements, with which their most splendid victories cannot be compared. We have the story of Cincinnatus, who could decline the highest honors of a grateful people, and return to the quiet of his farm. We are told of those who preferred poverty, persecution, and their own free thoughts, rather than riches, honor, and slavery.

Europe can boast of her grand and massive cathedrals, of ivied ruins and towering monuments, each commemorating the greatness of some master-mind. America can show no cathedrals; her edifices and monuments are being erected, not crumbling into ruins. But if any one would see the mark of great minds, let him look upon the institutions of science and art — upon the public schools and churches that have sprung up all over our land; let him behold a free press and a free people: these are our cathedrals, these our monuments.

All this has been accomplished by Ambition, but by an ambition that is natural to the heart of every good man, — a desire to leave the impress of their worth and moral excellence on the minds and the actions of their fellows. To be a true hero, one need not be renowned. "Greatness," says a distinguished writer, "does not consist in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it serves to carry a man above his fellows, for his own solitary glory."

It will be of no use to mourn over the past. It is gone, and the present alone is ours; and it is in our power so to use the present, that we may go forward to meet the dim and shadowy future with a manly heart and energies braced for every encounter.

M.

PERIL.

Lying along the narrow ledge, like ivy
Circling the steep precipice, at once
The wonder and the fear of man;
With breakers dashing wild beneath,
Like demons laughing at the death they seek.
The thoughts of life misspent arise. How vain at last
The toil for fame! the strife for place!
All, all the glittering gems of glory dull,
And only heaven and hell appear.
How grand! how awful! Face to face with death,
A drop of time before the flood—Eternity. J.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

That the utility of any branch of human knowledge is proportioned to its practicability in active life, none can for a moment question; and its worth is enhanced in proportion to its service to its possessor. In judging, then, of the usefulness of a knowledge of history, of the many advantages it has over any other branch of knowledge, we notice that it systematizes and strengthens the mind, and gives one the power of language. It also lends its aid to fix the thought, arouse the slumbering energies of the soul, and to create in the mind a desire for learning.

It is that branch of knowledge which is best calculated to arouse attention, enlarge the numerous faculties of the soul, strengthen the intellect, increase the power of memory, and promote in the mind a desire for virtue. As we study the historic page,—whether that written by man, or read from nature's ample fold in the ethereal blue, out of which shine forth the lights from a million orbs; or, whether we read the pages of nature as she has written them in the nine geological systems of the rocks of our earth,—we add to our knowledge a fund of information which will ever be useful in all future time, and lend a powerful influence to man, and give control over his associates.

It has well been said that history is to the mind what the telescope is to the eye; as by the one the power of vision is increased, so by the other the powers of the mind are enlarged and developed. "Knowledge is power," said Lord Bacon; and another, greater than Bacon, has said: "The proper study of mankind is man;" which was worthy being written in letters of gold. And where can we study man so accurately as in the great registry of the past, in which are arranged side by side the different characters and dispositions of individuals and nations, together with the causes which led to such developments explained, and the disadvantages or advantages which have resulted therefrom? History is the key that unlocks the secret so long environed in mystery, and tells us the advantage and power which honesty has over intrigue, bravery over cowardice, truth over falsehood, right over error, perseverance over indolence, and virtue over vice.

It robs splendor of its fascinations, glory of its allurements, beauty of its charms, ambition of its false illusions, and power of its terror. Alexander is exhibited in his true light and character; Cæsar is deprived of his pomp and splendor, and Napoleon denied the right of empire over his blood-stained and once subdued enemies; while it adds a resplendent glory to the names of Milton, Napier, Wilberforce, Carey, Newton, Knox, Humboldt, Edwards, Wesley, and an untold multitude of other names who will ever shine forth as the brightest lights in the coronet of history. It robs monarchs of their empires, kings of their thrones, tyranny of her oppressions, the Inquisition of her excruciating tortures, and buries in oblivion the crucifix, the fagot and the torch.

It has in justice embalmed the memory of the widow of two mites, and the diseased beggar Lazarus, in everlasting remembrance, and crowned the once despised Nazarene in glory, compared with which the glory of all on earth and all in heaven is as darkest midnight; while the very names have long since been forgotten, whose monuments, of the world's wonder, now crumbling in the dust, were vainly built to commemorate.

History is the pedestal on which man stands and surveys the scenes of the ages past; the mystic curtain is drawn aside, and all things are brought present to our view. It unfolds to us the various states of society; the causes which produced them, and the benefits the world has received therefrom. It introduces to our acquaintance the most distinguished personages and events of ancient or modern time. It marks out the most noted and powerful empires and kingdoms which have existed from time to time, — of their rise, acme, and decline. We learn what wars have deluged the world in human gore; the times when, and places where they occurred, and the effects they produced on mankind.

Of the changes in dynasties, — overturning empires, revolutions in governments, and the causes which led to the establishment of our own institutions. We not only learn that a Cyrus, a Hannibal, a Cæsar, an Alexander, an Aristides, a Lycurgus, Romulus, Constantine, Mohammed, and thousands more have lived and reigned, but also, when they lived and where they reigned; of their rise, prosperity, and final overthrow of themselves, or the governments they established. How the Assyrian empire submitted to the Babylonian, the Babylonian in its turn to the Medes and Persians, and the latter to the Macedonians, who themselves were overpowered by the Romans.

How the Egyptians, the most powerful, enlightened, and flourishing nation of antiquity, and Egypt with her fruitful Nile, once the Eden garden of the world, where the arts, literature, and science, her sculptures, paintings, and architecture, were without a rival; and Greece and Rome, in the pride of their glory, and acme of their power, scarcely surpassed.

It tells us how these mighty nations have, through a succession of reverses, fallen into decay; and where once spires pointed heavenward, seats of learning numerous, and their capitals the citadels of civilization and refinement, now abject servitude reigns supreme.

We also learn the means by which the foundation of those governments were laid, the circumstances which contributed most to their prosperity, and the true cause of their decline and ruin. It teaches us the arts of empire and war; the principles of government, the rules of policy, the maxims of civil society, and the means of self-government. In short, it unfolds to us the experience of the past, the knowledge of the present, and the prospects of the future. Finally, history alone tells us that no nation has, or can permanently endure, when founded in war, or by conquests and injustice, or governed by oppression. But that a nation may forever exist in perennial youth and vigor of strength, when established in justice, giving liberty and right of conscience to all the people; by maintaining peace, regarding the Sabbath, and placing a firm reliance in the Bible, and seeking the blessing of Divine Providence. These are a few of the many blessings we derive from a knowledge of History.

Anonymous.

WHENCE?

We catch but a glance and its meaning we know,
Be its whisper as soft as the light-falling snow;
We hear its sly tread, and hear its low breath,
Let it come whence it will, like the footstep of Death.
We see the cloud pass through the gates of the west,
It is veiled with gold-glory, but we know not the rest;
And our eyes sail in hope on that glittering lake,
Down-sinking in which the Sun leaves his bright wake.

And 't is studded with islands and long pebbly shores,
Back-glancing on which all his glory he pours;
And rippled with waves which roll through the blue,
Curl around the red islands, and pass from our view;
And we long to embark on that channel of light,
Glide over its waters past the regions of Night,
Float on beyond Time, with its sorrows in store,
And *land* in Eternity, at Heaven's kind door.

Then adieu to our friends whom we 've met in Life's morn,
Adieu to the "memories so fragrant" when born;
We bid you farewell — may your cup be as sweet
As the love you will garner when in Future we 'll meet;
Farewell to bright visions which never will bloom
Into flowers by the pathway of Life's bitter gloom;
Farewell to the hopes all withered and lorn,
Which have drooped when exposed to the pitiless storm.

The meadows, the green fields, the sombre old wood-lands,
The light-sparkling brooks gurgling on to the deep —
We leave you in beauty, till lost to the sea-sands,
The drop of our mem'ry sails off from the beach.
The lone pines will sigh on, when we are all gone,
Their wild dirges of life, through their branches at night;
And the long-shadowed church-spire point to the graveyard,
When we 're left with the coming of the welcome moonlight.

J.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Ever and anon the boundaries of the broad field of intellect are rendered less distinct by the fall of a prominent landmark, while the bright eye of the intellectual world dims with the tear of sorrow, as it mourns the loss of a firm, a bold defender.

Within the present year, it has found especial cause for mourning. During the fleeting months of 1859, the dew of death has quenched the burning eloquence of Choate; its strong arm checked in its rapid flight the magic pen of Hallam and Prescott. The keen eye of Bond no longer unfolds the starry secrets of the heavens; and the firm, elastic tread of Humboldt has ceased its echo in the solitudes of eastern vale and mountain. And now the telegraph tells us that to the list of illustrious dead one other name is added — tells us that another satellite has disappeared from the intellectual heaven — tells us that Washington Irving is no more. A dark cloud of gloom broods over the nation, as spread these sad tidings. It realizes, with regret and sorrow, that from the soldiery of intellect a brave leader is stricken down; that learning has lost a champion, patriotism a firm supporter, virtue its truest, noblest friend.

His genius and character, as shown in his writings and life, are especially worthy of attention.

Irving has long been the most popular of our American authors. His easy and simple, yet flowing, graceful style, distilled with the dew of that high-toned morality, drawn from the clear springs of his own spotless mind, imparting to his production a beauty and simplicity unsurpassed, enabled him to knock at once at the heart, as well as the intellect of his reader. The purity and beauty of his character gently diffused itself through all his writings. Not a line of his can we read without acknowledging it the production of a noble, generous mind.

His biting, yet polite and graceful satire; his genial, delicious humor; his refined and delicate sentiment, — betray at once their source — a pure heart, a noble mind, an exquisite genius.

Combining the depth and beauty of a Sallust, the profound logic and rhetorical flourish of a Johnson, the grace and dignity of an Addison, his writings were free from the insinuating immoralities of the former, and the selfish coldness of the latter.

Engraven on the heart-tablets of the good and noble, the story of his life, — his every thought, word, action, bearing the clear impress of a giant soul; his noble denial of self; his labors unrequited; his wise counsels and friendly warnings; the kind sympathy tendered; true affection given; the overflowings of the crystal fountain welling from a noble heart, — all will endure forever.

His was the homage paid to sovereignty of intellect. Fame was his, and love, respect, and honor: love, in return for love so freely given; respect for character, pure and noble; honor for nobility of heart, of *mind*, of SOUL. Laboriously and with honesty did he win his laurels, and there are none to question the justness of his claim.

His pure nature knew not the errors so common to men of letters. The conflicts of mind, the selfish struggles of ambition, the fierce clashings of creed — to all, save the victory of intellect, was he a stranger. "Nothing was there," says a writer, "in his character which a friend might wish to suppress, or an enemy, had he one, desire to proclaim."

How calm and beautiful the evening of his days! Life's stormy current passed, the frail bark calmly rests on the smooth ocean beyond, moored by the safe anchor of hope and peace, — hope realized, peace secured.

Environed by the classic groves of his beautiful retreat, — the semblance of his own poetic nature, — the few remaining sands in life's hour-glass glide away as gently as at summer's evening.

The sun, its light-giving mission fulfilled, sinks in glory beneath the western hill; and as the gentle spirit leaves its frail casket, the myriad spirits hovering round, wing their bright way heavenward. joyfully announcing that earth has lost, and heaven gained, a noble soul; that one more jewel is added to the diadem of immortal beings that dwell in light forever.

C.

CHILDHOOD'S SUNNY DAYS.

At midnight, on his wretched bed,
A middler, tossing to and fro,
Lay, wishing for the dawn of day,
And cursed the Greek which bored him so.

And as he held his aching head
Between his hands for needed rest,
He thought of days, how long gone by!
Of days when he was purely blest.

He thought of childhood's sunny days,
Before he heard of classic lore,
When naught disturbed his happy hours,
For naught knew he of Phillips' bore.

He thought of brave old winter days,
Before at Kühner he almost swore;
He thought — oh, most triumphant thought! —
Of the first breeches which he wore.

He thought of friends, some passed away;
He thought of schoolmates young and fair,
(How changed from friends of later years!)
Of one he loved, with golden hair.

He thought of days when "school was out,"—
Of gladsome days he then enjoyed,
When with this friend he loved so well,
His happiness was never cloyed.

He thought of stores he used to keep, —
For that was then his great delight, —
Of running brooks whose course he stopped,
And how he gulled some luckless wight.

He thought of woods he used to seek,
Of chestnut, hazel, walnut trees;
He knew them well, and well he knew
How pleasant 't was their fruit to seize.

In fine, he wandered back to days,
When it was always, always May,
When he was happy as a bird in June,
Alas! said he, those days are far away.

Yes, long since past were all the joys,
And all the hopes and loves of youth;
For now he has a work to do,
And now he searches deep for truth.

"And so I'm pushing" — thus he murmured, —
"Pushing forward in the race;
I must not move the ghosts of joys departed,
But onward press, with upturned face."

And as he thought, he wearier grew,
Until, at last, with pitying eyes,
To give his tired frame repose,
Sleep took him to her Paradise.

C.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Decision of character is that quality which enables a man to choose between different courses of action, and to follow his choice, till, regardless of opposition, he is convinced of his error, or gains the end sought; it is a characteristic possessed, in some degree, by all men; and, like our other mental powers, may be improved by use, or injured by inaction.

Its possession tends to elevate the character; for by cultivating this quality, we improve many others closely allied to it, and thus raise higher that standard of manhood by which our influence in life is to be tested, and toward which all our powers are directed. It places its possessor far out in advance of his companions, where theory must be dropped, and practice guide.

It procures respect for its possessor. He who has this quality is revered; whatever may be his views, however they may differ from those of others, although they may be presented in a manner offensive to many, yet there is a sublimity in declaring and maintaining opinions contrary to the prevailing ones, that forces us to respect whoever may advance them. It brings in its train, moreover, a feeling of security; for since its possessor almost always sees a successful termination to its efforts, he feels that in whatever emergency he may be placed, he has a power upon which he may depend, and one that at least will release him from his position.

It possesses a vast influence in political life. He who enters upon the arena of politics, with a determination to follow some fixed course, is the successful politician. Are there offices of profit and trust to be bestowed? he receives them. Are honors to be gained? he reaps them. His conduct commands respect from his opponents.

Decision of character is closely allied to energy; hand in hand they perform the duties of life, — decision, like a skilful general, determining the point of attack, planning the assault, and directing the movement; while energy, like the well-trained battalions of the "old guard," rushes boldly into the affray, and bears off the victory.

Every page of history teems with the results of decision of character, from the first fatal non-employment of it in Eden, to the equally fatal expression of it in Napoleon's campaign in Russia. Every-day life is but a mirror of this quality. The most practical results flow from its application. Our daily successes are but the results of decision of character.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

"To be, or not to be? that is the question;
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

"To be, or not to be?" is the question which presents itself to every Phillipian, to every Philomathean. Whether he will contend manfully against every obstacle which may impede him in his onward course toward the accomplishment of the noble and lofty aims which he has in view, or suffer disappointments and difficulties to blast his noble aspirations, and repress his honorable ambition.

Every one has some goal of honor or fame, by which his inclinations, his pursuits, and his aspirations are regulated and moulded, in a greater or less degree.

To every man there is some coveted station of praise, to the attainment of which he bends all his energies. As is the polar star to the mariner, the loadstone to the needle — as is contentment to the rich man, and wealth to the poor — so, to such a man, is the polar star of his ambition.

Some of us are intending to engage in the pursuits of professional or business life, while others aim at a more strictly literary life. "For in the variety of professions, Nature points out one path to one man, another to another." One is intending to take the Bible as his subject, and to proclaim "the glad tidings" to all. Another means to make the law his profession, and already visions of numerous clients and a well-filled purse gladden his mind's eye. Another would devote himself with energy and true patriotism to the service of the state. He imagines himself already high in the nation's favor. He fancies himself able "the applause of listening senates to command." Or another would engage in literary and scientific employments; or, as a philosopher of nature, find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

While the aims, the objects in view, are all different, the *means* to these *ends* are the same in each and all of these pursuits. We are called upon to answer, "Whether it is better to be a man, and act manfully," or to be a coward, and refuse "to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them."

If, in the pursuit of a true and praiseworthy end, the popular opinion is opposed; if the coldness of friends and the sneers of enemies dishearten us; if fortune bitterly frowns, and all things seem adverse, — then should we reässure our friends by our untiring exertion, disarm our enemies by our honorable conduct, strive with manly vigor against outrageous fortune. Then shall all things become favorable. Thus shall we accomplish the worthy object of our ambition, whatever it may be. And "when the sands are numbered, which make up our lives," then shall we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have "acted well our part" in the drama of life.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

The great truth embodied in the poet's short but comprehensive history of the progress of nations, principalities, and powers, is equally applicable to the world of mind, and the progress of thought.

It is not to be supposed that, at the present age, the mind of man has been endowed with any new faculties, or comes from the great Creator's hands with a touch more finished, a texture more delicate, or capabilities more expansive, than when a Homer wrote, an Aristotle reasoned, a Socrates moralized, or a Demosthenes, by his eloquence, soothed to peace the turbulent Greeks. Men have existed, and now live, who have possessed, and still possess, powers of mind (though perhaps latent and dormant) equal to those of the intellectual giants of yore, and but the *force of circumstances* is needed, and the *proper arena* for their display, to show many a Homer, Aristotle, Socrates, or Demosthenes.

But, even supposing that they *did* indeed stand far above all who have since lived, the *truth* of the principle remains the same; for such has been the progress in the sciences, literature, and the arts, that the great realm of thought has not been confined to a *few master-minds;* but the mental energy has been more *equally diffused*, and *thousands* now wield an individual power and influence that the philosophers of old labored in vain to obtain.

A glance at the triumphs of science alone is sufficient proof that the march of intellect has kept pace with the progress of civilization, and indeed the one cannot exist without the other. It will also show us that principles, elements, and powers are in existence, of which we have but a faint conception and little knowledge; thus teaching us to believe that mind, even now though it may be in the meridian in some respects, is but in a state of hopeful childhood. From the darkness of the middle ages a few gleams of intellectual light were faintly seen, in a few discoveries of scientific truth, which has increased with a rapid brightening, until now almost a *flood* of scientific light seems to pervade the world. A chain of discoveries then seemed to be commenced (in the invention of the mariner's compass) whose links, which at first multiplied but slowly, are now almost daily and hourly increasing; and the great phenomena connected with magnetism and electricity, are now interwoven and linked with the common affairs of life. Neither is there civil or religious liberty where knowledge and intellectual culture are neglected, and liberal ideas cannot flourish on a soil darkened by ignorance and superstition. Thebes and Carthage, in all their magnificence, have passed away. Assyria, Persia, and Phœnecia were long since left in darkness. Greece and Rome, upon whom were once shed the powerful and invigorating rays of the Sun of Knowledge, are now shrouded in a mental and moral gloom; while we, as a race, who were the last to feel the effects of knowledge and civilization, are now rejoicing in our strength. *Knowledge*, then, is the great leveller of tyrannical governments, and of all those systems where mental culture is monopolized by the few. And wherever civilization makes its way, its constant attendant and guide is the intellect of man.

J. C.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF HORACE FRYE.

Who will be the next to grace the burial car?
Time's pinions wait not for the hoary head;
And death, the minister of sorrow, stands
Feasting his fiendish eyes, and in his hate
Grasping the spear red with the blood of kings,
To strike the young, the hopeful, and the fair.
Who will be the next? for all are doomed to die, —
The rich, the poor, the lowly, and the proud,
The weary student, and the laboring swain,
The guilty and the good; and little hearts
That know not good nor ill, but in the joy
Of life's first dawning light, they smile on all,
Like little opening buds, as well as those
With iron heart and hand, who rule the world,
Must put the earthly trappings all aside,
And lay them down to die.
Who will be the next? for neither health, nor power,
Nor love, nor hope, nor fear, nor friends, nor home,
Can melt Death's stony heart, or make his hand
Delay. O, cruel Death! thy bloody hand
Marks not degrees of rank, nor weak, nor strong,
Nor animal, nor human life or hopes,
But enters alike the palace and the cot,
And from the cot down to the most minute
Of insect tribes, thy poisoned darts descend.
Thou art the terror of the earthly great,
And to the dust thy frown brings lords and kings;
And thou alone art him beneath whose grasp
All animated nature shrinks!
And yet, O Death! what art thou but a name
To him whose trust is in a mightier arm?—
Whose soul, at thy approach, rejoices in its hope,
And at thy desolating power laughs,
As from its dome of dust, on seraph's wing,
Invisible to thee, it takes its flight
Far up to heaven, its endless dwelling-place,
Where thy dark foot ne'er trod the streets, and where
The ceaseless terrors of thy dreadful name
Shall never for an hour check its joy?

Weep not, then, brothers, for the happy dead:
There is an arm omnipotent to save;
There lives a heart that for your freedom bled,
And conquered Death, and triumphed o'er the grave!
There is a life, where every day is bright,—
Where tears, and sighs, and anguish never go;
There is a home where Jesus is the light,
Far lifted up above the reach of woe.

B.

OBITUARY.

When Time has laid his withering hand upon us, and many summers have ripened our bodies for the tomb, then Death is not unwelcome. His presence does not awaken those bitter pangs of grief, for we feel that it *must* be so then. But when, in the early summer of life, ere the full vigor of manhood has been given, he cuts the vital thread, it seems to us *cruel.* To part thus early with schoolmates, classmates, friends, is hard; but when the summons comes, we *must* obey.

To one of our number this summons has recently come, and Horace Frye has left us, to return no more. Called at the early age of seventeen, he left a circle of friends who will long mourn his untimely death. He died at Lawrence on the 11th of December. In his death, we are called to mourn the loss of a classmate, friend, and brother Philomathean.

Of his early life we can say nothing, as our acquaintance with him was of a recent date; but since he became connected with the school, we have all learned to esteem him highly as a scholar, and to love him as a friend. His manly heart won friends to him on every side, and his generous, noble nature knit them to him in enduring affection.

We mourn for him, it is true; yet we sorrow not as those without hope; for he passed from earth supported by the arm of his Redeemer, in whom he had learned to put his trust. It was hard to part with all the bright visions of *youth,* with the hopes of the promising *future,* with classmates, and above all, with his *widowed mother;* yet he was willing to leave all in the hands of Him who doeth all things well.

Philomatheans! you who have so often heard him in debate, and admired the zeal and talents displayed in the defence of his position, will you not drop the tear of affection on his grave, and cherish his memory in your hearts? His voice comes to you from the silent grave, and bids you press on in the path of *honor* and *truth,* despising every low aim and unmanly action, and reminding you that life is short — too short to be trifled away.

Classmates! the hopes of our brother were as bright as yours, his chances for life as great; yet his sun has set thus early, and so may yours. Think of this, and from the dead learn a lesson for the living.

C.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Gentlemen of the Society:

To say that it is with many misgivings we have taken upon ourselves the duties and responsibilities of editors, would be but to reiterate the thoughts of others who have preceded us, and by their efforts and untiring zeal in the Society's interests, have both honored themselves, and with their pens graced with articles of sterling worth the columns of Philo's *Mirror.* But every duty, every trust that devolves upon us, has some responsibility accompanying it: the lowest as well as the highest stations of honor filled by men of the present day, all call to their aid, in a greater or less degree, the wisdom and foresight of those who discharge the duties attendant upon them. And it is well that such is the case; for, were the mind always free from anxiety, — were the brain suffered to remain in a passive, inactive state, — life would lose its charm, and society its attractions. But while, indeed, the responsibility your editors must assume is great, yet with still greater force does it fall upon you, Philomatheans; for the prime object of your paper is to mirror forth, not the editors' talent alone, — for they stand merely as the agents, through whom your literary productions are presented to the Society, — but the ability of every Philomathean, who by his efforts, however small, may, and can, aid its advancement. And as term after term draws to its close, and in accordance with a long-established custom, it devolves upon us to issue another *Mirror,* as the representative of the progress made in English composition; as we consider that each page, each article, line and word, is to undergo the severest scrutiny by those although now disconnected with the institution, yet formerly members of the Society and sharers of its honors, who are now pursuing a collegiate course in the higher seminaries of learning; — in consideration of this, well may we say that it is with many feelings of doubt that we lay another number before you; and, in so doing, we only ask that you give it your candid judgment; that you weigh its excellences as well as defects; and if it holds comparison with the previous publications of other terms, we shall feel fully satisfied and amply recompensed for every endeavor put forth to make your paper a true reflector of the Society's writings, and both instructive and interesting. But if, on the contrary, you shall deem it inferior in style and vigor of thought, even then we feel conscious that no pains have been spared on our part to raise the standard of composition higher than before. But we forbear making further comments, trusting it will be judged aright, and firmly believing in the truth of that maxim often quoted, "Acta non dicta." Aside from the *Mirror*, as regards ourselves, the present term has had its cares and troubles. The hidden thought in some difficult sentence of Cicero or Virgil — the lengthy paradigms — the fifty twists and turns of the irregular Greek verbs — may have indeed tried our patience sorely; but still, the brief three months' journey has in the main been fraught with much pleasure and joy: for, in place of an excess of physical labor, which is too prone to characterize the student during the summer and autumn months, a good degree of mental activity has been enjoyed, with enough of out-door pleasures mingled to enable us to possess that which is most essential to all — "mens sana in corpore sano."

The meadows and ponds in our vicinity have been covered at times with virgins and virgin ice; and, although we possess not the means of clearing the same with the facility made use of by the larger towns and cities, still we were highly favored with an equally good substitue in the persons of some heroic *Nuns*, to whose devotion in their cause, and untiring efforts, both Theologians and Phillipians are indebted for much of their winter's enjoyment. That this reflects upon us discredit, and want of gallantry, we should be forced to admit, were we not every day reminded of the marvellous reverse in customs — especially as regards the two sexes — which have been brought about by this leaping year. In the Society, the debates have been well sustained, and the speakers have evinced a good degree of preparation. New members have come out upon the floor for the first time, and, encouraged by the warm and heartfelt sympathy which fellow-students have at times extended, have again and again taken part, until even now they show no slight degree of proficiency as debaters. The extempores have been of reasonable length, fully exemplifying the power which men, by application and practice, may attain in thinking on the spur of the moment, and arranging their thoughts in logical order.

The critics, with the exception of one or two instances, have measured out justice fairly and proportionately to the defects and demerits of the speakers, and by gentle admonitions have done much towards removing many of those failings, which, if allowed to take a firm hold upon one, can but with the utmost difficulty be overcome.

In a word, we consider the Society in a prosperous condition, its members numbering more than on any preceding term since its foundation, and maintaining that same degree of interest in terms to come which now prevails. Being ever on the alert to improve and profit by the many advantages which she affords, its name will yet reach beyond the limits of this town and neighborhood; and whatever may be our station and circumstances in life, we shall ever look back with pleasure upon these palmy days of Mother Philo.

For proof that the student is at times lost in reveries, and throws aside every care and duty, we insert the following, which, as we have not yet heard it contradicted, must of necessity be based on truth.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

While seated in my little room,
One fine December's day,
Weary in body, heart and brain,
I laid my books away;

And on the bed myself I threw,
Careless of what might come,
And reckless of the fatal *flunk*
In the recitation room.

Old Morpheus soon his soothing charms
Around my senses threw;
And, folded in his gentle arms,
This vision passed in view:

First, then, a form of ghastly mien
Before me seemed to stand,
And towards a book upon my desk
He pointed with his hand.

While standing thus, I marked his form —
He had a crooked spine,
Was tall and slim, and leaner far
Than Pharaoh's seven kine.

His face was sharp as face could be,
His nose was aquiline;
His brow was wrinkled, but 't was plain
They were not the marks of *time.*

For years he surely ne'er had seen,
His brow to wrinkle so;
But care and toil such wrinkles bring,
And locks as white as snow.

Just then he turned his haggard eye,
And looked towards the bed;
Oh, horrors! such an awful look!
I wished myself — *not dead.*

His lips he ope'd, and thus he spake,
While stillness reigned around;
His words came slowly from his throat,
With a low, sepulchral sound:

"My name is Kühner, and I come
To warn you of the fate
Which on each one who studies this,
Most surely does await."

Then, holding up his Grammar: "This
Is every student's bane;
It sours his temper, wakes his wrath,
And racks his head with pain.

"The execrations which he flings
On Kühner's hated name,
Reach e'en to Pluto's gloomy realms,
And give my spirit pain.

"And yet such evils I might bear,
Did I no worse ones feel;
But my own foolishness did set
To life the fatal seal.

"I fondly thought that I could live
On Greek roots all my days,
And so I set myself to fix
Greek roots in various ways.

"I dug them, ate them, boiled and raw;
I lived on naught beside;
Alas! they brought me, as you see,
To where I can't decide

"What shall be my future fate,
For now my lot is fixed;
I wander, Polydorus-like,
Upon the banks of *Styx*.

"Oh ye who would my fate avoid,
Study this no more!"
He ceased to speak — I looked around, —
The student's dream was o'er.

Dec. 1859. Kx.

Although Andover is world-renowned for its gossip, yet it is seldom that it finds a place in the pages of the *Mirror*. But the following brief dialogue, which occurred between two of the other sex, — among whom, by the way, it especially predominates, — we offer, as a truthful illustration, to our readers:

"Well, well," said a young lady, the other day, "I wonder if they keep any deers in the Academy." — "O, yes, indeed!" replied her companion, "they 've got a young Buck!"

"Say, John! why have n't you been in to recitation this afternoon, eh?" "Well, I thought to, Bill; but the fact is, I did n't hear the bell till fifteen minutes after it ceased tolling."

A Grand Performance.

[Scene within Seminary Grounds.]

Professor Phelps wheeling his friend's *Barrow* across the theological *Park*, and trying to *Stowe* it away in his neighbor's *Shedd*.

Messrs. Editors: Since no extraordinary degree of talent is manifested in composing a piece like the enclosed, and perhaps is not worthy of reading after it is written, yet I venture to commit it to your hands. If rejected, throw it in the fire. Yours,

A New Member.

PHILLIPIANA. — A Parody.

BY DEBUTANT.

In a village in the Northland,
Where the winds blow cold and chilly,
Where the ground is rough and hilly,
Where the Storm-king reigns in glory,
Making all things bleak and snowy, —
In this cold and dismal village
Dwells a man of sober visage,
One of grave and portly person,
One of staid and solemn aspect,
One unused to foolish trifling.
To this dull and cheerless hamlet,
To this stern, terrific person,
Come the rising generation,
To be taught in profound learning —
Taught in Greek, and taught in Latin.
Here they learn the Greek, κακιστε ;
Also learn the Latin, *male.*
Now, the rising generation
Love this staid and solemn person,
Who holds strong dominion o'er them ;
For he grants them many favors,
Gives them holidays abundant,
(When 't is not against the custom),
Makes them speeches (never bores 'em)
On the old and new Jerus'lem ;
And this wise and solemn person
Has a name, *avunculus ;*
Uncle Sam his neighbors call him,
All the students call him Uncle ;
Everybody — all creation,
All the rising generation —
Call him Uncle ; so he must be.

In this cold and dreary village
There are some redeeming features ;
For the fair and blooming maidens
Of the rising generation
Hither come for education.
Here are " Nuns," and here are " Fem. Sem's ; "
Nuns in name, not in real'ty ;

Not those ancient, pale-faced virgins,
Clad in coarse and uncouth night-gowns,
But maidens fair, plump, and rosy,
Maidens lovable and lovely,
Clad in fine close-fitting vestments,
Showing the voluptuous contour
Of the charming, budding figure,
Causing hearts to bound and flutter
In the unsophisticated.
Should you ask me, whether ever
Students and those pretty maidens
Meet in moonlight conversation —
Wile the hours away together
In those innocent enjoyments
That pertain to youth and pleasure?
In the words of that wise person
Who is o'er this institution,
I should answer thus your question:
"Students go to school to study,
Not for vain and idle trifling;
Therefore study hours should bind you,
Save when at your meals, or sleeping;
But I 'm kind, and always tender,
And you 're young, and youth needs action
So, for exercise, I 'll give you
Twice a week a few hour's leisure;
But, lest exercise should hurt you,
Strain your youthful cords and tendons,
When these holidays come to you,
I 'll tuck on an extra lesson."
Thus he speaks, the mighty Uncle,
And of course the students mind him.
There 's no time for moonlight walkings,
There 's no time for tender glances —
Time for nothing else than classics.
But the few short hours of leisure
Are employed in search of pleasure, —
Are employed in recreation,
By the rising generation.
In this cold and gloomy Northland,
Dwells, half the year, the jolly Ice-king;
Ice there is in great abundance —
Ice on hill, and ice in valley;

Frozen are the ponds and rivers,
Frozen are the litttle streamlets;
Then the maidens, fair and beaut'ous,
Armed with shovels, brooms, and brushes,
Sweep the snow off from the glare-ice,
Sweep out paths and twisting lab'rinths
(First-rate hands they are at sweeping,
Excellent at all gymnastics);
Then the student and the maiden,
Hand in hand, like happy lovers,
Glide along the winding lab'rinths.
Fair they are, those lovely maidens,
When in daily occupation,
Swinging brooms, or lugging dumb-bells;
Fairer yet in skating costume, —
Rich and costly furs, Chinchilla,
Nicely-setting jackets, basquines,
Little ancle, plump and rounded,
Peeping out beneath the *curtain.*

Shall I tell you more of Uncle,
Of that staid and solemn person?
Th' subject is of vast importance.
Very weighty is the matter,
Too much so for me to handle.
Shall I tell you of the Seniors? —
Of the wise and mighty Seniors,
Of the Middlers, of the Juniors,
Both of whom rail at the Seniors,
As the dogs howl at the moonlight,
Call them "bosh," call them conceited,
Wishing all the while they 're railing,
That themselves were in their places.
Recollect, O sapient Senior!
Recollect, O valiant Middler!
Recollect, O doughty Junior!
That, although distinct in classes,
That you 're parts of one great body —
At one goal you all are aiming.

Shall I tell you more of maidens?
Shall I tell you more of skating?
Shall I tell you of the journeys
To the neighboring towns and cities,

Taken in much fear and trembling?
Shall I tell you of suspensions?
Shall I tell you of expulsions?
Shall I warn, shall I advise you
Not to anger that dread person,
Who is o'er this Institution —
Rules the rising generation?

Shall I tell you of our Philo,
Of our charming Mother Philo —
How she rules with sway unbending?
Yes, unbending — yet how gentle!
Shall I tell you of her poets,
Of her orators and scholars?
Shall I tell you how I sit here, —
I, the humblest of her children, —
How I sit, in fear and trembling,
Wishing for your approbation? —
How I hope you 'll not reject this
First attempt of a new member?
Shall I tell you — if you hear me —
How I thank you for your kindness, —
Thank you for your kind attention;
And having thanked, say adieu?
And likewise endeth my debut.

In looking over our collection of conundrums, which have been thrown into the drawer from time to time during the present term, we find among them the following, which we venture to insert:

Why are the Senior Class never likely to be at enmity with each other? Ans. Because of their loving brother "Hood."

Why is young J. Taylor like one of the ancient judges of Israel? Ans. Because he is Samson (Sam's son).

Why should the people of Andover be the healthiest in the world? Ans. Because they have a jolly good "Blood."

Why is a certain first Middler desired as a monitor by Mrs. Edwards? Ans. Because she wants to keep *Ward* over the Nuns.

Why is the Senior Class like a dull razor? Ans. They are a little *Sharp.*

What two individuals of the Academy would make a favorite Spring dish? Ans. *The Greens.*

N. B. We commiserate, however, the partakers of the above *dish.*

LOVE.

There are various definitions given for the word Love. Some have called it the "parent of poetry;" others, a kind of leaning towards something that is either good or good-looking. And one old ballad writer says that it is that power which "takes hold of the selvedge of the conscience and eye-winkers, and holds on." But we think the following production, by a cultivated Theologue, seems to imply that the word comprehends all these meanings. The amorous youth is said to have been overheard, at an unusually late hour of the night, addressing the following lofty sentiments to the miniature of his ladylove. "O, thou centre of my life! thou apple of mine eye! thou molasses of my soul! How fair art thou among women! Thou art more lovely to look upon than a buckwheat pancake! thou art sweeter than the delicious droppings of the honey-comb! Thine eyes are brighter than two kerosene lamps! the salubrious smile of thy lips puts Venus to shame; and thy whole countenance shines out of this little casement like the morning star peering through a cloud! Thy seraphic gaze quickens the blood in my laughing veins, and rouses the very bottom of my stomach to animation! Thy raven locks, curling in sanctimonious glory round thine aërial brow, are as sunny golden chains upon my heart!

"And then thou art mine! — O lofty thought! —
For thee all else shall be forgot:
I'll seek not wealth, false blaze of fame,
To add new lustre to my name;
My only joy on earth shall be,
To praise, and love, and look at thee!

"And then how delicious will be the hours! How will my mind, already unsurpassed, grow and expand under the matrimonial sunshine of thy countenance! How easy then will I chain mine audience, solve the dark problems of dogmatical theology, and set the powers of the past, present, and future at defiance!

"O satisfying bliss!" — And here the infatuated man, as if prose was too tame to express his feelings, broke forth in another strain of poetry:

"Now blow ye winds in wild array,
Dash from the waves the foaming spray;
Now roll ye thunders far and loud,
And burst ye torrents from the cloud!
Withdraw ye sunbeams from the hills,
Descend ye showers and swell the rills;

Reply ye floods to the tide's deep moan,
Echo ye thunders the earthquake's groan!
Ye twinkling stars, in arms prepare
To meet the lightning's vivid glare!
All powers combine, by sea and land,
To guard my dear little Mary Ann!"

BOYISH THOUGHTS.

Sweet is the hour when the gray dawn is breaking,
And the lingering stars pass away,
And the lark from his deep mountain slumbers is waking,
In sweet tones to proclaim the new day!
And sweet is the scene when the tempest is over,
And the sky smiles serene from above;
And sweet are the tones of the murmuring river, —
But sweeter by far is the maid that I love.

Fair is the rose on the bright summer morning,
When soft breezes play o'er its dew-spangled breast,
And her comrades in beauty wave silent around her,
As though they would soothe their fair goddess to rest!
And fair is the wild mountain pine in its splendor,
When its boughs form a shield to the innocent dove:
And fair are the deep rolling waves of the ocean, —
But fairer than all is the maid that I love.

Dear is the home to the war-wearied soldier,
When peace wafts him back to his own native isle;
When scenes of his boyhood unaltered salute him,
And true love and friendship continue to smile!
Dear is the child to the fond-hearted mother,
When death's closing pang gives the signal to part;
And dear are the tears she will weep o'er his bosom, —
But dearer to me is the nymph of my heart.

THE LAST "POEM" OF THE SEASON.

UDOLPHO.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through our quiet village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A bottle with this strange device —
"Udolpho."

His nose was red ; his hands were bare ;
His eyes shot forth a *Wolf*-ish glare ;
And from his mouth a perfume came,
Suggestive of that well-known name —
"Udolpho."

In windows dark *he* saw the light ;
The trees were reeling — fences "tight ;"
Above, the moon shone bright and mild,
And thus he whispered, as he "smiled,"—
"Udolpho."

"Try not the Schnapps!" an old man said ;
"Think of your precious learned head ;
Of the disgrace — of Uncle Sam"—
He answered, with a fierce *Schie*DAM,
"Udolpho."

"Oh, stay!" the toper said, "and rest
Thy weary burden on this breast!"
He heaved an "aromatic" sigh —
"Guess *you* are posted — go and buy
Udolpho."

"Beware the first false step in youth!
Beware the serpent's poisonous tooth!"
This was a mother's counsel kind ;
A voice said (hic) "Nev (hic) er mind,
Udolpho."

A youth, long after matin-sound,
A-snoring in his bed was found,
Still bearing on his pallid face
Those marks by which a fool might trace
"Udolpho."

There in his bed, till nigh midday,
Asleep, but boozy still, he lay ;
And from his throat anon there came
Stertorous curses on thy name,
Udolpho.

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Carlos F. Carter,

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

The Statesman, who forms our laws, founds our government and institutions, we all admire. The Press, disseminating knowledge, and conveying the most recent intelligence to every portion of our land, receives the plaudit of all. The Teacher, in maturing minds for the duties of life, and instilling the first principles of action into our being, all acknowledge to be indispensable. The Minister, declaring the truths of the Gospel, and the great way of salvation to mankind, is indeed essential for the advancement of the cause of truth, and is, as it were, the hope of the world. The Benefactor, who relieves the suffering, and ameliorates the condition of his fellow-men, cannot receive too much honor. But, essential and necessary as are all these classes, and high as we should esteem them, that person who, when he beholds an individual, a class of people, or a nation, struggling for its liberty, interposes in its behalf, deserves still greater praise than any *one* or *all* of these classes. He who imperils his life for the liberty of his fellow-men, though he does do it through "blood and slaughter," no adequate praise can be bestowed upon him; for without liberty, what is man? Deprived of all the rights which God intended and created for him, the Statesman, the Press, the Benefactor, even the Teacher and the Minister, can be but of little good to him; it is only that one who restores *that liberty* which an all-wise Jehovah decreed to him, that is worthy of the highest admiration of man.

There has existed a struggle for freedom from time almost immemorial; — a nobler contest has never been waged since oppression first existed. It is the noblest of all contests, because it is a struggle for human rights, — for everything that tends to make the man. We see this in the condition of those who are deprived of their God-given rights, for history affirms that they relapse into a condition more akin to brutes than that of human beings. How noble, then, is the struggle for freedom, which, if successful, places man where it was intended he should be, — "a little lower than the angels" themselves. And though sometimes it does prove unsuccessful, yet the sympathy of humanity is with them, and it is carrying out the sentiment of that noble patriot who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" and that of the conqueror of conquerors, who, when banished by injustice and cruelty to that lone and desolate isle unfit for man or brute, exclaimed, "Put an end to my life, or release me from this place!" It is thus, then, carrying the very principle of our being.

It is to those heroic men who stood forth as champions of human rights, the redeemers of their country's liberty, that words fail to perform their office in describing their worth, such as those whose names are indissolubly connected with their country's history, like our own beloved Washington, — the most endearing of all names, to which historians, poets, and all, fail to ascribe sufficient praise. He was emphatically a model for all nations, like Kossuth, though *he* failed to perform that noblest of all accomplishments, which lay nearest his heart, for which he would have willingly sacrificed his own life, — liberty to Hungary. Yet that name will go down the annals of time as among the brightest of freedom's champions; like Garibaldi, whether successful or not in establishing Sicilian and Italian liberties, who has already won a name for his heroic conduct in commencing to roll on the ball of freedom, which must sooner or later cause despotism to totter in her palaces, and rock all Europe from centre to wide circumference, so that his name shall ever be held in grateful remembrance while freedom shall have an existence.

How sacred, how revered, how hallowed, are the spots where freedom has contended for its rights! How the mind delights to contemplate those scenes, fraught with hardship, toil, and anguish unsurpassed, and to linger there where heroic blood was spilt, and the defenders of liberty fought for their "altars and firesides," not for honor, not for themselves alone, but that they might bequeath a priceless liberty to their inheritance! and to visit the tomb around the sacred dust of some one who fell, or was engaged in the gallant struggle for freedom! When we behold a nation striving for her dearest rights, what emotions of sympathy go forth from our breast for her success! And if she fails in securing her independence, if at last in her gallant, glorious cause the *flag* of liberty goes down, — like that of *Hungary* and *Poland*, — what gloom and sadness hover over the hearts of those who are the lovers of mankind!

This is a contest in which truth, justice, and freedom are on the one side, with wrong, injustice, and tyranny on the other; but though the latter may have gained temporary triumphs in the past, yet the auspices of the present time show that that august day will soon be at hand when the star of freedom shall arise throughout the length and breadth of our own land, spread throughout the nations of Europe, raise up down-trodden Hungary and Poland, and cause the strongholds of popery to tremble in all Italy, and at last freedom shall sit enthroned throughout the nations of the earth, justice and right shall overrule oppression and wrong. S.

TRUE DISCIPLINE.

Man is born into the world ignorant. His mind is a blank; but, by the exercise of those faculties bestowed by his Creator, he may transform that blank into a thinking mind. Of the essence of mind we know nothing; our powers are not sufficient to find out its nature; but we know man has within him something which perceives, reflects, believes, imagines, and wills.

This intellectual faculty, one essential and distinctive characteristic of man, so various and wonderful in its operations, is susceptible of a high degree of development and culture. That the mind may be quick to perceive truth, and strong to grapple with great thoughts, that it may be able to collect its energies and give them direction and force, it must be subjected to a severe course of discipline.

The study of the classics is a valuable means of strengthening and disciplining the faculties of the mind. The classics refine the taste, invigorate the understanding, discipline the judgment, besides furnishing much useful and necessary truth, essential to an enlarged and cultivated mind. No one can faithfully study them without experiencing this result. And were this the only reward for the severe labor required in mastering them, it were indeed sufficient. Some, it is true, condemn them; but generally those who are loudest against them are the ones who know little or nothing of them. Choate, who could sway juries at his will, drank deep at the classic founts of the Old World. And he, who could hold listening thousands in suspense, whom as a scholar we all honor, — though differing in views, — the news of whose death recently reached us from across the water, — thought it not unprofitable for him to spend a long portion of his time in the study of ancient languages. Indeed, one of the great objects of all study — this toiling year after year, this searching after hidden truths, this committing of abstract principles, and this puzzling over difficult problems — is to give the mind a severe discipline. And he who is diligent in his various tasks will find that a more lively imagination, a better judgment, a more exalted reason, are his. Our physical powers are rendered effective by vigorous exercise and proper training. If this is neglected, they become weak and inefficient. So the mental faculties must be properly trained and vigorously exercised, if we would develop them into the symmetry and strength of intellectual manhood. To secure true mental discipline requires many years of severe labor. Superficial observers may say that this is a waste of time; but facts testify to the falsity of the assertion. The most important discoveries in science, the highest attainments in art, the richest productions in literature, have emanated from highly cultivated and carefully disciplined minds. Newton spent years in study; yet in that hour when the falling apple revealed to him the principle on which the whole universe was suspended, he lived longer than thousands of his fellow-beings do in their lifetime. History and experience prove that those whom the world honors as its sages, orators, and statesmen, were men whose powers of mind had been raised to a high state of cultivation by many years of severe toil. It is not a waste, then, to spend a large portion of time in the preparation for life ; we can accomplish so much the more. The sculptor labors long before he can chisel out the comely statue, the artist spends many years before he can excel in painting the beautiful landscape ; and he, who would develop the transcendent powers of his own mind, must do it by severe and long-continued discipline. Occasionally the whole world is aroused by the appearance of some man of mighty powers of mind. The people are never weary of honoring and praising him. But they attribute to genius what in fact, in almost every instance, has been acquired by long years of study. To him who would succeed in the world of letters, a disciplined mind is indispensable. He must have his mind so trained that he can devote all his energies to the one subject before him ; he must have it so disciplined and developed that, like a convex lens, it shall collect all the rays of truth, and concentrate their light and heat to one point. Before him all difficulties vanish away, and sophistry cannot stand. Whether amid the roar of machinery, or the bustle of the city, he can retire within the sanctuary of his own thoughts. This power was Johnson's great secret of success ; it was the golden staff with which he ascended the summit of fame. Moreover, the man whose mind is his *own* is fitted to enjoy life. Like an ever faithful friend, it never deceives him. He can soar amid flights of the imagination, dwell on the vastness and greatness of his Maker, dive into the depths of metaphysics, or drink at the founts of ancient lore, and still it is true to him. Friends gather around him ; they value his society ; they treasure up his sayings. The wise reverence, the ignorant adore him. He has a treasure, in comparison with which kingdoms, thrones, empires, the wealth of worlds, dwindle into nothingness. True mental labor is a severe labor. Often the weary traveller must make his toilsome way along a rugged path; he must struggle alone with disappointments and trials.

The ascent is not easy, nor the conflict short. The faint-hearted may flee before the contest is fairly begun, and indolence may turn aside to rest in inglorious ease; but there are no laurel crowns for such.

True joy and happiness is, after all, in *acting* and *achieving.* There is no royal road to any place that is worth going to; and if there were, who would desire to go in it? All legitimate labor brings its own reward, and the toil which is employed in the culture of the mind brings strength and power, and fills the soul with satisfaction and delight. B.

BE TRUE TO THE DREAM OF THY YOUTH.

Well has it been said, "Youth has its romance, maturity its wisdom." No man was ever so forsaken of good angels as to be destitute of all aspirations for true nobility.

In youth we build our castles for manhood to pull down. In youth we weave around us a web of splendid resolves, which the future is to fulfil. In youth we determine, in manhood we unfold those purposes with heroic deeds, or dream on till the tide that leads to glory has been missed. Others before us have left a priceless legacy of noble action; and, animated by this, we determine to achieve a success. The eloquence of noble deeds speaks to us and we resolve. The battle of Waterloo passes before our minds, where heroes were born at every step, and we swear by our lives we will *act.* We look with awe upon the colossal structure of Napoleon, as he stands on those plains, and, remembering that he was but yesterday an exile, we vow on the altar of his divinity to be true to the dream of our youth.

It is well for man that he is a creature of influence; that heroic efforts, made against adverse tides, urge him to a like struggle. Well is it that we have the history of the returned fugitive;—

that we know that he had scarcely touched the shores of France before the cry which had resounded over so many battle-fields, and made the lips of her enemies blacken, was again heard over the plains and vineyards of France, and those serene skies again echoed the words " Vive le Empereur."

Like all young men, Napoleon purposed. He dreamed of greatness. He thought only of France, of founding a new dynasty, of immortalizing his name. But this was not the end; for Jena's hard-fought field tells us that he was *true* to the dream of his youth. His splendid victories in Egypt, where, as he said to his soldiers, he fought in sight of forty centuries, not less than his brilliant career in Italy, teach us the same lesson. And when, after his sun had gone down amid the tempestuous waves of Elba's rocky shore, and, returning, he made a last herculean struggle for life and universal dominion, the disastrous day of Waterloo tells us that with the truth of heroic action was Napoleon true to the dream of his youth. For, although he failed on that day, he left a history which will never be forgotten — the history of a man who was true to himself and his interests to the end. The failure of his future career did not daunt him. On the island of Elba no note of sorrow came from his soul. He was not even conquered; and not till he was completely crushed would he give up the dream of his youth.

Every man who lives for any purpose has an object, to the consummation of which all his powers are directed. With some, like Napoleon, the purpose is pursued to the end; with others, the manly resolve is forgotten amid the din of the first conflict. With some, the hero-hour of life passes away, and is *only* a dream; with others, the dreams of their youth are the deeds of their manhood.

" Ever their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed and table they lord it o'er us
With looks of beauty and words of good."

We are influenced by every great man. We love the splendid life of Cæsar and the Scipios. We admire the " Scourges of God," and the " Darlings of the world," because they were faithful unto death, though it was to themselves. We behold with reverence the deeds of Charles V. of Spain, of Washington in America, and of Wellington in England. By the words and deeds of these men we are exhorted to do our duty. The charge of the Old Guard urges us, with its godlike eloquence, to be true to the dream of our youth, though thy truth lead to death. By the noble deeds of Valley Forge we are taught the same lesson. In the great struggles for freedom in our senate-chamber, in every heroic deed, in the life of every great and good man, we can hear a voice, saying, Be true to the dream of thy youth.

[illegible] C.arter

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

SUGGESTED BY VISITING THE GRAVE OF MRS. B.——, WHO DIED APRIL 1ST., 1859.

Why do I weep, as in this lonely spot
My tear dimmed eyes behold the upturned sod,
And fain would pierce the gloomy depths beneath,
In search of something dear, yet hid forever?
Why do I fondly ponder o'er the past,
Then turn my thoughts to days that are to come,
And shed these drops of woe,
As though my heart in fond embraces clung
To fading relics of departing hope,
And my vexed spirit welcomed dark despair?
Ah! there is one on whose familiar form
And soothing accents memory loves to dwell;
Who, having fought and won the fight of faith,
Hath put the mortal and its sorrows off,
And peaceful immortality put on.
In holy silence rests her ashes here;—
One whose soothing words, in life's young morn,
When disappointment crushed my budding hopes,
Or care-wrought sadness bade my heart despond,
Hath cheered my spirit in its darkest hours,
Cast hope's halo round my gloomy path,
And bid me look up to my God and trust;—

One whose prayer, when all was hushed in night,
And not an ear was listening but God's,
Hath risen like sweet incense to the throne,
And brought Omnipotent in mercy down
To guide the footsteps of her wayward son.
And can it be that that warm heart lies here,
Cold in its kindred elements of dust?
O thou great Shepherd, who on Calvary's heights
Didst conquer death, — that last and worst of foes, —
Lift up my thoughts from this unseemly wreck,
To where she now with thy redeemed doth dwell,
Whose spirit once did animate this clay.
And yet where else could I desire to have
The slumbering dust of her I fondly loved?
This rural place, where nature's God alone
Hath kindly decked it in this meek attire,
Is fitting for the resting-place of her
Who loved the humble path where Jesus trod.
No rich enclosure, nor vain display of wealth,
Adorns the peaceful dwelling of the dead.
No sculptured monument, nor cunning epitaph, —
Symbols of pampered vanity and pride, —
Takes from the tomb its power to touch the heart.
She sleeps in Jesus, and that is enough;
She needs no Grecian hand to chronicle her deeds
In characters imperishable, or voice to speak her praise;
For God has called her to a higher sphere,
Where all earth's trappings are of no avail!
And this sweet spot, this grassy mound,
Clothed in humility, will suffice to show
Where, in its weary, melancholy hours,
The mourning heart may come alone to weep.

B.

TO DREAM.

Some only think mysteriously; no jest ever calls from them any smile; no pleasantry ever draws them from their sober gloominess. A jest is useless; pleasantry, folly — Vanitas Vanitatum. They despise those whom in their wisdom they esteem "dreamers," and look with pity upon one whose thoughts ever mount higher than his daily cares, and whose soul "sits in the clouds" while his body toils below. If life is short, why misspend it in reveries — air-castles? They resemble the mother of Juan, "past all parallel," and seem to think if life is short, the more sorrow there is crowded into it, the more deserving will they be of future happiness; never thinking that they could never enjoy it, never appreciate it; that all the delights would be infinitely more hurtful, as much more than those here, as they are meant for better beings — as they are purer, higher.

Truly the noblest, greatest minds have often thought, are always thinking of these "strange, sad mysteries," reaching farther beyond the fragile prizes of a day, looking beyond the dark pictures of to-day, ever scaling the heights of daring thought, and raising a beacon for a comrade beneath, ever forgetful of the mathematical lines, stepping where no mortal ever dared to stand, walking with Dante in the lurid lights of the Inferno, following Spenser to the abode of the lost, or Milton, accompanying the Creation in its birth, a spirit which delights to scatter flowers above the grave of Byron, sensitive and heartbroken; weeps over the ashes of Chatterton, or laments the memory of Shelley and of Motherwell, — a spirit that forever hears sounding in his ears "the sad music of humanity."

But it is said that time is squandered in brooding over cares, and hoping for impossible futures. The mind, when oppressed by affliction, ever loves to bring into the light the old reminiscences of by-gone days; thoughts of these are like Milton's words — "they are words of enchantment; no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead." At no time can any one hold so close communion with another life as when the soul of a friend hovers around him, whose thread of life Atropos has but hardly severed.

It is not right to brood over cares; they were sent to remind us that it is our fate to have constantly before us countless teachers of the mutability of all things; to restrain thoughts of boundless ambition, and plans incapable of realization; to control aspirations hurtful only in their disappointment and in the courses which they tempt to follow, yet exerting a purifying influence as a beautiful dream, or an old painting, haunting the mind at unexpected hours, or some gorgeous sunset which illumines the soul as well as the purpled west.

A "sentimental" tinge of ideas no one doubts is very often displayed to disadvantage and with positive injury. Watching the curling smoke, or gazing into the bright avenues of the grate to revel in heavenly gardens, lulled to sleep by silver fountains, and allowing the thoughts to dance to the wild airs of an unseen harp, or wander hopelessly in the mazes of a passional ideal, — these are the fruits of a sensitive nature controlling the man only too often to wreck him on a *real* rock, or drown him in a sea of doubt into which his own mad fancy has illured him, and which must be overcome by his own will; *this* is not what is meant; but with a noble purpose to be saddened at the sight of misery, to pity those who sorrow, and weep with those who weep.

This spirit in the stern conflict of life passes not by the poor and needy; — it may be seen alleviating distress in the hovel, and, to greet the glory of the rising sun, drinks in the beauties of the morning, "brushing with hasty step the dews away"; neglects no opportunity of doing a kindness; but which is touched, grieved, wounded by a whisper of detraction.

Such a person is rarely seen intent upon a temporal, personal prize; but if once convinced that he is right, avoids no obstacle, turns aside for no danger, but, with his colors nailed to the masthead, and all his guns trained to the mark, though death would follow defeat, sails into the jaws of fate with manly heart and fearless eye, and, shouting his notes of victory above the roar of the battle, bears off the glory of the hard-fought day; and if, after all is over, like that old British admiral, he breathes out his life, while lingering on the threshold of eternity he cheers his friends by saying, with heart-felt emotion, — "Thank God! I've done my duty."

He who lives on in the midst of pleasure, and gives no thought to the *realities* of existence; he who contents himself with floating carelessly on the great river, and has no interest in its mighty flow, its source, its end, and knowing that when the sea is reached Darkness comes on, and if he has no light to steer by, he will surely be lost, still rocks upon the waves with no effort but to dream, is no person to breast the waves — he dies as all die who sleep through the day to die at night "unknown, unhonored, and unsung;" he perishes because he knows not how to live.

To dream is to raise the mind *above*, not *to*, passion; *above*, not *into*, dissipation — up to Life as it is, a grand drama of glitter, and gloss, and music and tears, to be sure, but still a prelude to Eternity; to enjoy happiness as the gift to, not the property of, man; to forget the pitiful strivings of men to attain a position which they may retain but a *moment* to drop off into another — *forever* dependent upon it; to live honestly, dream rightly, by living purely; to fight honorably, and let the last word be —

"A tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
That cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark."

So live, so die, and you may have upon your grave, —

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps *well*."

J.

* * *

THE TRANSGRESSION.

From the far mountains the sun's rays were glancing,
Birds in the forests had just ceased to sing;
When from the "commons" a student advancing,
Strolled far away to the mineral spring.
Happy it made his heart
From his worn books to part;
Little he thought of the danger to come;
He cherished not the thought
That 't was the student's lot
To be discovered, although he kept "mum."

Fresh on the grass was the dew of the evening,
Sweet were the odors afloat on the air;
While he behind him the "commons" thus leaving,
Out to that rural retreat did repair.
Down through the woods he passed,
Over the dewy grass,
Glad to be free from his Latin and Greek;
Those are no common joys
Which one of Phillips' boys
Feels when he enters a woody retreat.

Slowly and musingly travelled he onward,
Pleased with the thoughts which the walk seemed to bring,
Nearly forgetting, while on these he pondered,
That he set out for the mineral spring.
But soon he reached the place,
And there beheld his face
In the clear mirror which nature hath given,
Down in that depth of blue,
And there beyond it, too,
Twinkling stars on the bright face of heaven.

Ah! had he thought of the fierce indignation
Which such a course on his head must bring down,
Of how he would feel his own deep degradation
When he should encounter his "dear uncle's" frown!
But he thought not of these,
For he was only pleased
That he should drink from that murmuring rill;
Thus he received a draught,
And the clear liquid quaffed,
While yet his conscience kept perfectly still.

Ah! now let him drink from that life-giving treasure,
Regardless and thoughtless of sorrow to come,
Which to him must result from this hour of pleasure,
And which he in vain may endeavor to shun;
For while he lingers still
There by the gurgling rill,
Spirits unseen are now plotting his fall;
Fiends dance with fierce delight,
Thinking his joy to blight,
Ere he shall reach his own room's quiet wall.

Better for him had the Shawshin received him
  When he passed over its plain, rustic bridge;
Better, far better if ghosts had deceived him,
  And led him a captive to "Indian Ridge!"
    But there is not for him
    Any such pleasing whim;
  Fates are against him; 't is useless to strive;
    He soon will meet a face
    In an unwelcome place,
  Then with the keenest remorse will he writhe.

For while the "commons" he slowly is nearing,
  And even now has almost reached his door,
He hears a step, and looks up, slightly fearing
  That "coming events cast their shadows before;"
    And sees the very man
    Coming, with cane in hand,
  Whom above all in that place he would dread!
    Now he thinks more and more
    That his last walk is o'er,
  And his last lesson in classics is read.

For he now sees standing right there before him
  The man who can either suspend or expel;
And he feels a cold chill, as of death, coming o'er him,
  Knowing 't is useless to beg or rebel.
    The man soon the silence broke,
    And every word he spoke
  Seemed to the student like missiles of flame,
    Hurled by some mighty power
    In an unwelcome hour,
  Blinding and stunning wherever they came.

He spake; and as skies when the pale forkéd lightning
  Its wild work has finished, once more are serene,
His countenance then took an aspect more bright'ning,
  And the student most gladly withdrew from the scene.
    In an advising way,
    I now would only say
  To any student who walks out at night,
    When'er the hour is late, —
    That is, if after eight, —
  Always leave burning a *very bright light!*

CHARLES SUMNER.

Among the living, no more illustrious name than this adorns the page of American history. By his own exertion, without that sordid ambition which tempts men to acquire renown by riding upon the shoulders of their equals, he has arisen from obscurity to a star of the first magnitude, — he has reached the acme of fame, and stands preëminently first in the galaxy of our nation, and in the affections of a grateful people.

Throughout Europe he is more extensively known and universally honored for his firmness in principle and classical learning than any other American.

That voice, so long unheard, and which was silenced by the strong arm of injustice because he dared to assert the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to every American citizen, and show forth the evils of slavery,— a curse which has crimsoned our stars and stripes with a deeper dye than the Inquisition has the pages of Spanish history, and the overthrow of which involves consequences more momentous to mankind than the overthrow of the Persian hosts on the battle-field of Platæa, of Napoleon at Waterloo, or the changes through which Rome passed from the time of the Sabine conquest to that of the last Tarquin, — is again heard in the halls of our national council, defending the rights of the people, and advocating the doctrines of the fathers of our Republic. The crime of speaking the truth and opposing error, for which he was judged worthy to suffer martyrdom, has been the means of advancing the cause of human freedom, and diffusing more widely his republican principles upon the Continent of Europe.

Retributive justice demanded an atonement for so base a crime, and sent forth Death, his swift-winged messenger, to make palsied the arm that lifted the cane and struck the murderous blow. Charles Sumner, the most honored son of Massachusetts, the worthy successor of the prince statesman, the champion hero of the Senate-chamber, the acknowledged leader in reform, yea, more, the Wilberforce of America, has in him combined the intellectual strength and purity of diction of a Webster, and the firm principle of a Clay. His integrity and undeviating course in the path of duty during the whole of his past public life have never been questioned, not even by his enemies — a man whom all nations have united to praise and admire; whose character calumny has attempted to, but cannot, stain; whose history delights, interests, and instructs every reader in virtue and sensibility. To the sagacity of a statesman is added the penetration of a sage, and he remains as immovably fixed in the doctrines he has espoused as the old granite rock of his native state. No threats can intimidate, and no bribes purchase him. When he speaks, the nation trembles; and those burning words of truth which he utters with his siren eloquence causes the oligarchy to quail like trembling beasts when they hear the roar of the lion in his full strength.

He rests his all in the principles of the Republican party, and stands chief among the prophets. Ever honored be the name of him who has wisely followed in the footsteps of the Adamses, the Hancocks, and the Otises, — Massachusetts' heroic and world-famed triumvirate of the Revolution!

His is a battle more glorious than theirs. They fought for liberty in the colonies; his is freedom universal. Nurtured at a New England fireside, adopting habits of Puritan simplicity, and schooled in the experience of great men, how could he be otherwise than a great man, large of understanding, judgment commanding, and clear, persuasive reasoning? The principles he advocates are destined to be coëxtensive with the race; they are founded in truth eternal, and their duration will be as lasting as immortality itself. Long may he live, as the champion advocate of the principles of human freedom, to roll back the tide of error, to keep closed the flood-gates of political corruption, and to wipe out the stains that have from time to time fallen upon the pages of our political history. How seldom, in the annals of the world, has a genius arisen of such transcendent power, around whose name cluster such immortal honors, and before whom great men fade away as stars before the rising sun! His is a work great enough for Clarkson, broad enough for Grenville Sharpe; a mind active enough for Reynolds, classical enough for Dante, and wise enough for Milton.

No language of ours can portray the merits of this statesman and scholar. In this age, prolific in great names, he ranks the first. The purity of his life, and those acquirements which adorn his character — his strength of wisdom and energy of life, shown forth in all the productions of his pen are a more emphatic eulogy than the most ambitious monarch could desire, and the space that will be left him in future history will be greater than sages or sovereigns have sought; and when he shall sleep beneath cold marble erected to his memory, on it shall be written that epitome, the noblest epitaph to his memory, that sentence, dearest to every true patriot and philanthropist — "LIBERTY NATIONAL, SLAVERY SECTIONAL!"

VERNUM.

WILD Boreas' voice is hushed and still,
His icy walls around him raise;
While o'er the meadow and the hill,
The zephyr floats in dreamy haze.

The sunbeams bathe the budding trees,
The leaves unfold with timid grace,
Which winter's snow, and northwind's breeze,
Has held so long in cold embrace.

The fields are clothed in green array,
The mountain streams, in lithesome glee,
Escaping from the Ice King's sway,
Roll onward to the murmuring sea.

Spring's footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That long have slept in many a vale;
They start, and blush, and sweetly breathe
Their fragrance, borne on every gale.

The Snowdrop's bell first starts to light,
The Tulip proudly lifts its head,
The wild field-flower forever bright,
The gay, yet sweet carnation's bed.

The Mayflowers springing in the wood,
The Violet meek, the Hyacinth blue,
The Anemone — hoping future good, —
All sparkle with the early dew.

Amid such beauty, such new life,
Can aught the heart with sorrow fill?
Ah! Nature, with her own at strife,
Delights to bless, yet 's cruel still.

The very flowers that sweetly bloom, —
Fit emblems of life's dearest joys, —
Oft, fading, find an early doom,
O'er which our sorrowing muse employs.

But like those joys that from us riven,
In life's young spring laid 'neath the sod,
Their sweetness, passed from earth to heaven,
Shall hover round the throne of God.

J. W. C

THEODORE PARKER.

When the light of genius fades, there is a night of gloom and sorrow. Death, snatching from among us a gifted mind, has a greater solemnity, a deeper awe. The fall of a great man, were his powers rightly or wrongly used, — were his aim high and holy, or base and selfish, were his life pure and stainless, or corrupt and sinful, — is ever mourned.

We reverence intellect for its own sake; and though it be misapplied and wasted, still, as the richest, noblest gift of God, it claims our respect and honor. The fame of Voltaire is fresh and enduring as that of Luther. Though we love the one, and despise the other, we worship alike the genius of each.

As great minds never live alone, so they never die alone. When the death angel caused all Europe to mourn for the loved and honored Humboldt, he passed not over Hallam and Macaulay. And America, still weeping for Irving, Prescott, and Choate, bows anew in grief, as are borne across the waters the sad tidings that, in a foreign clime, in the brightness of his name and fame, has fallen another gifted son. For though she could not respect the *heart* and *life*, she admired and reverenced the lofty *intellect*, of Theodore Parker.

The mistakes and follies of his life did not detract aught from that love and honor, that bright, imperishable fame, which genius ever claims. Born and reared in adversity, relying only on that power which nature had so lavishly bestowed, and his own unaided efforts, he boldly sought, and ultimately attained, a name and station such as few enjoy. Endowed with great energy, and a vast, unusual power of mind, among the literary men of the age he stood prominent. His was a peculiar nature. He felt not, studied not, thought not, as other men; all was deeper, higher, nobler. He was an earnest worker, and the strength of his herculean mind was never spent in vain. Wherever employed, its vastness and superiority shone forth in a bright, peculiar light. Soaring above the common range of thought and inquiry, he revelled in a higher and nobler sphere. To the depth, grace, and beauty of his oratory, all who have listened to those words of wisdom, flowing in richness and purity from the lips of the eloquent lecturer, as, scorning the aid of note or text, he spoke with power and beauty in defence of learning and liberty, will bear willing testimony; and as a professed minister, whatever may have been the doctrines he inculcated, none will deny that they were urged with spirit and maintained with power.

He was known and loved as an ever bold and earnest champion in his country's cause. Ever was he foremost in defence of her rights and liberties, bravest in the struggle of liberty against slavery. Here he labored long and earnestly; here were displayed the noblest powers of his giant mind; and here lies his *only* praise, for in this alone were his talents rightly used. But though all else were wrong, might not this be some atonement for the follies of his life? Would that it were! for, passing over that other darker picture, upon which all dwell with pain, gladly would we maintain that his every aim was good and noble, worthy a mind so great and gifted. But intellect misapplied is a reproach, not an honor; and as we view his character, we feel, with regret and sorrow, that his were powers misused, talents wasted, life lost. Untrue to himself, with all the strength and vigor of his great mind he warred against truth and light.

America mourns for Parker as did Europe for Voltaire. Lamenting his loss as a loved and honored friend, as an earnest champion of her rights and liberties, as an able defender of her laws and institutions, as the patron of learning, science, art, — *all* that can elevate and ennoble a people, — as a patriot, scholar, sage, she rejoices that death has striken down a most wary and powerful enemy, the open and bitter enemy of her religion and her God, against whose love and teachings his life was one long-continued yet unavailing struggle.

Better were it for himself and the world had he never known the light of genius, than that all his brilliant powers should be thus worse than lost. That a mind so great and noble, rejecting the light of revealed religion, — a religion which is ever loved and acknowledged as the only true, — a religion which, standing the test of ages, still remains holiest and purest, — should embrace and uphold a creed which every teaching of nature, and man's own reason, declare false and vain, is sad proof of the weakness and baseness of the human heart. Such a mind, however bright its genius, however varied its powers, is ever regarded with deepest loathing. Though earnest be its longings, and vigorous its efforts, lost in the gloom and darkness of unbelief, it can *never* rise. "None but the *fool* hath said in his heart there is no God."

But *we* will not judge him. He must answer before the high and holy tribunal of an injured and insulted God, where will appear the weakness and vanity of an *Absolute Religion.*

His day has closed; the gloom of night is come. He has gone to the reward of an after-life, that after-life where all is hopeless darkness, eternal despair! C.

FESTINA LENTE.

We can imagine this expression falling from the lips of some grave Roman like Cato the censor, as, in the discharge of some public duty, he came in contact with the follies of some, and the eager haste of others to gain wealth and power, that they might vie with, or excel, the magnificent displays of those whose extravagance was almost the only cause of Rome's downfall; for plain Republican Rome presented a firm, unbroken front to every foreign foe, and, what was better, a sound heart; but Rome, luxurious and imperial, could offer no effectual resistance to outside pressure, because of the moral rottenness pervading every department of the empire.

And the same cry comes down to us, being echoed by every age, and gathering new significance with every repetition. And did ever any nation need such a caution more than this hurrying, hastening, headstrong, Yankee nation, whose impetuosity and energy are daily wondered at by the great outside world, and daily increasing? Years ago, Poor Richard took up the refrain, and with all his homely eloquence endeavored to impress upon us that "haste makes waste;" but like a petted and precocious child, whose mischievous tricks, even, are the pride and boast of parents and friends, we have refused to hear the voice of warning and counsel, and endeavor to merit and receive more of those doubtful compliments. The one idea possessing man, high or low, seems to be hurry, headlong and increasing hurry. Some have a distinct object — wealth unbounded, overflowing, yet never-satisfying, wealth. They are those who, in the expressive language of the Bible, "make haste to be rich," and "are pierced through with many sorrows." Others aim at political power and distinction; yet to all these classes might be thundered forth the advice given so pertinently by the old Roman, *Festina Lente.*

But we here, as students, are in but little danger of falling into any of these excesses. Our danger comes in another way, and perhaps in a more tempting shape. We look ahead to those who have completed the course which now claims our attention, see their attainments, especially in writing and speaking, and forgetting their added experience and discipline, exert ourselves to perform the same in which they have excelled, and *fail*, and are downcast and discouraged. Our fault lies, not in attempting to perform what they did, but in forgetting, that to reach the same pitch of excellence with others, we must pass through the same preparatory course, suffer the same defeats, be chagrined at similar failures; in short, ignoring the fact that we are now actually passing through the same course of preparation, are now, as it were, in the chrysalis state. We forget or despise the necessary means, and eagerly watch for the end alone, and are not content to "make haste slowly," to plod on, as if in rain and storm, through disappointments and regrets; feeling conscious that although the work is disagreeable, we are laying our foundations broad and deep, and that when in after-life we are called upon to take an active part, and need something on which to lean and rest, we can plant our feet firmly on the rock of experience and character, and feel that we are *safe.* Then it is that we shall see the benefit of long years of weary toil and apparently fruitless endeavor. Then shall the hopes and yearnings of days of darkness, and almost despair, become glad, exultant fruition. Then, perhaps not until then, can we, in part at least, realize the noble idea of Milton, as he says: "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Again might we profit by this motto when we grow impatient at what seems to us unnecessary delay in the world about us to recognize our talents. But we must reflect that the dear public has other favorites to claim its present attention; neither should we be so exacting as to require it at once to transfer all its good opinions from them to us.

And if our talents are indeed of the first order, well may we heed the caution, *Festina Lente:* we can afford to wait, for we have something to wait for.

If you are worthy, your worth will be known and acknowledged: be assured that you will be placed in about the right niche at last.

How much grander, nobler, is it patiently and quietly to wait one's time, than to be filled with childish repinings at a want of appreciation; to *endure* present neglect and misrepresentation, knowing full well that we are worthy, and at some time shall have justice full and ready; calmly to wait, as did Dante, Milton, and Shakspeare, and as, may be, some are waiting now, sure of honor and fame at last.

Surely the old Roman was *right;* and a modern poet, himself now successful and honored, has most beautifully expressed the same idea, as he sings,—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

GARIBALDI.

AN ODE.

Garibaldi brave, on the Sicilian heights,
Great Hannibal does resemble,
And already, at the gates of the dark Papal States,
He makes Rome's proud tyrants tremble.
His conquering sword will soon o'erthrow
All despots where he finds them,
And the oppressed bands of this fair sunny land
Will revel in the lights of freedom.

Liberty's star long illumining the West,
Its course now eastward taking,
The patriot's flame, through this noble name,
In Italian breasts is waking.
The swelling host on Trinacrian hills
The world beholds with wonder;
Like the pent-up ire of Ætna's fire,
'T will sweep all bigots under.

This glorious strife for truth and right
Italia's bonds shall sever,
And she shall be, renowned and free,
A Republic State forever!
Let "Bomba" swear and "Nono" rage,
The patriot's band is gaining;
From the present hour all tyrants' power
In Italy fast is waning.

Long sable Night sat brooding there,
Oppression forging fetters,
And misery sealed whilst ignorance veiled
This ancient land of letters;

But a brilliant light 'mid cloudless skies
  Now looms up in the distance,
And freemen cheer, both far and near,
  A nation's *new* existence.

Then hail we all this gallant chief,
  A people's brave defender;
May his patriot band all firmly stand
  To the motto "No surrender,"
Till freedom's press with equal rights
  Is sung through Naples city,
And tyrants' names, with tyrant reigns,
  Sink with a *tyrant's* pity!

R.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

England had just emerged from the gloom and mystery of the dark ages, and that misty veil which had so long shrouded Europe in barbarism, was rolling away before the dawning light of Art, Science, and Literature. It was an age of great men, and the golden period of English literature, when such lights as Bacon, with his profound wisdom; Burleigh, the sagacious statesman; Sir Walter Raleigh, the chivalrous and unfortunate adventurer; Sir Francis Drake, the renowned navigator; Howard, the brave Earl of Effingham, who defeated the Spanish Armada; Spenser, Shakspeare, and a host of minor lights, glittered in the firmament of the august Elizabeth. But amidst that host of departed heroes, whose names are emblems of wisdom, learning, courage, and talent, there was one in whom was found all their virtues with none of their blemishes.

Sir Philip Sidney was born of an illustrious family, and had all the advantages of culture and refinement that his high position could command. In his childhood and youth he manifested a singular love of learning, a generous and manly spirit, and evinced, even then, thought beyond his years, and habits of inquiry and observation that were remarkable. At Cambridge and Oxford his efforts were crowned with the laurels of success, and he so improved his time that it was said of him, that "he cultivated not one art or science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences; his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to preeminence in every branch of knowledge." At the age of seventeen his name was already known as a patron of science and arts, and the aid of his clear intellect, and discriminating judgment was even then sought by the pioneers of invention and discovery, and Philip Sidney went forth into the world a young man armed at every point, with wonderful energy, a clear mind, a strong hand and a warm heart, and, above all, with a firm Christian principle, which never deserted him throughout the course of his short and brilliant career. We may imagine the bright hopes that filled his mind as he set out "like a strong man to run a race" in his eventful course. His noble birth laid open to him the chance of obtaining the highest honors of state, while his genius and attainments made that chance almost a certainty. His generous and winning disposition not only gained him the favor of Elizabeth, but the esteem of the whole court, and his judgment and prudence were such, that, at the age of twenty-two, he was sent on an important embassy to the court of Vienna.

The genius which Sidney exhibited in all his transactions excited the wonder of his contemporaries. Whether he was guiding the interests of his country through the snares and wiles of foreign courts, or whether his fertile imagination was giving life and vigor to the productions of his pen; amid the hardships of the camp, or mingling, with knightly etiquette, in the stately court of Elizabeth, — everywhere, his keen and deep sagacity, his talent, courage, and courtesy, won the admiration and love of all about him. As a poet he was among the first of his age; and, in a period when few dared to speak their honest sentiments, he vindicated the right of free thought and free speech in his celebrated letter to the Queen, which has been pronounced "the most eloquent and courageous piece, of that nature, of which the age can boast." While governor of Flushing, his justice and humanity — virtues that were seldom exercised by those in power — gained the confidence of all below him. And now we come to the last act in his life, and the closing scene in which he showed his true character. The Reformation had introduced a new spirit into Germany, and already murmurs low and deep had broken from the people of the Netherlands. Their Bibles told them they had consciences, and their consciences told them that the burden of Spanish tyranny was too heavy to be borne. All the Netherlands were ready for a bloody revolution. The signal-gun of a long and most memorable contest had just been fired, and strong hands and stout hearts were not wanting in a righteous cause; despair urged them on, and soon a determined band gathered round their gallant leader, William of Orange. Then, up from the marshes of Holland, from every city, village, and hamlet, from every mountain and vale, came men strong in their desperation. Antwerp sent her rich burghers; Amsterdam sent her mechanics; boatmen from Zealand, princes and beggars, all joined in their last struggle for freedom; such heroes as those who died at Thermopylæ, who fought on the plains of Marathon, or defended the mountain-passes of Switzerland. Then began the rise of the Dutch Republic, and a contest as bloody and merciless as ever deluged the plains of Europe. In this war Sidney commanded the English troops, and successfully combated the Spanish forces in many a fierce encounter. We pass over his battles, and come to the closing contest, in which he ended a glorious life.

It was a gray, chilly morning on the banks of the Yssel, when 500 English cavalry, under Sir Philip Sidney, were encountered by 5000 of the Spanish troops. Then began a contest so long and bloody that its very name was long after a proverb in the land. Many deeds of valor were performed that day by brave men; but, foremost in the hot affray, where the battle was fiercest, where the bullets whistled the thickest, and the clang of arms was loudest, there was seen the plume of Sidney, like a guiding-star, foremost on the surging billows of the contest, regardless of danger, and contending desperately against fearful odds. Two horses were shot under him, and he mounted a third. But, while rescuing a friend, he was fatally wounded by a musket ball. And now we come to the most beautiful act in all his beautiful life. Once more we record the story which for nearly three hundred years has been told by sire to son, and the pulse of age has been quickened, and the heart of youth has throbbed with warmer and nobler impulses, as the oft-repeated tale has been again related. As he was borne from the field of action, faint and parched with that excessive thirst that always attends great loss of blood, he asked for water. It was, doubtless, obtained with difficulty, and in scant supply. With trembling hand he raised the cup to his lips, when his eye was arrested by the gaze of a dying soldier, longingly fixed upon the precious draught. Without tasting, he instantly handed it to the sufferer, with the memorable words — "*Thy necessity is greater than mine.*" And thus he died, not having completed his thirty-second year, lamented by all who, with him, worked in the great cause of truth and humanity. His brief and beautiful life was pronounced by Campbell, "poetry put in action," — a hero who is sometimes imagined, rarely seen. No hours of indolence or folly left their blank record upon his tomb; no stain ever dimmed the bright mirror of his life; the culture of his mind, and the exercise of virtue, twined round his character those priceless laurels that give to life at once its beauty and its reward.

THE FAIR WIND.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sails,
And bends the gallant mast."
CUNNINGHAM.

THEN 't is pleasure to us o'er old ocean to roam,
With the flag of our country o'er us,
With a favoring gale inflating our sails,
And our jolly tars joining in chorus.

Then jovial indeed is the whole ship's crew,
As we rapidly hurry along;
We forget our broils, our watching and toils,
And all merrily join in the song.

But sad were the friends whom we left on the shore,
As we bade them a long farewell;
And what changes may be when we return from sea,
'T is a wise man indeed could tell.

Yet no charms for us hath the wearisome shore,
Like a cruise o'er old Neptune's domain;
For we heed not the storms, — they 're matters of form, —
And we 'll weather them over again.

R.

THE PRIDE OF SCHOLARSHIP.

"Comforts! yea, joys ineffable they find,
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind;
The soul collected in those happy hours,
Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers."

CRABBE.

The glorious achievements of intellect, — that noblest work of God, that highest and most perfect of human endowments, — like the silent grandeur of Mont Blanc, towering from its enshrouding cloud in undefined and awful majesty, ever awaken deepest emotions of wonder and reverence. Educated mind! how vast its power, how enduring its fame! In contrast with it, how vain and transient appear the boasted distinctions of birth and station, the glittering pomp of wealth, and the conqueror's blood-bought glory! The honors of the former are imperishable; those of the latter die with their possessor. Proud Athens is fallen, but the fame of her poets and sages has yet to reach its acme. All things else may be forgotten; nations and thrones may perish; the painter may lose his art, and the sculptor his cunning; time and storm may efface from its marble page the chiselled inscription; the mouldering pyramid and the mossgrown tower — weak monuments of man's folly — may crumble and fall; but the fame of intellect, in all its strength and pride, will ever endure. Like the sea-girt cliff,

"Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height."

The struggle, then, for literary fame is indeed a noble one, and bright and unfading are the victor's laurels. Toiling wearily and alone, rejected by friend and scorned by foe, his arduous efforts may for a time be unavailing; yet silently and patiently is he studding his diamond crown, earning a fame which in coming time — graven on the historic page in characters of flame — will secure for him the respect and reverence of appreciating millions; earning a fame which, though now concealed, will be known hereafter. The dark night of discouragement and disappointment now veils its brightness only that it may burst forth in a more dazzling flame, causing the Memnon Statue, breathing music as its early light shall reach it, to sound in a clearer and sweeter tone.

Could those ancient sages whose name and fame still dwell in the memory with the freshness of spring, while their cities are desolate and their nations dust, this day address us, would they not tell us that their labors were well rewarded, that their crown was worth its winning? The gentle teachings of Socrates, and the burning eloquence of Demosthenes, will impart to the mind high aims, and kindle a noble enthusiasm, when the mighty deeds of Philip of Macedon shall have been long forgotten.

But were even immortal fame the only reward of mind well used, it were indeed a trivial one. The scholar has a nobler and a more welcome reward, — a pride of soul, a bliss and joy unspeakable, which he alone can ever know; a calm and inward happiness, which only he who rightly employs the faculties God has given, can ever feel. To him is given a clearer view, and more perfect knowledge of Infinite perfection, after which he may the better mould his life; to him nature has new charms, art new beauties; to imagination is added a new fire, to enthusiasm a new glow; a more exalted view of life, and a broader philanthropy are his; a nobler purpose, a higher aim.

It were well for us, then, to be earnest in this our highest duty, our noblest employment. Incentive is not wanting. The race is as glorious as ever, the crown as bright. Victory and honor are the sure and lasting reward of those who now are faithful. Courage and faith alone are needed. "Possunt, quia posse videntur."

Let us, then, be foremost in the van of that noble army whose struggle is the glorious struggle of intellect, whose armor is truth and light, whose ensign is wisdom, and whose leader is God!

C.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The term is now fast passing away, and already has hurried us into the midst of Summer. And what events has she unrolled since her commencement! Recently she brought the sad news across the water that one of America's gifted sons had fallen. Whatever may be the sentiments or creed of a great man, when he dies all must feel that death. And in the death of Theodore Parker we feel that an orator, a scholar, more, a philanthropist, has passed away. Though we reject his creed, we cannot but admire his eloquence, his devotion to the enslaved. Like all men, he had his faults. But it is not ours to judge the dead.

"Our truest steps are human still;
To walk unswerving were divine."

One year ago there existed a commotion which threatened all Europe. Great interest was felt in that contest, since it was a struggle for freedom. Then all were ready to pay homage to Napoleon III., when he proclaimed he would liberate all Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. But their expectations were doomed to disappointment. The war ceased; the object was not gained; the boast remained a mere bubble. The contest seems to have been one between France and Austria, not freedom and slavery. But to-day we see another commotion, under the leadership of a different man. All hail this present struggle and its noble leader, Garibaldi. War we deplore; but, when waged in the holy cause of liberty, we are compelled to esteem it one of the grand exceptions to war. Now we see a contest for the advancement of right and freedom, not ambition and power. Beholding the triumphs of the gallant leader, we are led to exclaim, Go on, Garibaldi! accomplish the noble work thou hast so gloriously begun, and thou shalt be hailed the Washington of Sicily!

But we will not predict; we can only say, "Finis nondum est." The present term has also witnessed the beginning of a great contest in our own land. It is in this that we see the grand principles of a republican form of government, which gives the people power to hurl unjust rulers from their high positions, and abolish corrupt administrations. Long have the friends of truth and freedom watched for such a time as the present. Now they feel that their former hopes are almost realized. With a man of sound principles at their head, they go forth to victory.

The Little Giant, "wedged in that timber he strove to rend," who may well be called the builder and destroyer of parties, mans his forces in vain. Men pass away and are forgotten, but principles remain eternal. And in this struggle there are principles to be decided which will affect the destiny of our nation, aye, more, the world. And may those triumph which shall restore her to her former purity and grandeur, the model of nations, the type of liberty.

VACATION.

Many subjects inspire our "poets;" and we doubt not that the following verses will find a response with every student:

Vacation! we would hail thy kind return,
And leave the "flunks" and "fizzles" of the term
To welcome thee, the student's dearest friend,
And sorrow not until thy reign shall end.
Gladly we turn away from classic lore,
From fabled stories of the gods of yore;
And, thoughtless of each heathen god divine,
Thankful we'll come and bow before thy shrine.
We'll leave old Kühner, and each word and clause
Which treats of accent and euphonic laws
May lie unread upon its well-worn page,
While thoughts more genial shall our minds engage.
And Xenophon, whom careful students know
Can charm the fancy with his ceaseless flow
Of eloquence, more lofty and sublime
Than poets ever dare to soar in rhyme,
We soon shall leave; nor shed one sorrowing tear
That we for days and weeks no more shall hear
How Cyrus marched and halted on the plain,
And how Orontes, "Persian man," was slain,
Or rather vanished, — how, there's none who knows, —
We read *εἴκαζον δὲ ἄλλοι ἄλλως.*
And even notes from Virgil's "quivering lyre,"
Which fill the listener with poetic fire,
As its sweet music falls upon the ear,
And wreathes in smiles the lips of those who hear,
No more shall reach us with their winning strain,
Till weeks shall pass, and we shall meet again.
We'll leave the story of Italia's scenes, —
That land of romance and poetic dreams, —
Where even rustic shepherds sing in verse,
As they the tempting sweets of love rehearse,
And one, as we are told, was wont "to play
Upon a slender pipe his woodland lay."

We'll think no more of Pan, and Styx, and Fauni,
Nor of sublime ἐντεῦθεν ἐξελαύνει.
Released from these, how easy to erase
Each lingering shadow which our minds can trace
Upon thy smiling and enchanting face,
O thou Vacation! and with thee we'll find
Rest for the brain and comfort to the mind.
No more to fear, when on our evening walk
We chance to linger after eight o'clock,
That we shall hear the stern advancing tread
Of him who fills the student's heart with dread,—
Before whose sight swift-gliding ghosts turn pale,
And fainting students tremble, quake, and quail,
As he bestows on them his choicest blessing;
While they to him, their many sins confessing,
Tell of the wicked deeds which they have wrought,
But promise that the future shall be fraught
With such amendments of their evil ways
That they will merit naught but highest praise.
But ah! the weakness of their fixed resolve!
As fickle snowflakes in the heat dissolve,
So, when temptation meets them in the way,
Without sufficient strength to keep at bay
The hideous monster, in that trying hour
Thoughtless they yield unto his fearful power;
And so next morn they hear their honored names
Read among those "requested to remain."
But these all numbered 'mongst the things that were;
Our minds to happier scenes shall now recur,
That, in the days of respite now before us,
No saddening thought may cast its shadows o'er us.
When a few days shall in their course have flown,
And Phillips' halls, left empty and alone,
Shall claim no longer any labors here,
May each enjoy his own peculiar sphere.
No more for us the "midnight oil" shall burn,
Till winging time shall bring another term;
And when vacation shall have come and passed
(For e'en to this some day must be its last),
O then, ye Middlers! in that future time,
May we all meet above in Number Nine!

While all the country have heard about the "Irrepressible Conflict" in *politics*, our ball-ground has been the scene of a contest of much more importance to us.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

The day was glorious. The sun, like a red-hot frying-pan, smiled calmly on the immense concourse that had gathered on the Campus Martius to behold the match game between the Pie-eaters and the Grasshoppers, for the possession of the champion Jewsharp. Phillips was there in all its glory. Here an infantile Junior nervously creeps along, looking on all sides at once, lest some Middler shall order him off the premises, or afraid lest perhaps some lordly Senior, not seeing him, shall step on him, and he be thus annihilated. Near the fence a group of Middlers stand. It surpasses the power of pen or pencil to describe in all their glory these sapient individuals. Half horse, half alligator, half way in the middle between everything and nothing, half wise, and yet wholly foolish, all their qualities are embraced in that appropriate name — Middler. But, behold! a Senior approaches. See how the Junior trembles! See how the Middler scowls! See how the Senior himself, with a calm and placid smile upon his benign countenance, steps forth "the monarch of all he surveys"! the summit of human attainments!! the paragon of perfection!!! the Senior!!!! Appearances are deceitful; for under that benign surface there is a deep well of feeling, that has been stirred up — oh, how often! — when it seemed as if those whiskers could never be enticed out of doors; when it seemed as if that smooth cheek had been so often scraped, and scraped in vain. But now he is happy. After a year's earnest labor, a few hairs, light and thin, have mistaken their way to the blushing surface. He can now smoke, play billiards, loaf, — in short, he is an accomplished Senior. But, lo! the game is begun. Scarcely had the invincible Pie-eaters tightened their waistbands, when the immortal Grasshoppers hopped up to the ground. All had cast off their unnecessary garments; every hero, whether Pie-eater or Grasshopper, had thrown off his hat, coat, pants, shirt, undershirt, drawers, and stockings, and thus arrayed, they commenced the memorable conflict. With glaring eyeballs and ferocious aspect a Grasshopper whacks the ball with the mighty club, and it flies off into illimitable space, while all the Pie-eaters start after it at once, and the Grasshoppers assist them with mighty shoutings. But, alas! a Grasshopper has left his bye, when suddenly the Pie-eater, the pugnacious captain of the eleven, raising aloft the ball, thus addressed him, and spoke as follows: "O thou, most long-legged of all the Grasshoppers! thou indeed hast broken the *stern* command, and *sternly* shalt thou atone for it!" Then, hurling the ball, he smote him a whack on the end of the back, and all the campus resounds with the blow.

Thus the game rages; now victory inclines on this side, now on that. Fiercely they smote the ball, fiercely the ball smote them. Anguish and rage inflame their breasts; huge drops of sweat moisten their shaggy eyebrows. The Grasshoppers can hop no longer, — no longer can the Pie-eaters yell. Then do the invincible Pie-eaters, straining each leg, smite the Grasshoppers hip and thigh, — then do they whack the ball, till Fortune seems about to drop the champion Jewsharp at their feet. But, hungry and exhausted, they longed to get their supper and go to bed. And so they did.

For nine days Fortune deliberated who should have the Jewsharp. But upon the tenth, enraged because the Pie-eaters had in nowise honored her priest the referee by a solemn sacrifice of cigars and whiskey, she gave the Jewsharp to the Grasshoppers. Then the most long-legged Grasshopper, seizing the Jewsharp, sung as follows, while all the long-legged Grasshoppers joined in the chorus:

"A grasshopper sitting on a sweet shady vine —
A sweet shady vine, a sweet shady vine —
A turkey gobbler came up behind,
And yanked him off that sweet shady vine."

We presume the following was written by some Junior or Englishman who ran for an Executive. We hope our friend feels better.

NIGHT AFTER ELECTION.

Not a star was seen, not a ray of the moon,
As the student his course down town hurried;
Not a friend was near to fire a salute
O'er the grave where his hopes were all buried.

They were buried, how deeply, at dead of night,
When sleep should have sealed both his eyes;
A friend he learned was to vote for his foe,
And if *he* then must others likewise.

No useless scruple in that friend's breast,
For no grasp of the hand had bound him;
And so he forgot that long, sweet friendship,
Though his friend wove strong hopes around him.

In that rough fight short prayers had been said,
And his face had been brim-full of sorrow,
As night after night he had *only looked* on his bed,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

He had thought as he looked on his unused bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
Among rivals and foes that he would be first,
When had rested this long stormy billow.

How lightly all talk of the hopes that are gone,
And o'er their cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll care if they may only sleep on,
In the grave where false friends have laid them.

Slowly and sadly he takes himself home
From the scene of defeat fresh and gory,
And thinks as he goes, that if friends had been true,
It might have been a scene but of glory.

We have no doubt the following is written by one who knows whereof he speaketh.

SUSPENSION.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through Andover village passed
A man whose form was huge and round,
Whose every footstep gave the sound —
Suspension!

Straight for "Pike's Peak" his footsteps steer;
He catches students drinking beer;
He shakes them, cuffs them, sends them home,
And lets them gnaw that crusty bone —
Suspension!

Not yet! not yet! the Middler said,
As, chased by Uncle, on he sped;
"You have not caught me yet!" he cried,
While far behind a voice replied —
Suspension!

Beware! beware of that fat man!
He'll catch and shake you if he can;
Your doting parents, too, shall know
How necessary was that blow —
Suspension!

No human wisdom can refute
The moral suasion of his boot;
For every evil man has known,
His remedy is this alone —
Suspension!

In accordance with the principle that variety is the spice of life, we insert the following:

Question for the classical department. What is the gender of Rees (res)?

Why is the letter E like a flunk in recitation? *Ans.* Because it makes Swar *swear.*

Why is a torn coat like a distinguished watering-place? *Ans.* Because it is a sorry toga (Saratoga).

When a certain member of this society gets married, what will be the wish of every true-hearted Philomathean for him? *Ans.* That he may have all the happiness in the world, and a *little more* (Moore).

Why is a cat standing on her hind legs like the Niagara Falls? Because she is a cat erect (cataract).

Why is a certain young lady in the Female Seminary like an Indian prepared for battle? *Ans.* Because her bow (beau) is bent (Bent).

Mr. Editor: Knowing that you always have a "*pome*" in Hiawatha metre for your Table, I venture to send the result of my hours in No. 9, which *perhaps* might have been better employed.

THE PRESIDING GENII OF NUMBER NINE.

In the place where Seniors gather,
In the room called Number Nine,
In the sanctum, the sanctorum,

Where our Uncle drills the Seniors,
Where the roots of Greek and Latin —
Mixtures vile of Greek and Latin —
Are dealt out in double doses
To the miserable Seniors, —
There our dear beloved Uncle
(Who can fail to love our Uncle ?)
Has, the better to instruct us,
Placed above his head and ours
His presiding genius — Homer —
And others of the great immortals.
There is Homer, mighty Homer,
Who excelled all bards in singing.
Who can sing so sweet as he did ?
How he handled the immortals,
Just as though they were but playthings !
On his right, up in the corner,
Demosthenes, the greatest speaker
Ever known in ancient Grecia,
Or in any other country.
There is Plato, who delighted
In the dry and useless study,
Dry and useless metaphysics.
Strange that such a man as he was
Did n't choose a better study ;
But he was a wise and good man,
And his life was very useful.
There is Dante, who descended,
In imagination merely,
To the very depths of Hades,
Searching for his dear Beatrice.
Great was his inventive genius,
Great the theme he chose to write on,
But he could n't equal Homer.
Cicero must not be slighted ;
Cicero, the friend of school-boys ;
For they love his nice orations,
Love his eloquent orations.
Would you know how much they love them ?
Ask a Middler ; he can tell you.
Socrates comes next in order.
There he sits, his homely visage
Looking down upon the Seniors.

They say he was a curious fellow,—
That Xanthippe used to scold him,
But he took it very coolly,—
Did n't care a fiddle for her.
  Tasso next claims our attention.
You have doubtless heard of Tasso,—
Heard how he once wrote a poem,
Wrote a long heroic poem,
About Jerusalem Delivered.
But he could n't equal Homer.
  Last of all, there is Apollo,
Strange and beautiful Apollo,
He who hastened down Olympus,
Hurried down and shot his arrows,
Silver arrows, at the Grecians.
They say he was exceeding handsome;
But, as he was an immortal,
I don't suppose they ever saw him.
  All of these give inspiration
To the Seniors while reciting;
And they *rush* like all creation,
With only now and then a fizzle.

SONG OF THE SENIORS.

When we can read our Homer clear
  To Uncle Sam the wise,
We 'll bid farewell to kerosene,
  And rest our weakened eyes.

Should Greek against us now engage,
  And wretched Baird be hurled;
Oh, we can smile at Uncle's rage,
  And seek a fav'ring world.

Let flunks like a wild deluge come,
  And storms of fizzles fall;
May we but safely graduate,
  Reach college, home, and all,—

Then shall we bathe our empty heads
  In seas of college bliss;
And not a day of study come,
  To mar our happiness.

When we 've been through our college course,
And had the college fun,
We 're no more fit for life's great end,
Than when we first begun.
H.

Great events occur but seldom. Like angels' visits, they are few and far between. So we thought when we received a sermon for our Table.

CAPE COD FISHERMAN'S SERMON.

Brethren, you will find my text in the fourteenth buttonhole of the third pocket of Deuteronomy.

"There is a lion in the street, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; for the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

I will divide my text into three subdivisions. The head of the first is the lion, the second the grasshopper, and the third the flea. "For there is a lion in the street, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; for the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

I will propound to you, brethren, the meaning of my first head, "For there is a lion in the street." Now, there are several kinds of lions, — such as the roaring lion of Africa, the dandelion, the lioness, and the Lyon's sewing-machine. "For there is a lion in the streets, and the grasshopper shall be a burden: for the wicked flee when no man pursueth." Now, the most worst kind of all these lions is the dandelion. Dandies, my brethren, air animals, like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful without, but are within full of dead men's bones. "For there is a lion in the streets." The next most worst kind of lions air Lyon's sewing machines. Yea, I say unto you, a sower went out to sow; — for, "there is a lion in the street, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; for the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

We have now arriven, my beloved brethren, to the second paragraph of my subdivisions, "And the grasshopper shall be a burden." And when, brethren, I see a grasshopper hopping through the grass, I says unto myself, "There is a lion in the streets, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; for the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Now we come to the third subdivision: "For the wicked flee when no man pursueth." Now, there are several kinds of fleas, my brethren, — dog fleas, flee from your enemies, and flea bites; but the worst of all these is the sting of a flea, for they have tails like unto scorpions, and there are stings in their tails. "For there is a lion in the streets, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; for the wicked flee when no man pursueth." Amen.

And now, dear readers, we must bring our "Mirror" to a close. Our pen refuses to work; our paper is nearly gone; and our oil is well-nigh spent. We leave you to judge of its merits and defects. We hope it has the former, and yet we are aware of the existence of the latter. Our aim has been, however, to present a faithful reflector of the Society. To those who have so liberally contributed to our columns, we express our thanks. Not only have the "veterans" done their part, but the new members also have cast in their droppings of wisdom, wit, and poetry. With Philo's best interests at heart, we now lay down our pen, and bid you — farewell.

Respectfully,

EDITORS.

JAMES M. CLARK, JOSEPH WARD,	*Committee of Publication.*

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